

250

FROM THE LIBRARY OF

REV. LOUIS FITZGERALD BENSON, D. D.

BEQUEATHED BY HIM TO

THE LIBRARY OF

PRINCETON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

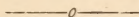
SCC
3943

150

228
ow

100

Select List of Subscribers for this Book.



WELL within three months, the response to the proposals for my book multiplied by three my fondest expectations. The 'specimens' have brought me letters from all quarters that will remain a prized family heir-loom, as collected and bound together. As elsewhere stated, the addition of a third Century of Hymns, and other sacred poems, is an expression of my gratitude. The limits of space forbid record of all my subscribers. Personal and private friends will please accept a general but not less cordial acknowledgment of their "good words." The following 'Select List' is printed not boastfully or for public or Press notice, but as preserving a testimony to unity in diversity of a gratifying sort. I should hardly be human if I were not gladdened and cheered by this testimony. For the rest, St Augustine puts my feeling accurately and memorably—"To whom tell I this? not to Thee, my God; but before Thee to mine own kind, even to that small portion of mankind as may light upon these writings of mine" (Conf. B. ii., iii.). Of necessity names and titles are abridged throughout.

A. B. G.

Her Majesty the Queen, for the Royal Library, Windsor.

A.

Abram, W. A., Esq., J.P., Blackburn.
 Adam, Sir Charles E., Bart., London.
 Adam, John, D.D., Glasgow.
 Adamson, William, D.D., Edinburgh.
 Ainger, Canon Alfred, M.A., London.
 Ainsworth, Thomas, M.A., Grammar School, Blackburn.
 Aird, Hugh, M.A., D.D., Brechin.
 Aitchison, James, M.B., C.M., Blackburn.
 Alexander, Mrs, The Palace, Derry.
 Alexander, William, M.D., Liverpool.
 Alexander, W., Esq., LL.D., Aberdeen.
 Alison, John, D.D., Edinburgh.
 Alliot, Rich., B.A., Bishop Stortford.
 Allon, Henry, D.D., London.
 Anderson, Alexander ("Surfaceman"), Edinburgh.

Angus, Henry, D.D., Arbroath.
 Angus, Professor Joseph, M.A., D.D., London.
 Annandale, Charles, M.A., LL.D., Glasgow.
 Ashe, Thomas, M.A., London.
 Ashton, R. S., B.A., London.
 Aspden, T. A., Esq., J.P., Sykes Holt.
 Austin, Alfred, Esq., Swinford Old Manor.

B.

Bailey, J. H., Borough Treasurer.
 Bailey, Philip James, Esq., Blackheath.
 Balgarnie, Robert, D.D., Bishop Auckland.
 Balmer, J. S., Rev., Blackpool.
 Bangor, The Bishop of.
 Barlow, James, Esq., J.P., Accrington.
 Barrett, Rev. G. S., Norwich.

Select List of Subscribers for this Book.

- Barrie, J. M. ("Gavin Ogilvy").
 Bastable, J. B. L., L.R.C.P., Blackburn.
 Batchelor, Rev. Henry, Weston-super-Mare.
 Bath and Wells, The Bishop of.
 Bayne, Peter, M.A., LL.D., London.
 Beardsworth, J. E., Esq., Blackburn.
 Beet, J. Agar, M.A., Richmond.
 Bennoch, Francis, Esq., London.
 Berry, C. A., M.A., Wolverhampton.
 Besant, Walter, Esq., London.
 Birch, Mrs. Southport.
 Birkenhead Free Library.
 Black, James, D.D., Glasgow.
 Black, J. J., LL.D., Inverness.
 Black, William (author of a "Princess of Thule").
 Blackie, Professor J. S., LL.D., Edinburgh.
 Blackman, Frederick, Esq., Surgeon, London.
 Blaikie, Professor W. G., D.D., Edinburgh.
 Blair, William, M.A., D.D., Dunblane.
 Boase, W. C., M.A., Oxford.
 Bodleian, The, Library.
 Bonar, Andrew A., D.D., Glasgow.
 Bonser, J., B.A., Nottingham.
 Boothman, J. N., Esq., Brindle.
 Boyd, A. K. H., D.D., St Andrews.
 Boyd, J. H., B.D., Carlisle.
 Boyd, William, LL.D., Glasgow.
 Brierley, Joseph, Esq., C.E., Blackburn.
 British Museum, The, Library.
 Brooke, Stopford A., M.A., London.
 Brooke, W. T., London.
 Brooks, Philips, D.D., Boston.
 Brothers, Malam, Esq., Blackburn.
 Brown, Archibald G., Rev., London.
 Brown, James, M.A., Lochgelly.
 Brown, James, D.D., Paisley.
 Brown, John, D.D., Bedford.
 Brown, Robert, Rev., Markinch.
 Browning, Robert, London.
 Bruce, Professor A. B., D.D., Glasgow.
 Bruce, J. Collingwood, LL.D., D.C.L., Newcastle-on-Tyne.
 Bruce, Sir George B., C.E., London.
 Bruce, Rev. Robert, D.D., Huddersfield.
 Bruce, T. Hamilton, Esq., Edinburgh.
 Buckley, Rev. W. A., M.A., Middleton Cheney.
 Bullock, Rev. Charles, B.D. ("Home Words").
 Burns, Rev. Dawson, D.D., London.
 Burns, J. C., D.D., Kirkliston.
 Burt, Thomas, M.P., London.
 Burton, John, Rev., Headingley.
 Bute, The Marquis of, London.
 C.
 Cairns, John, D.D., LL.D., Edinburgh.
 Calderwood, Professor Henry, LL.D., Edinburgh.
 Calthrop, Gordon, M.A., London.
 Cambridge, Trinity College Library.
 Cameron, Rev. Robert, Glasgow.
 Campbell, Professor Lewis, M.A., LL.D., St Andrews.
 Canterbury, His Grace the Archbishop of.
 Canterbury, The Dean of (R. Payne Smith, D.D.).
 Carmichael, Peter, B.D., Highbury.
 Carruthers, William, F.R.S., British Museum.
 Carter, Andrew, M.A., Stirling.
 Carter, T. S., M.A., Clewer.
 Champness, W., Rev., Rochdale.
 Chapman, Miss ("New Godiva").
 Charteris, Professor A. H., D.D., Edinburgh.
 Cheyne, Professor and Canon, D.D., Oxford.
 Chorlton, Thomas, Esq., Manchester.
 Christie, James, B.A., Carlisle.
 Church, Very Rev. Dr R. W., Dean of St Paul's, London.
 Churchill, John, Esq., London.
 Clark, Rev. William, Bangor, Moderator of the Irish Presbyterian Church.
 Clark, William, M.A., Barrhead.
 Clifford, John, D.D., LL.D., London.
 Coddington, William, Esq., M.P., Wycollar.
 Coleridge, Lord, Lord Chief Justice of England.
 Collins, J. Churton, Esq., M.A., London.

Conder, Eustace, D.D., Leeds.
 Constable, Archibald, Esq., Edinburgh.
 Corbett, Joseph, D.D., Glasgow.
 Cornish, Rev. E. J., Blackburn.
 Cowan, Rev. Robert, Nottingham.
 Cowan, Rev. Robert, Elgin.
 Crawford, William, M.A., M.B.,
 Witton.
 Crombie, Rev. Andrew, London.
 Croskery, Rev. Dr, Birmingham.
 Cuff, Rev. W., London.
 Culross, Principal, M.A., D.D., Baptist
 College, Bristol.
 Cumming, J. Elder, D.D. Glasgow.
 Cusin, Rev. Alexander, M.A., and Mrs
 Cusin, Edinburgh.

D.

Dale, R. W., M.A., D.D., Birmingham.
 Dallinger, W. H., LL.D., London.
 Davidson, Professor A. B., D.D.,
 Edinburgh.
 Davies, Gethin, D.D., Llangollen.
 Davies, J. Ogmores, Rev., Blackburn.
 Davies, T. Lewis, M.A., Southampton.
 Dawson, J. W., Rev., M.A., Glasgow.
 Dawson, Sir J. W., LL.D., Montreal.
 Dearden, Mrs, Accrington.
 Derby, The Earl of.
 Derry, The Bishop of.
 Devonshire, The Duke of, K.G., Chats-
 worth.
 Dobson, Austin, Esq.
 Dods, Marcus, D.D., Professor, Edin-
 burgh.
 Donaldson, Principal James, M.A.,
 LL.D., St Andrews.
 Douglas, Professor O. M., D.D.,
 Glasgow.
 Douglas, J. M., Esq., Hampstead.
 Dowden, Professor Edward, LL.D.,
 Dublin.
 Drummond, Professor Henry, M.A.,
 Glasgow.
 Drummond, R. S., D.D., Moderator
 of the United Presbyterian Church.
 Drysdale, A. H., M.A., Morpeth.
 Duff, Professor David, D.D., LL.D.,
 Edinburgh.

Duff, Professor, M.A., D.D., United
 Colleges, Airedale.
 Duff, Sir Mountstuart E. Grant, Bart.,
 Richmond.
 Dugdale, Mrs Adam, Blackburn.
 Dugdale, Joseph, Esq., J.P., Clare-
 mont.
 Dunbar, R. P., M.D., Blackburn.
 Duncckley, Henry, LL.D., Didsbury.
 Dunlop, Rev. James, Kilmarnock.
 Dunlop, Rev. Thomas, Bootle (author
 of "I will not let Thee go").
 Durham, The Bishop of (J. B. Light-
 foot, D.D.).
 Dykes, Rev. Principal, M.A., D.D.,
 London.

E.

Easton, M. G., D.D., Darvel.
 Ebsworth, J. W., M.A., Molash.
 Eccles, Mrs Richard, London.
 Edmond, John, D.D., Highbury.
 Edwards, Principal T. C., D.D.,
 Aberystwith.
 Edwards, Ellis, M.A., Bala.
 Elmslie, Professor, D.D., London.
 Ely, The Bishop of.
 Esslemont, Peter, M.P., Aberdeen.
 Exeter, The Bishop of.

F.

Fairbairn, A. M., Principal, D.D.,
 LL.D., Oxford.
 Falding, Professor, D.D., United Col-
 leges.
 Farrar, Ven. Archdeacon, St Mar-
 garet's.
 Faussett, Mrs Henry, Omagh.
 Feilden, Lieut.-General, C.M.G.,
 M.P., Witton Park.
 Fengley, Charles, Huddersfield.
 Ffarington, Miss, Worden.
 Ferguson, Fergus, D.D., Queen's Park,
 Glasgow.
 Ferguson, Fergus, D.D., Montrose
 Street, Glasgow.
 Ferguson, Rev. W., Barrow-in-Furness.
 Fergusson, J. More, M.A., Rockferry.
 Findlay, Professor E. F., M.A., Head-
 ingley.

Finlayson, Rev. T. C., Manchester.
 Firth, C. H., M.A., Oxford.
 Firth, Thomas, Esq., Blackburn.
 Fish, John, Esq., J.P., Southport.
 Fleming, Rev. A. G., Paisley.
 Flett, Oliver, D.D., Paisley.
 Foster, Thomas, Esq., Rishton.
 Franks, Rev. Enoch, Wigan.
 Fraser, Professor A. C., LL.D.,
 D.C.L., Edinburgh.
 Fraser, Donald, D.D., Marylebone.
 Frew, Robert, D.D., St Ninian's.
 Furness, Horace Howard, Esq., Phila-
 delphia, U.S.A.

G.

Gaine, W. E. L., Esq., Town Clerk,
 Blackburn.
 Galbraith, Archibald, Esq., Manchester.
 Galbraith, Mrs., Campbeltown.
 Galbraith, Matthew, M.A., Aberdeen.
 Gardiner, Andrew, M.A., D.D.,
 Glasgow.
 Garnett, Richard, LL.D., British
 Museum.
 Garrett, Charles, Rev., Liverpool.
 Gasquoine, T., M.A., Northampton.
 Geddie, William, M.D., Accrington.
 Geikie, Cunningham, D.D., Norwich.
 Gibb, Professor John, D.D., London.
 Gibson, J. M., M.A., D.D., London.
 Gilchrist, E. J., M.A., Ipswich.
 Gladstone, W. E., Right Honble., M.P.
 Glasgow, Mitchell Library, The.
 Gloag, P. J., D.D., Moderator of the
 Church of Scotland.
 Glover, Richard, M.A., Bristol.
 Goodrich, Rev. Dr, Glasgow.
 Goold, W. H., D.D., Edinburgh.
 Goulburn, E. M., D.D., Dean of
 Norwich.
 Gould, S. Baring, M.A., E. Mersea.
 Gould, Rev. George A., Professor,
 M.A., London.
 Gosse, Professor Ed., M.A., London.
 Gowanlock, J. T., M.A., Stirling.
 Graham, Rev. James, Broughty Ferry.
 Graves, R. Percival, M.A., Sub-Dean,
 Dublin.

Green, Rev. E. D., Oldham.
 Green, Robert, M.A., Professor, Dids-
 bury.
 Green, S. G., D.D., London.
 Green, Thomas, M.A., Chairman of
 the Congregational Union of England
 and Wales.
 Gregory, Benjamin, D.D., London.
 Gregson, William, Councillor, Wilp-
 shire.
 Guildhall Library, London.
 Guinness, H. Grattan, D.D., London.
 Guthrie, Alexander, J.P., Liverpool.
 Guthrie, C. J., Esq., Edinburgh.
 Guthrie, Rev. D. K., Liberton.
 Guttridge, W. A., B.A., M.A., Cam-
 bridge.

H.

Hadden, J. C., Esq., Edinburgh.
 Hales, Professor J. W., M.A., London.
 Halsbury, Lord, Lord High Chancellor
 of England.
 Hamilton, Alexander, D.D., Brighton.
 Hargrove, Charles, Esq., Leeds.
 Harshaw, Rev. R. H., Mountmellick.
 Hart, Thomas, Esq., Blackburn.
 Hastings, Rev. J. B., Newcastle-on-
 Tyne.
 Hatch, Edwin, D.D., Oxford.
 Haughton, Thomas, Esq., C.E., Lon-
 don.
 Hawkins, H. B., M.A., Lytham.
 Hedgeland, Prebendary, M.A., Pen-
 zance.
 Henderson, Andrew, LL.D., Paisley.
 Henderson, Rev. D., Rockferry.
 Henley, W. E., Esq., Edinburgh.
 Herdman, J. C., D.D., Melrose.
 Heyworth, Eli, Esq., J.P., Blackburn.
 Hocking, Silas, Rev., Southport.
 Holder, Thomas, Esq., J.P., Liverpool.
 Holland, Canon H. Scott, M.A., Lon-
 don.
 Holmden, Mrs ("Annie Harwood"),
 Cambridge.
 Horder, Rev. W. G., London.
 Hornby, W. H., Esq., M.P., Black-
 burn.

Select List of Subscribers for this Book.

V

Hort, Professor J. J. A., D.D., Cambridge.

Hoyes, Mrs, Craig-na-Hullie.

Hubbard, Rev. William, Ipswich.

Hunter, Rev. John, Glasgow.

Hunter, W. B., M.D., Matlock.

Hutchison, John, D.D., Bonnington.

Hutton, George C., D.D., Paisley.

Hutton, Thomas, M.A., Stilton.

Hutton, William, Rev., Birkenhead.

I.

Inglis, John, D.D., Kirkowan.

Ironside, George, M.A., Fauldhouse.

Irving, William, M.D., J.P., Blackburn.

Isherwood, Thomas, B.A., Southport.

J.

Jacque, Rev. George, Auchterarder.

James, G. F., Rev., Edinburgh.

Jeffrey, Alexander, M.A., Glasgow.

Jeffrey, James, M.A., Glasgow.

Jenkins, E. E., M.A., D.D., London.

Jenkins, Rev. John, Dundee.

Jerdan, Charles, M.A., LL.B., Greenock.

Johnmann, W. A. P., M.A., Hawick.

Johnston, David, D.D., Harray.

Johnston, Rev. John C., Leeds.

Johnstone, George, B.D., Liverpool.

Julian, J., M.A., Wincebank Vicarage, Sheffield.

K.

Kellock, John, M.A., Rhyl.

Kelly, Charles H., Rev., President of the Wesleyan Methodists.

Kemlo, Alexander, Esq., Aberdeen.

Kennedy, John, M.A., D.D., London.

Kennedy, Thomas, D.D., Edinburgh.

Kerr, James, Esq., J.P., Dunkerhalgh.

Kidd, James, M.A., Glasgow.

Kinnear, David, Rev., Dalbeattie.

Kirby, G. H., Blackburn.

Knight, Joseph, Esq. ("Notes and Queries").

L.

Laidlaw, Professor John, D.D., Edinburgh.

Laird, John, D.D., Moderator of the Free Church of Scotland.

Lambert, George, Rev., Rigg of Gretna.

Landels, William, D.D., Edinburgh.

Lang, Andrew, Esq., M.A., London.

Lang, J. M., D.D., Glasgow.

Laurie, Professor S. S., LL.D., Edinburgh.

Lear, Mrs Sidney, Salisbury.

Lee, Mrs, Cardiff.

Lee, F. G., D.C.L., D.D., London.

Lees, J. Cameron, D.D., Edinburgh.

Legge, Professor James, LL.D., Cambridge.

Leighton, Sir Frederick, Bart., P.R.A., London.

Leitch, J. Muir, Esq., London.

Leitch, Richard, Rev., Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Lewis, George, Chief Constable.

Lewis, Martin, M.A., Gravesend.

Liddon, P. H., Canon, M.A., D.D., St Paul's.

Lindsay, Professor T. M., D.D., Glasgow.

Linton, Mrs E. Lynn, London.

Linton, W. J., Esq., Newhaven, U.S.A.

Littledale, Harold, M.A., Baroda.

Liverpool, The Bishop of.

Logan, William, M.A., Lanark.

London, The Bishop of.

Lundie, R. H., M.A., Liverpool.

Lyall, Edna (Miss A. E. Bayly).

Lyall, R. H., M.A., Manchester.

Lyle, Abram, Esq., Greenock.

Lynd, R. J., M.A., Belfast.

M.

Macaulay, Dr, London.

Macaulay, George, M.A., Kilmaurs.

Macdonald, George, LL.D., London.

Macfadyen, J. A., M.A., D.D., Manchester.

Macgregor, James, D.D., Edinburgh.

Mackay, G. S., Rev., Doune.

- Mackail, J. W., M.A., Oxford.
 Mackennal, Alexander, M.A., D.D., Bowdon.
 Mackenzie, J. M., M.A., Liverpool.
 Mackenzie, Peter, Rev., Dewsbury.
 Mackinlay, David, Esq., Glasgow.
 Mackray A. N., M.A., Croydon.
 MacLagan, Sir Douglas, M.D., Professor, Edinburgh.
 MacLaren, Alexander, D.D., Manchester.
 MacLaren, J. D., M.D., Glasgow.
 Macleod, Donald, D.D., Glasgow.
 Macmillan, Hugh, D.D., LL.D., Greenock.
 Macphail, Simeon R., M.A., Liverpool.
 Main, Miss, Rahway, U.S.A.
 Mair, Alexander, D.D., Edinburgh.
 Makin, T. W., Esq., Altrincham.
 Manchester, The Bishop of.
 Manning, H. E., Cardinal.
 Martin, Benjamin, M.A., Leslie.
 Martin, J. M. H., M.D., J.P., Blackburn.
 Martin, Sir Theodore, and Lady Martin.
 Martineau, James, D.D., LL.D., London.
 Masson, David, Professor, LL.D., and Mrs Masson, Edinburgh.
 Matheson, A. S., Rev., Dumbarton.
 Matheson, George, D.D., Edinburgh.
 Matheson, Thomas, Esq., Liverpool.
 Matheson, H. M., Esq., London.
 Mathews, C. E., Esq., London.
 Mathieson, J. E., Esq., London.
 Medley, Edwin, B.A., Nottingham.
 M'Caw, W., D.D., Jersey.
 M'Cree, G. W., Rev., London.
 M'Crie, Charles, Esq., Liverpool.
 M'Crie, C. G., Rev., Ayr.
 Mead, J. B., Esq.
 M'Dougall, James, Rev., Manchester.
 M'Ewan, David, D.D., Clapham.
 M'Ewen, James, M.A., Glasgow.
 M'Ewen, A. R., M.A., B.D., Glasgow.
 M'Gown, Dr, Oldham.
 M'Kay, Principal J. W., D.D., Belfast.
 M'Leod, Alexander, D.D., Moderator of the Presbyterian Church of England.
 M'Murtrie, John, Rev., Edinburgh.
 M'Naughton, Samuel, M.A., Preston.
 M'Neill, John, Rev., Regent's Square, London.
 Meyer, F. B., B.A., London.
 Milligan, William, Professor, D.D., Aberdeen.
 Mitchell, A. F., D.D., Professor, St Andrews.
 Mitchell, James, D.D., South Leith.
 Moinet, Charles, M.A., London.
 More, John, Rev., Cheltenham.
 Morgan, John, Esq., Aberdeen.
 Morgan & Scott, London.
 Morison, Walter, D.D., London.
 Morison, James, D.D., Glasgow.
 Morley, Henry, Professor, M.A., LL.D., Carisbrook.
 Morley, John, Right Hon., M.P.
 Morris, Lewis, Esq.
 Morton, James, Esq., Greenock.
 Mossop, John, Blackburn.
 Moule, H. C. G., M.A., Cambridge.
 Moulton, W. F., D.D., The Leys.
 Muir, Sir William, D.C.L., LL.D., Principal of University of Edinburgh.
 Murray, Andrew, M.A., Cape of Good Hope.
 Murphy, A. C., M.A., Ph. D., Belfast.
 N.
 Neil, Samuel, Esq., Edinburgh.
 New, Herbert, Esq., Greenhill.
 Newcastle-on-Tyne Public Library.
 Newman, H. E., Cardinal.
 Newton, Horace, Canon, M.A., Driffield.
 Nicholson, Brinsley, Esq., M.D., London.
 Nicoll, W. Robertson, M.A., London.
 Nicolson, W. M., M.A., Bristol.
 Noel, Hon. Roden, London.
 O.
 Oliphant, Mrs, Windsor.
 Oliver, Mrs, Manchester.
 Oliver, Alexander, B.A., D.D., Glasgow.
 Ormiston, William, D.D., Los Angeles.
 Osborn, G., D.D., Richmond.
 Oswald, James, Cheetham.

Oswald, John, Fallowfield.
Owen, James, Rev., Swansea.
Owens College, The, Manchester.

P.

Paget, Francis, D.D., Canon, Oxford.
Palgrave, Professor, LL.D., Oxford.
Parlane, James, M.A., Burntisland.
Pater, Walter, Esq., M.A., Oxford.
Paterson, H. Sinclair, M.D., London.
Patmore, Coventry, Esq., Hastings.
Paton, Professor J. B., M.A., Nottingham.

Parker, Joseph, D.D., London.
Paul, Kegan, Esq., London.
Peace, Maskell W., Esq., Wigan.
Pearson, Samuel, M.A., London.
Pennefather, Mrs, London.
Phemister, A., M.A., Newcastle-on-Tyne.
Philip, George, M.A., Edinburgh.
Polson, John, Rev., Jedburgh.
Plummer, C., M.A., Oxford.
Plummer, Dr, Hatfield Hall.
Plumptre, E. H., D.D., Dean of Wells.
Pulsford, John, D.D., London.
Pym, Horace N. Pym, Esq., London.

Q.

Quail, Jesse, Esq., Blackburn.

R.

Rae, Rev. J. S., Sunderland.
Rainy, Robert, D.D., Principal, Edinburgh.
Raleigh, Mrs Mary.
Rawstorne, Ven. Archdeacon, M.A., Balderstone.
Reid, William, D.D., Edinburgh.
Rennie, James, Rev., Glasgow.
Rentoul, J. S., M.A., Sunderland.
Rentoul, R. W. R., M.A., Darlington.
Ritzema, T. Purvis, Esq., Blackburn.
Ripon, The Bishop of.
Ripon, The Marquess of.
Roberts, Robert, Esq., Boston.
Robertson, James, Rev., Edinburgh.
Robertson, J. Logie, Esq., Edinburgh.
Robinson, Arthur I., Esq., Clitheroe Castle.

Robinson, F. W., Esq., London.
Robinson, W., Liverpool.
Rodger, Hugh, M.A., Southampton.
Rogers, J. Guinness, B.A., London.
Ronald, James, Rev., Annan.
Rooke, T. G., M.A., Rawdon College.
Ross, N. A., LL.D., Newcastle-on-Tyne.
Rowe, G. Stringer, Headingley.
Rowe, T. W., M.A., Rangiora, N.Z.
Rutherford, John, Esq., J.P., Mayor of Blackburn.

S.

Sage, E. J., Esq., London.
Saintsbury, George, Esq., London.
Salisbury, The Dean of.
Salmon, George, D.D., Dublin.
Salmond, Professor, S. D. F., D.D., Aberdeen.
Sanday, W., D.D., Oxford.
Sclater, John, Rev., Manchester.
Shackleton, Richard, J.P., Blackburn.
Shaw, Henry, Esq., J.P., Buxton.
Scott, Archibald, D.D., Edinburgh.
Scott, R. Selkirk, M.A., D.D., Glasgow.
Selborne, Lord.
Shelly, John, Esq., Plymouth.
Sherwood, Miss, Oban.
Shortt, Jonathan, M.A., Houghton.
Simpson, Lady M. G., Edinburgh.
Smith, George, of Coalville.
Smith, George, C.I.E., LL.D., Edinburgh.
Smith, G. A., M.A., Aberdeen.
Smith, John, M.A., Edinburgh.
Smith, Samuel, Esq., M.P.
Smith, Thomas, D.D., Professor, Edinburgh.
Smith, W. C., D.D., LL.D., Edinburgh.
Sodor and Man, The Bishop of.
Spurgeon, Charles, Haddon.
Stanford, Mrs Charles, Camberwell.
Stephenson, T. B., D.D., London.
Stevenson, J. C., Esq., M.P.
Stewart, Robert, M.A., Gateshead-on-Tyne.
Stitt, Samuel, Esq., J.P., Birkenhead.

viii *Select List of Subscribers for this Book.*

- Stone, W. G. B., Esq., Waldon.
 tory, R. H., D.D., Professor, Glasgow.
 t David's, Bishop of.
 St Germans, Earl of.
 Stalker, James, M.A., Glasgow.
 Staunton, Professor, Cambridge.
 Stoughton, John, D.D., London.
 Stuart, A. Moody, D.D., Crieff.
 Swanson, W. S., M.A., London.
 Swinburne, Algernon Charles, Esq.
 Swan, Annie S. (Mrs A. Burnett-Smith)
 Portobello.
 Symonds, J. Addington, Esq., M.A.,
 Davos Platz.
- T.
- Tancock, O. W., M.A., Norwich.
 Tattersall, Mrs, Quarry Bank.
 Tattersall, W., Organist of St Peter's.
 Taylor, Robert, Rev., London.
 Tennyson, Lord.
 Thin, James, Esq., Edinburgh.
 Thompson, Benjamin, Rev., Blackburn.
 Thompson, John, M.A., Newcastle-on-
 Tyne.
 Thomson, Alexander, D.D., Man-
 chester.
 Thomson, Andrew, D.D., Edinburgh.
 Thomson, J. M., Esq., Edinburgh.
 Todd, James, B.D., Duns.
 Todhunter, John, Esq., M.A., London.
 Train, J. G., Rev., Hull.
 Tromson, Thomas, Trewirgie.
 Tulloch, W. W., B.D., Glasgow.
 Turner, Sir John, Nottingham.
 Tutin, J. R., Hull.
- U.
- Urwick, W., M.A., London.
- V.
- Veitch, John, LL.D., Professor, Glas-
 gow.
 Vere, Aubrey de, Esq., Curragh.
- W.
- Wace, Henry, D.D., London.
 Wade, George, Rev., Falkirk.
 Wakefield, Bishop of.
 Walker, Norman L., D.D., Dysart.
 Walton, W. A., M.A., Berwick-on-
 Tweed.
 Ward, Professor, M.A., Manchester.
 Waring, Miss A. L., Bristol.
 Watson, Aaron, Esq., North Shields.
 Watson, J. A., Park View.
 Watson, R. Spence, LL.D., Newcastle-
 on-Tyne.
 Wayman, James, Rev., Blackpool.
 Webster, Alexander, M.A., Edinburgh.
 Webster, David, Rev., Kirkwall.
 Wells, James, M.A. Glasgow.
 Welsh, E. R., M.A., Brondesbury.
 Westcott, Canon, Oxford
 Westminster, Dean of.
 Weston, John, Esq., The Heynes.
 White, Edward, Rev., London.
 White, Verner M., D.D., London.
 Whitelaw, Thomas, D.D., Kilmarnock.
 Whyte, Alexander, D.D., Edinburgh.
 Wigner, J. T., Rev., President of the
 Baptist Union.
 Williams, J. De Kewers, M.A.,
 London.
 Williams, J. D., M.A., Bottisham.
 Williams, Charles, Rev., Accrington.
 Wilson, H. C., M.A., Eastbourne.
 Wilson, J. H., D.D., Edinburgh.
 Wilson, William, Esq., Berwick-on-
 Tweed.
 Wilton, Richard, M.A., Londeslough.
 Winchester, The Bishop of.
 Windle, William, Rev., Brockley.
 Wray, J. Jackson, Rev., London.
 Wright, C. H. H., D.D., Dublin.
 Wright, J. Morley, Rev., Brockley.
 Wright, W. Aldis Esq., LL.D.,
 Cambridge.
 Wright, William, D.D., London.
- Y.
- Yellowlees, John, Rev., Carron.
 Young, A. Waugh, M.A., Tettenhall.
 Young, David, D.D., Glasgow.
 Young, R. Newton, D.D., Handsworth.

SONGS OF THE DAY AND NIGHT ;

OR,

THREE CENTURIES OF ORIGINAL
HYMNS.

ETC., ETC., ETC.

INVOCATION.

IN our old English saw 'tis writ
Brevity is the soul of wit :
But methinks it is sophistry,
Rather *wit soul of brevity.*

Brevity oft means shallow thought
And the trooping words poorly wrought :
Wit is wisdom, or long or brief—
Whether broad harvest-field or sheaf.

Yet to genius doth belong
Immortal phrases “five words long” ;
Jewels o’ the mind, whose keen blaze
Holds us to reverence and praise.

Spirit of God ! give me the fire
Shall shine and flame, nor e’er expire ;
A soul of wit, a wit of soul
“ My Lord, my God ” Thee to extol.

✓

SONGS OF THE DAY AND NIGHT

OCT 19 1984

OR

THREE CENTURIES OF ORIGINAL HYMNS
FOR PUBLIC AND PRIVATE
PRAISE AND READING

THE LIFE-STORY OF JESUS CHRIST—A CANTATA

WITH OTHER SACRED POEMS

BY THE

REV. ALEXANDER B. GROSART, D.D.

LL.D. (EDIN.), F.S.A. (SCOT.)

ST GEORGE'S, BLACKBURN, LANCASHIRE

PRINTED FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION ONLY

1890

All Rights of Translation and Reproduction reserved

✓

MY HEART.

A REMINISCENCE OF ST AUGUSTINE.

1. As in the stillness of the night
 I lie awake ;
The hours—like birds wing-weary—flight
 Towards Heav'n take ;
And from the beating of my heart
 Untaught of Art,
Fancy, from every pulse and pause,
 Quaint symbols draws.
2. A lifted axe it seems to me,
 With steady stroke
Like woodman's that falls momentarily
 Against an oak ;
Felling, felling the tree of life :
 O fateful strife !
I hush myself that I may hear,
 Yet do not fear.
3. The solemn sign I would receive—
 To Thy sweet will
Yielding myself—its sense believe,
 Aye and until
Thou, Lord ! shalt give the word to smite :
 It shall be right ;
Let the tree fall ; 'tis in Thy Hand,
 I'll fearless stand.

To

MY DEAR WIFE AND OUR FOUR BOYS ;

WITHOUT WHOM THESE

“SONGS OF THE DAY AND THE NIGHT”

WOULD NEVER HAVE BEEN WRITTEN :

This Book is Dedicated,

LOVINGLY AND GRATEFULLY.

ALEXANDER B. GROSART.

AN ALLEGORY OF THE GOD-PROTECTED CHILD
OF GOD.

1. ONCE on a time in an ancient close
Of a grey Norman town ;
Where through a whole week scarce any one goes,
Save priest with shaven crown ;
I saw a hawk dash at a caged bird
Whilst it warbled sweetly ;
Songster and loving mistress were scar'd
But the hawk baulk'd completely ;
For the cage was hung and softly swung
Within a window wide ;
That crystal wall of protection flung
Round the songster inside :
The bird of prey in defeated rage
Dash'd again and again ;
But vain the warfare it sought to wage ;
It but struck the window-pane :
Bruis'd and bleeding, and with shatter'd wing
At length it flew away ;
And there the canary you hear sing
In that old close to-day.

2. Is not all this sweet ALLEGORY
Of our own Christian life ?
Vain the assaults of the Adversary,
As vain his vengeful strife ;
He dreams that the lowly child of God
Unguarded before him lies ;
He dashes on him with smiting rod ;
But to meet a strange surprise ;
For a crystal wall, unseen yet strong,
Circleth God's humblest child ;
Faith's eye beholds it, with trustful song ;
And the enemy is foil'd :
Praise to our God, and confession low
If pulse of fear be started ;
For stronger than he who aims the blow
Is Jesus the loving-hearted :
And the dear Lord grant that you and I,
Be never put to shame ;
But unfearing stand as beneath His eye,
And strong in His GREAT NAME.

P R E F A C E.

IN offering the present contribution to our Hymnology, I must leave my Hymns to speak for themselves and vindicate their being 'put into print.' I trust that they will be found in line (so to say) with our great national Hymnology in all the fundamental truths of evangelical Christianity, whilst presenting them in new settings, and as having regard to aspects and experiences not exhaustively represented therein. I make my own the profound words of VINCENT OF LERINS, "what has been believed by all, always, everywhere" — *Quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus.*

I know not that I can better exhibit my conception of the function of Praise, than by reproducing here a Paper which was published in my congregational *Friendly Visitor* (March 1889), and which in turn was the substance of a special sermon (preached on 10th February 1889). It thus runs :—

"PRAISE.—I wish to submit some guiding and, I trust, quickening thoughts on certain aspects of our public PRAISE. I am anxious that it should be Praise and not mere singing and playing. I have neither the technical knowledge nor inclina-

tion to discuss or pronounce upon either the singing or playing. I leave that to others. Only I will say this, that just as I believe the magnificence of the Temple at Jerusalem warrants any splendour, beauty or richness of adornment for God's House, so the arrangements for the musical service or service of song of the Temple, sanctions the uttermost of painstaking, the finest art, the highest culture, the most perfect execution. It is also to be remembered that the Psalmist demands not only singing and playing, but 'skill,' as witness Psalm xxxiii. 3, "Sing unto Him a new song; play *skilfully* with a loud noise." Personally, therefore, I welcome the most beautiful music and the most admirable performance that can be found, alike in the Church and Sunday School. But mere singing and playing, mere 'performance' and 'skill' go for nothing and less than nothing, unless they be sanctified by being transmuted into Praise and Worship. How then is this transmutation to be obtained? I answer only as David obtained it. We too must 'pray' as he did in even the amazing 51st Psalm, "O Lord, open Thou my lips, and my mouth shall show forth Thy praise" (Psalm li. 15). Exactly so: it needs the very same grace of God, the very same ministry of the Holy Spirit, to 'open' our lips and purify our hearts for Praise as it does for Prayer. As therefore we would be safe-guarded from stopping short at mere singing or playing, be it ours understandingly and believably and expectantly, to ask grace to sing aright and play aright. Grace as largely, as fully, as strongly, as tenderly, as forgivingly is required for

Praise as (I reiterate) for Prayer. This leads to a second aspect of Praise—that to be really Praise, over and above ‘skilful’ singing and playing, God must be consciously addressed. When the Psalmist prayed, “O Lord, open Thou my lips, and my mouth shall show forth *Thy praise*,” it is clear that the ‘Thy praise’ was emphatic, and in short, the motive of the prayer. Similarly, when St Paul instructs on Praise through “psalms and hymns and spiritual songs,” he is careful twice over to remind the Ephesians and Colossians and all of us, that it is to be ‘*to the Lord*.’ It will keep us from pre-occupation about our own voices, or our own ‘parts,’ or our own skill, or our own selves altogether, if we will only steadfastly remember that our singing and playing are the vehicles of Praise and Worship, and that God Himself is in the assemblies of His people, present to hear and accept, to own and be glorified. Hence all practisings, preparations, details of tunes and key-notes, and ‘parts,’ ought to precede entrance into the Church. So much for what may be called the divine side of Praise. Now for the human side. Here I recur to the apostolic teaching already referred to, as follows: “Speaking to yourselves in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, and making melody in your hearts to the Lord” (Ephesians v. 19)—“Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom, teaching and admonishing one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord” (Col. iii. 16). We may place beside these the earlier counsel of the Psalmist (Psalm cv. 2), “Sing unto Him, sing

psalms unto Him: tell ye of all His wondrous works." In my judgment these several portions of Holy Scripture ought to set Church and Sunday Schools a-thinking as to whether our Praise is not impoverished of its function and purpose by failure to carry out what I have designated as its human side. We have seen the divine side by which alone singing and playing becomes Praise; but practically how largely is it forgotten that the call of the Psalmist is that succeeding our service of song, we shall "talk of all His wondrous works" as set forth in song and psalm, and that the praise and worship of God are to be accompanied with 'Speaking to *ourselves*' and with '*teaching and admonishing one another*' through 'psalms and hymns and spiritual songs.' I feel strongly that this 'speaking to *ourselves*,' this 'teaching and admonishing *one another*' would broaden and deepen and enrich our Praise immeasurably. Specifically were Praise thus given its full scope and function we would not be perplexed with fears and doubts about our joining in given "psalms and hymns and spiritual songs." Necessarily there are those for "babes in Christ," for beginners, for those little experienced in the spiritual life, and beyond whom the advanced Christian is far ahead. But retrospectively, the most advanced may and ought to sing them, and not only so, but this advance may be turned into gracious "*teaching and admonishing of one another.*" Similarly with the awfulness and anguish of certain "psalms and hymns and spiritual songs." Some, even many Christians know no such terrors of conviction, or pungency of distress;

they have gratefully to sing rather "Thy *gentleness* hath made me great" (Psalm xviii. 35), or of 'life for a look.' But "no man liveth *to himself*" only. By the unity of Christian fellowship we owe it to exchange experiences and again to turn these and those to "teaching and admonishing *one another*." And so when we are called upon to join in "hymns and psalms and spiritual songs" that are not behind but beyond us, as telling of faith and love, glow and rapture, consecration and surrender that are to us an ideal only, we will wrong ourselves if we hesitate to 'make melody in our hearts' through the loftiest and deepest. As a Christian I have no objection to sing a hymn that is better than I am, any more than I have objection to the company of a fellow-Christian better than I am, who knows more, feels more, does more than I. Such singing of the greater hymns may be blessed as an excitant to rising higher than I have ever risen, and attaining more than I have ever attained. But besides I would re-accentuate, Praise is not fully exercised unless it be followed up with 'speaking' *to ourselves*, and "teaching and admonishing *one another*." I can scarcely conceive any "psalm or hymn or spiritual song" that may not be thus turned to beneficent account. If behind us, or beyond us, or unknown or unfelt, let us 'talk,' 'speak' of the particular hymn and do not let any of us be above being 'taught,' neither shrink from admonition. The more faithfully the human side of Praise is carried out as Psalmist and Apostle counsel, the more likely is it that the divine side will be advanced."

In accord with this Paper, my endeavour has been to make each one of my Hymns—whilst suitable for direct praise addressed to God as really as prayer is, also—a fitting subject for Christian conversation and interchange of opinion, sentiment and experience. I add these further observations :—

1. I have found that wherever actual human experience has been truly told, responses have been found. The human heart and human lives are so alike all the world over, that even the most personal and individual and seeming unique experiences prove to be in touch with others. In this relation I would observe that our Hymn-books, speaking broadly, have been prepared too much as Praise not only for Christians but for Christians at their best and highest. The matter of fact is that no actual or conceivable congregation or assembly answers to this basis. Human and Christian experience is progressive ; and, as before stated, in my Hymns I have kept before myself the steps and stages of the process and progress, corresponding with human and Christian fluctuations. But here again I must guard against misconception. Whether in public or private a hymn is not intended to be the expression of merely presently-existing thought or emotion, but to quicken and stimulate potential thought and emotion whereby the soul may be uplifted. Toward this uplifting, whether of the still unconverted, or undecided, or of the Believer from high to higher and highest, I desiderate more faith in the POWER of the gospel of Jesus Christ so to uplift, and a deeper realisation of His presence in the midst of our “solemn

assemblies" and as responsive to waiting and expectant souls. I deplore the cry for 'attractions,' as I see sorrowfully, much in the schemes and contrivances meant to attract. It is a weak-kneed race who need such pseudo-attractions. Jesus Christ lives and reigns. His gospel has lost nothing of its ancient power. What we require is stronger Christians with absolute convictions that Jesus Christ is equal to the most ultimate demands upon Him. The multiplied social problems are too many for philanthropy, but not for Christianity, under the sovereignty of Christ and the ministry of the Holy Ghost. I make these observations because only so will the intention of many of my Hymns be realised. Once more I ask that through my Hymns, with the Apostle, we "speak to one another" and "teach and admonish one another" in mutual sympathy and forbearance and teachableness.

2. It is possible that some of my Hymns may be condemned as revealing and recording a spiritual (or unspiritual) condition that ought not to exist. I am prepared for such heartless criticism. I can only protest that this type of hymn is the truest of the true to actual facts. Nor do I despair of the saddest, or call them awful hymns, being helpful to others similarly "walking in darkness and seeing no light."

I hold that Praise ought herein to run parallel with Prayer; and we know that our most reasonable and gracious God wishes us to come to Him just as we are, and to make a clean breast of whatever is in us or on us or around us; *e.g.*, has He

not charged us, "Come now let us reason together ; though your sins be as scarlet they shall be white as snow, though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool" (Isaiah i. 18). I accept this literally ; and I am strengthened in so doing by the psalm-prayers and prayer-psalms of the Book of Psalms and by the supremest of all prayers ever prayed—our Lord's intercessory prayer as recorded by St John. But thus read, what are we thereby taught about prayer ? This at least, that we are free to argue out the whole mystery, burden and anguish of our experience with God, and not merely in (so-called) orthodox and traditional phrasing, shut up to worship or adoration alone. "Nay verily." He welcomes us and "hears" whatever we have to say and however we say it. Each of us has direct access to "God manifest in the flesh," the living and enthroned Saviour, and He seeks that we confide everything to Him. He cannot "away with" the running of prayer into moulds of conventional phrases and ordering of words. He loves to hear our very own thought and emotion in integrity, *e.g.*, it was self-evidently far more honest and so far more acceptable to God that Jonah cried straight out, "I do well to be angry," than to have uttered pious platitudes. So with the poor father in the Gospels whose faith in Christ had inevitably been shaken by the failure of His disciples to heal his stricken boy. Measurelessly more precious to the Lord was his "Help mine unbelief" than if he had professed inviolate and untouched faith. Similarly with ourselves to-day—alike in Praise and Prayer—it being the

fact that I am in doubt and dread, in darkness and despair, I am bound in prayer and praise to tell my heavenly Father through Jesus Christ, that it is so with me; I must not—at the peril of my spiritual life—cover up my state with sonorous unrealities. Hence “a beautiful prayer” (as the phrase goes) is not the ideal of real prayer any more than is a mere dulcet hymn a hymn. I quote here the following suggestive and confirming words in Besant’s very striking story of the “Children of Gibeon.” “I can sing,” said Valentine. “I will sing you a hymn, mother.” She hesitated, and then for some fancied appropriateness—I know not what, perhaps it existed only in her imagination—of the place and the time with the *motif* of the hymn,—she chose an old Puritan hymn which has now dropped out of use and been forgotten, since the churches resolved to stifle the sadness of life and to simulate the voice of one who continually rejoices and is not afraid, and has neither doubt nor question. This hymn had very little joy in it, save that of a faith, humble and resigned, with an under-current of an unexpressed feeling of sorrow, and even perhaps of humble remonstrance, that things had not been ordered otherwise from the beginning. This hymn begins with the words, “We’ve no abiding city here,” and as Valentine sang them the blind old woman joined her hands as one who prays, and the tears gathered in her eyes (Book II., c. iii.).

3. Turning now to the form of my Hymns, I have tried to walk in the footsteps of our earlier evangelical Singers and Hymnists—whose strength,

directness and simplicity of wording have always commended them to me. I do not over-value mere "smoothness," nor do I under-value subtlest and finest technique of workmanship. But I do value substantiveness, solidity of thought, and pronounce against sentimentalism and jingle. The majority of my Hymns will (I think) prove to be readily interpretable by well-known tunes.

4. This is not the place or occasion for literary criticism of our Hymnology. I limit myself to a few words on the late Mr Matthew Arnold's dis-sympathetic contrast of Lord Selborne's "Book of Praise" with Professor Palgrave's "Golden Treasury" of English Poetry, in his famous Essay—to the discrediting of the former. *In limine* Mr Arnold rendered himself unfit to sit in judgment on religious and spiritual matters by his avowed irreligiousness in any sense of the word Christian. Then specifically he seems to have forgotten or intentionally concealed his knowledge that secular poetry covers several great fields—narrative—human character—landscape, &c., &c., whilst sacred poetry covers only one; and again that our Hymns proper form but a limited section of this limited field. Hence to weigh one book against the other in regard to the amount of poetical value, was misleading and unfair to the last degree and uncharacteristically (in him) uncritical.

I shall be profoundly thankful if any of my Hymns enable any fellow-Christian or fellow-man to offer worthy Praise; and it will not be held ambitious (I hope) if I covet the passing of some of them into the Hymnology of the Church Universal.

The bloom and fruitage of elect moments of a lifetime, these Hymns may perhaps thus live after me.

I cannot close this Preface without very cordially acknowledging my obligations to various friends who have given me the benefit of reading my MSS. from whence the "Three Centuries" have been selected. More or fewer have been thus read by Professor Palgrave of Oxford ; Thomas Ashe, M.A.; and the late lamented Rev. J. H. Clark, M.A., of East Dereham, Norfolk. But most of all have I been indebted to my 'brothers beloved,' the Rev. Richard Wilton, M.A., the poet of "Wood-notes and Church-bells," Rector of Londesborough, and the Rev. Samuel M'Naughton, M.A. Preston, who have transmuted a task into a labour of love by each reading a large proportion with a painstaking and loving interest that I can hardly characterize. The fulness of the response to my little circular, with specimens, has cheered me much, and I have met it by giving Three instead of Two Centuries as first intended, and additional Poems. The appended Notes and Illustrations will supply anything else that is likely to be needed.

ALEXANDER B. GROSART.

* * Persons desirous to use any of the Hymns in this book must previously communicate with me.

MERGERE NOS PATITUR, SED NON SUBMERGERE
CHRISTUS.—MEDIÆVAL SAYING.

1. CHRIST suffereth His Own
To sink—but not to drown ;
If fiercest tempest come,
Whit'ning the sea to foam ;
Or, blows wave-tramping wind
No human force can bind ;
Or, thundrous lightnings flash
As tho' the sky would crash ;
Lo ! His outstretchèd Hand
And we in safety stand :
Christ suffereth His Own
To sink—but not to drown.
2. Lord, unto Thee I creep,
Look on me as I weep ;
Lord, unto Thee I look,
See how my faith is shook ;
Lord, unto Thee I cling,
Heal Thou Sin's deadly sting ;
Lord, unto Thee I cry,
Pity my misery ;
I know not what to think,
Alas ! alas ! I sink :
Ah ! Christ suff'reth His Own
To sink—but not to drown.
3. Cometh temptation sore,
Pressing still more and more ;
Reviving native sin,
That still lurks me within ;
Cometh temptation sly
As Pleasure's mimicry ;
Yea, cometh in prayer,
In praise, in all soe'er ;
Cometh temptation still
Ev'n in God's " holy hill " :
But Christ suff'reth His Own,
To sink—but not to drown.
3. Perfume of God's presence
'Yond Art's subtlest essence ;
A light not fetch'd from skies,
Or aught in our Earth lies ;
Strength not of limbs or thews
That " daily bread " renews ;
The overcoming life
Still victor in the strife ;
The " closer walk " with God,
These all to Jesus ow'd :
Christ suffereth His Own,
To sink—but not to drown.

C O N T E N T S.

³/_w Those marked with a star [*] appeared in a tiny privately-printed volume of which under a hundred copies were issued ; those marked † have appeared as annual Watch-word cards or as leaflets.

	PAGES
Selected Names of Subscribers	Fly-leaves prefixed
Invocation	x
My Heart	xii
Dedication	xiii
An Allegory of the God-protected Child of God	xiv
Preface	xv
Mergere nos patitur, sed non submergere Christus	xxvi
Contents	xxvii
Zacharias	xl

I. GOD THE FATHER.

I. Father-God—Reverence	3-4
II. Worship	4-6
III. The Glory of God in Creation	6-8
IV. God's Fairness	8-9
v. The Hiding of God's Power	9-10
VI. God's Hand	II
VII. The Everlasting Arms Underneath	12-13
VIII. Most Hidden and most Manifest	13-14
IX. Grandeur of Man's Soul	15-17
x. Dark Thoughts of God	17-18
XI. I know their Sorrows	18-19
XII. The Broken Heart	19-20
XIII. Losing by leaving God	20-21
XIV. Distance from God	21-22

I.—GOD THE FATHER—*continued*.

	PAGES
xv. Awaking with God	22-23
xvi. Ever at Work and ever at Rest . . .	23-24
xvii. Our God a Consuming Fire	25-26
xviii. The Unchanging God	26-27
xix. God's Loving-kindness	27-28
xx. The Earth not God-forsaken	28-29
xxi. Man Proposes, God Disposes	29-30
xxii. God turning the Bed	31-32
xxiii. Judgment and Mercy	32-33
xxiv. Gentle Guidance	33-34

II. GOD THE SON.

xxv. Bethlehem	37-38
xxvi. Birth of Christ	38-39
xxvii. Bethlehem and Calvary	39-40
xxviii. Immanuel	41-42
xxix. God Unmanifest in Flesh	43-44
* xxx. "He comes"—"Until He come" . . .	44-45
xxxi. The Scape-goat	45-46
xxxii. The Divine Child	46-47
xxxiii. Flight and Return of the Holy Child . .	47-50
xxxiv. Twelve Years Old	50-51
xxxv. Christ	51-52
xxxvi. Temptation	52-54
xxxvii. "Suffer the little children to come unto Me" .	54-55
xxxviii. Tears	55-56
xxxix. Seeker who lackest nothing	56-57
xl. Tempted to Forsake	57-58
xli. The Hands of Jesus	58-59
xlh. Faith not Sight	59-60
xlhii. Rest after Toil	60-61
xliv. The Two Sleeps—Tabor and Gethsemane .	61-64
xlv. Emmaus : Fellowship with Jesus . . .	65-66
* xlvi. Moriah and Calvary	66-67
xlvii. "By His Stripes we are healed" . . .	67-68

II. GOD THE SON—*continued.*

	PAGES
XLVIII. Victim-Victor : Victor-Victim . . .	69
XLIX. The Once-marred Face . . .	70
L. The King on His Cross-Throne . . .	71-72
LI. Stabat Mater . . .	72-73
LII. It is Finished . . .	73-74
LIII. Mystery of Sin counterworked . . .	74-75
LIV. Shame changed to Glory . . .	76
LV. The Shed Blood . . .	77-78
LVI. The Risen Saviour . . .	78-79
LVII. The Abiding Presence . . .	80-81
LVIII. Christ's Words . . .	81-83
LIX. Jesus Reigns . . .	83-84
LX. Longing for Christ's Second Coming . . .	84-85
LXI. Cross-bearing after Christ . . .	85-86
LXII. Unseen yet Loved . . .	86-87
LXIII. Safety and Comfort . . .	88
LXIV. The Divineness of the Christian . . .	89
LXV. Jesus—Sun and Shield . . .	90-91
LXVI. Leader and Guide . . .	91-92
LXVII. Heart-Surrender . . .	92-93
LXVIII. Clefts of the Rock . . .	93-94
LXIX. Rose of Sharon . . .	94-95
LXX. Everlasting Love . . .	95-96
LXXI. Love of God in Christ . . .	96-97
LXXII. Boundlessness of Christ's Love . . .	97-98
LXXIII. Love of God—God of Love . . .	98-99
LXXIV. Heart-keeping by Jesus . . .	100
LXXV. Serenity . . .	101-102
LXXVI. Imputed Righteousness . . .	102-103
LXXVII. Not Graces but Christ . . .	103-104
LXXVIII. The Names of our Blessed Redeemer . . .	104-105
*LXXIX. The Living Way . . .	105-106
LXXX. Power from on High . . .	107-108
LXXXI. Unrest . . .	109
LXXXII. Full Supply for utmost Need . . .	109-110

II. GOD THE SON—*continued.*

PAGES

LXXXIII. Christ all in all	110
LXXXIV. Indwelling—Dwelling in	111
LXXXV. I, yet not I, but Christ	112-113
LXXXVI. Triumph	113-114
LXXXVII. Vision of Glory	114-116

III. GOD THE HOLY SPIRIT.

LXXXVIII. The Dove in Holy Scripture	119-122
LXXXIX. God the Holy Spirit	122-123
xc. The Love of the Spirit	123-124
xcI. The Holy Spirit our Strength	124-125
xcII. Serenity under the Spirit's Reproof	126
xcIII. Symbols of God the Holy Spirit	126-127
xcIV. Grace Perfecting	128-129
Love without Measure	130

IV. THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

xcv. The Bible in all Languages	133-134
xcvi. Symbols of Holy Scripture	134-135
xcvII. The Guiding Lamp	135-136
xcvIII. The English Bible	136-137
The Ten Commandments	138

V. THE SABBATH.

xcix. The Resurrection—Sunday Morning	141-142
c. Sunday "made" of God	142-143
ci. Sunday First Day of the Seven	144-145
cII. The Lord's Day	145-146
cIII. Sabbath Prayer-song	146-148

VI. THE CHURCH OF CHRIST IN ITS WORK AND SERVICES.

civ. One in Christ	151-152
cv. Wonder	152-153
cvi. Longings for a Revival	153-155
cVII. On joining the Church on a public Profession of Faith	155-156
cVIII. Preparation for the Communion	156-158

VI. THE CHURCH OF CHRIST IN ITS WORKS AND

SERVICES— <i>continued.</i>	PAGES
CIX. The Lord's Supper . . .	158
CX. After the Lord's Supper . . .	159
CXI. Gethsemane and the Judgment-hall .	160-161
*CXII. "Unworthy"—"Unworthily" . .	161-162
CXIII. Evangelization . . .	163-164
CXIV. Home Missions . . .	164-165
CXV. Evangelizing in the Streets . .	166-167
CXVI. Weeds—Waifs . . .	167-169
CXVII. The Salvation Army . . .	169-170
CXVIII. Evangelization of the World .	170-171
CXIX. Ultimate Christianisation of the World .	171-173
CXX. Ultimate Triumph . . .	173-174
CXXI. Advance . . .	174-175
CXXII. Ordination of Foreign Missionaries .	175-176
CXXIII. The Missionary at Sea . . .	176-177
CXXIV. The Jews . . .	177-179
†CXXV. The Church and Sunday School . .	179-180
CXXVI. The Sunday School Teacher . .	181
CXXVII. Children's debt of love to their Christian Parents . . .	182-183
CXXVIII. Parents' debt of love to Children .	183-184
CXXIX. Prayer-meeting—"Two or Three" .	185
CXXX. The Mid-week Service . . .	186
CXXXI. Sunday School Anniversary . .	187-188
CXXXII. Marriage . . .	188-189
CXXXIII. Marriage . . .	189-190
CXXXIV. Baptism of Children . . .	190-191
CXXXV. Baptism . . .	192

VII. LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF SPIRITUAL EXPERIENCE.

CXXXVI. Watching by a Death-bed . .	195-196
CXXXVII. He leads round, but He leads right .	197-198
†CXXXVIII. "The Blue of Heaven is larger than the Cloud" . . .	198-199

VII. LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF SPIRITUAL EXPERIENCE—

<i>continued.</i>	PAGES
CXXXIX. The Furnace of Affliction . . .	199-200
CXL. The Light not Self to Shine . . .	201
CXLI. Growth in Grace . . .	202
CXLII. Love is Cold . . .	203
CXLIII. Joy in Sorrow . . .	203-205
CXLIV. Heart-surrender . . .	205-206
CXLV. Pleading . . .	206-207
CXLVI. Angelic Ministry . . .	207-208
CXLVII. The One Talent improved . . .	208-209
CXLVIII. The Unrenewed Heart . . .	209-210
CXLIX. After a Long Illness . . .	211
CL. Little Faith . . .	212-213
CLI. Weariness . . .	213-214
CLII. Divine Choosing . . .	214-215
CLIII. Onward . . .	215
CLIV. Castaway . . .	216
CLV. Despondency . . .	217
CLVI. Rest . . .	217-218
CLVII. Heavenly Use of Earthly Things . . .	219
CLVIII. God's Choosing for us . . .	220
CLIX. The God of Patience . . .	221-222
CLX. Deadly Sweet . . .	222-224
CLXI. Divine and Human Love . . .	224-225
CLXII. Compensations . . .	226
CLXIII. Impatience . . .	227-228
CLXIV. Joy born of Pain . . .	228-229
CLXV. Returns . . .	229-230
CLXVI. It is Well . . .	230-231
CLXVII. Remaining Sin . . .	231-232
CLXVIII. Mary, Sister of Lazarus . . .	233-234
CLXIX. Ruins . . .	234
CLXX. "Faith without a Perhaps" . . .	234-236
CLXXI. The Bending Bough, or Song and Wings . . .	236
CLXXII. My Choice . . .	237

VII. LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF SPIRITUAL EXPERIENCE.—

continued.

	PAGES
CLXXXIII. Longings	237-238
CLXXXIV. Loveliness	238-239
CLXXXV. A Jubilee Royal Saying . .	239-240
CLXXXVI. Cup running over	241-242
*CLXXXVII. The Bow in the Cloud . . .	242-243
CLXXXVIII. Wakefulness and Unrest . .	243-244
CLXXXIX. The Cup of Consolation . . .	244-246
CLXXX. The Rod that budded and blossomed .	246
CLXXXI. Rooted by the River	247
CLXXXII. "We are tired, my heart and I" .	248-249
CLXXXIII. Sons and Daughters of God . .	249-250
CLXXXIV. In the far Country by the Swine-Troughs	251-253
CLXXXV. The Uplifted Serpent	253-254
CLXXXVI. Litany	254-255
CLXXXVII. Penitence	255-256
CLXXXVIII. The Penitent	257-258
CLXXXIX. Penitent Return	258-259
CXC. Contrition	259-260
CXCI. Each Day the Evening comes at last .	261
CXCII. God of Peace	262
CXCIII. The Shining Face	263-264
CXCIV. Lily and Cedar	264-265
CXCV. Laid Aside	265-266
CXCVI. Unity in Diversity	267-269
CXCVII. Divine Teaching	269-270
CXCVIII. Thy Will be done	270-271
CXCIX. Fading Leaf	271-272
CC. The Blessing of Sadness	273-274
CCI. Dignity of the Body	274-275
CCII. Compunction not Conversion	275-276
CCIII. Life is the Day of Grace	276-278
CCIV. The Spent Bottle and the Well revealed	278-279
CCV. There's a bright side to Darkest Things	279-280
CCVI. Aimlessness	280-281

VII. LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF SPIRITUAL EXPERIENCE—

<i>continued.</i>	PAGES
CCVII. Longing	282-283
CCVIII. Fretting	283-284
CCIX. Progress and Fidelity	284-285
CCX. Cradle Songs	286-287
CCXI. The Garment of Praise	287-288
CCXII. Praise	289-290
CCXIII. Morning Hymn of Praise	290-291
CCXIV. Within and Without	291-292
CCXV. Experience Sanctified	293
CCXVI. Darkness	293-294
CCXVII. Sleep—God's Gift	294-295
CCXVIII. A Bright Christian	295-296
CCXIX. Sunset Longings	297-298
CCXX. Barrenness	298-299
CCXXI. Mizpah	299-300
CCXXII. Trembling	300-301
CCXXIII. Discipline	301-302

VIII. CHRISTIAN GRACES.

Conscience ; or, Short Work with Unbelief	304
*CCXXIV. Holiness	305-306
CCXXV. Hatred of Sin	306-307
CCXXVI. God of Hope	308-309
*CCXXVII. Peace	309-310
CCXXVIII. Faith	310-311
CCXXIX. Patient Waiting	311-312
CCXXX. Forgiveness	312-313
CCXXXI. The Meek	313-314
*CCXXXII. Song of Joy	314-315
CCXXXIII. Purity	315-316
CCXXXIV. To-day not to-morrow	317
CCXXXV. Content	318-319
CCXXXVI. Pleasing	319-320

VIII. CHRISTIAN GRACES—*continued.*

	PAGES
CCXXXVII. Be Courteous	320-321
CCXXXVIII. Unfearing	321-322
CCXXXIX. Sympathy	322-323
CCXL. The Three Sisters—Faith, Hope, and Love	323-324
CCXLI. Faith, Hope, and Love	324-325
CCXLII. Love	326-327
CCXLIII. Seen though unseen	327-328
CCXLIV. Character	328-329
CCXLV. The Heart an alabaster Cruse of Ointment for Jesus	329
Host and Guest	330

IX. WORK AND WORKERS FOR CHRIST.

Word-Pictures	332
CCXLVI. Work while it is Day	333
CCXLVII. Angels	334-335
CCXLVIII. Count one for Christ	335-336
CCXLIX. Every Christian bound to be a Worker	337-338
CCL. Kindness in Giving	338-339
CCLI. "God bless you!"	339-340
CCLII. "If we can't all gather a sheaf, let us all glean an ear"	340-341
CCLIII. Go, not Send	342-343
CCLIV. Liberality	343-344
CCLV. Known and Unknown	344-345
CCLVI. Simulation	345-347
CCLVII. Never Despair	347
CCLVIII. Erring	348
CCLIX. Unshared Pleasure	349
CCLX. Missed	349-350
*CCLXI. Humble Usefulness	350-351
CCLXII. "Forgive her, and don't give over trying"	352-353
CCLXIII. God buries His workmen but carries on His work	353-354

IX. WORK AND WORKERS FOR CHRIST—*continued.*

PAGES

CCLXIV. "If you want a thing well done you must do it yourself "	355-356
Enduring to the End	357
Work and Rest,	358

X. CHRISTIAN VIEWS OF DEATH.

Our dead First-born and other two "little ones "	360
CCLXV. Sorrowful yet Rejoicing	361
CCLXVI. A Christian's Death-bed	362-363
CCLXVII. The Dying Conqueror	363-364
CCLXVIII. Crossing to the other side	364-365
CCLXIX. Longings for Departure	365-366
CCLXX. Mi disse : "Non cercar, l'ho sotterato !"	367
CCLXXI. The good die not	368-369
CCLXXII. Death Dethroned	369-370
CCLXXIII. No more death nor pain	370-371
CCLXXIV. No more pain	372-373
CCLXXV. The Christian's Gain by Death	373-374
CCLXXVI. Christ with me or I with Christ	374-375
CCLXXVII. "Not dead, but just beginning to live"	375-376
†CCLXXVIII. The Tear-dimmed Lamp	376-378
CCLXXIX. Tears but Hope	378-379
CCLXXX. Types of Resurrection	379-380
CCLXXXI. Gone Before,	380-381
CCLXXXII. Thankfulness,	381
Sanctified Ills,	382

XI. PRAYER AND PRAISE AND THANKSGIVING.

Prayer—a Godly Peasant Home in Scotland : 1824

onward	384
CCLXXXIII. Prayer	385-387
CCLXXXIV. The Wrestling at Jabbok	387-388
CCLXXXV. Sustained Prayer	388-390
CCLXXXVI. Restraint in Prayer	390-392
CCLXXXVII. Prayer	393-394

XI. PRAYER AND PRAISE AND THANKSGIVING—*continued.*

	PAGES
CCLXXXVIII. The "Shut Door"	395-396
CCLXXXIX. Prayer is the Dew of Faith	396-397
CCXC. Family Prayer	397-398
CCXCI. Winter	398-399
CCXCII. Spring	399-400
CCXCIII. Summer—a Metrical Medley	401-402
CCXCIV. Harvest Festival, or Joy in Harvest	403-404

XII. NATIONAL HYMNS AND FOR SAILORS.

Of the increase of His Government there shall be no end	406
CCXCV. For Old England	407-408
CCXCVI. For England	408-409
CCXCVII. For Sailors	410
CCXCVIII. After a Storm at Sea	411-412
CCXCIX. In the desired Haven	412-413
CCC. The Sea.	414
Lux in Tenebris	415
The Miners' Song	416

XIII. OLD AND NEW YEAR SERVICES, &c., FOR "LITTLE
ONES."

†I am the Light of the World	418
†Looking back—Old and New Year	419-420
†Onward—Upward—Heavenward	420-421
†The New Year Born	423-423
†Another Year	423-424
†A New Year's Hymn	425
A Child's Song-Prayer and Prayer-Song	426
A little Boy's Prayer	427
A very little Child's Prayer	427-428
Transient and Permanent	429
The Cross ("Bitter Tree") Foreshadowed	430

The Life-story of Jesus Christ our Lord : a Sacred Cantata	431-453
Thy Kingdom Come	432
Fire of the Spirit	454
Poems—	
Prayer and Praise the Soul's Wings	456
Nature's Field of Cloth of Gold	457
Three Birthday Gifts to a Little Girl : a Life Story .	467
Story of the Lost Sheep	477
No Retreat	480
“Sunny Memories” of the “Dead in Christ :” an Elegy	481
Despair and God	494
Marriage “in the Lord”	500
The First Cradle of the First-Born	501
My Body my Cross	502
The Abandoned	503
The Rich Young Man	505
In la sua voluntade è nostra pace	506
Genuineness	507
Necessity and Freedom	508
A Last Request	510
Notes and Illustrations	495-509
Other Books by the Author	511-512

THREE CENTURIES OF ORIGINAL
HYMNS.

ZACHARIAS.

St Luke i. 5-25

1. ZACHARIAS, saint of old,
Has his story sweetly told :
Dumb and deaf, he yet remain'd
And his priestly post retain'd ;
Clos'd his ears and clos'd his tongue,
None the less he censer swung ;
And all holy rites appointed,
Telling of the Great Anointed ;
Ceaseless day by day he serv'd,
Nor from single duty swerv'd.
2. O my soul, the lesson learn,
Nor from post of duty turn
When afflictions thee assail,
And accustom'd succours fail ;
Weak and silenc'd, still attend
Where thy Lord doth blessing send ;
He will keep alive thy hope,
In His time thy mouth will ope ;
He Who loosen'd His saint's tongue
Will fill thine, too, with a song.

I.

GOD THE FATHER.

A

I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of Heaven and Earth.—The Creed.

I. FATHER-GOD—REVERENCE.

Psalms iv. 4 and xxxiii. 8.

1. O FATHER-GOD, fill me with awe,
Like Moses', when Thy Face he saw ;
Or Peter's in his self-abasement,
When he spake in his amazement :
That I may reverence more and more,
And in very deed adore ;
More and still more,
Rev'ence and adore.
2. O Father-God, I seek that Thou
May'st my whole inmost being bow ;
Great God, forbid that I should be
Forgetful of Thy MAJESTY :
O may I reverence more and more,
And in very deed adore ;
More and still more,
Rev'ence and adore.
3. O Father-God, Creator art !
I but a creature, and my part
As lowly sinner low to bend,
And suppliant words to Thee up-send :
That I may reverence more and more,
And in very deed adore ;
More and still more,
Rev'ence and adore.

4. O Father-God, I keep my tryst
 With Thy Eternal Son, THE CHRIST,—
 A man, but yet "God manifest"
 "My Lord my God" to be addressed :
 That I may reverence more and more,
 And in very deed adore ;
 More and still more,
 Rev'rence and adore.
5. O Father-God, Thy Spirit give,—
 Not only now, or fugitive,—
 That, hushed and awed, I never may
 Presumption in Thy sight betray :
 That I may reverence more and more,
 And in very deed adore ;
 More and still more,
 Rev'rence and adore.
6. O Father-God, to Thee I come ;
 Rather in mercy hold me dumb,
 Than that, unto Thee drawing near,
 I think of mortal men that hear :
 O may I reverence more and more,
 And in very deed adore ;
 More and still more,
 Rev'rence and adore.

II. WORSHIP.

"Holy, holy, holy is the Lord of Hosts ; the whole Earth is full of His glory."—Isaiah vi. 3. (Cf. Romans i. 19-20.)

1. HOLY ! Holy ! Holy Lord !
 God o'er all, by all adored ;
 Earth and Heav'n join'd in accord,
 Praise united bring.

2. The great song-cry in Heaven heard—
Holy! Holy! Holy Lord!
Let it our key-note afford;
Sing, all mortals, sing.
3. Holy! Holy! Holy Lord!
God o'er all by all adored;
Earth and Heav'n join'd in accord,
Praise united bring.
4. By the guiltiest implored,
As the Gospel-leaves record;
Holy! Holy! Holy Lord!
To the cross we cling.
5. Holy! Holy! Holy Lord!
God o'er all by all adored;
Earth and Heav'n join'd in accord,
Praise united bring.
6. Slaves of sin to sons restored;
By grace, all sin now abhorred;
Holy! Holy! Holy Lord!
Thanks we loudly ring.
7. Holy! Holy! Holy Lord!
God o'er all by all adored;
Earth and Heav'n join'd in accord,
Praise united bring.
8. O my heart! strike every chord!
All thy gratitude outpoured;
Holy! Holy! Holy Lord!
Sound out voice and string.

9. Holy! Holy! Holy Lord!
 God o'er all by all adored;
 Earth and Heav'n join'd in accord,
 Praise united bring.
10. Draw us with Thy Love's strong cord,
 When Death's torrent we must ford;
 Holy! Holy! Holy Lord!
 Help, O heav'nly King!
11. Holy! Holy! Holy Lord!
 God o'er all by all adored;
 Earth and Heav'n join'd in accord,
 Praise united bring.
12. Grace and glory, in concord,
 Wait us, with all blessings stored;
 Holy! Holy! Holy Lord!
 Faith! rise on bright wing.

III. THE GLORY OF GOD IN CREATION.

"All Thy works shall praise Thee, O Lord."—Psalm cxlv. 10.

"The heavens declare Thy glory, O God; and the Earth sheweth Thy hand-work."—Psalm xix. 1.

1. MORN unfolding gates of gold;
 Chariot of the Day forth-rolled;
Declares the glory of God.
 And the NOON-DAY splendour blazing—
 Our aw'd eyes now upward gazing—
Declares the glory of God.

2. EVE as tranquilly she closes,
Sprinkling the great West with roses ;
Declares the glory of God.
The starry grandeurs of the NIGHT,
Filling Heaven's infinite ;
Declare the glory of God.
3. The great SEA in its far-booming,
Thro' the fierce dark tempest looming ;
Declares the glory of God.
And no less the inviolate sand
Held there by Divine command ;
Declares the glory of God.
4. The broad-bas'd MOUNTAIN of all lands
That like "the great White Throne" up stands;
Declares the glory of God.
STREAM and LAKE, in light and shadow,
By rocks, by cornfields, and green meadow ;
Declare the glory of God.
5. WOODS 'clap hands' with jubilant voice
And, as many-ton'd, they rejoice ;
Declare the glory of God.
SPRING'S rath freshness and SUMMER'S glow ;
AUTUMN'S red leaves and WINTER'S snow ;
Declare the glory of God.
6. BIRDS of the air ; FLOWERS of the field ;
All smallest things that tribute yield—
Declare the glory of God.
All, from the lowest to the highest,
From remotest unto nighest ;
Declare the glory of God.

7. And thou, O MAN, dost thou refrain
 To swell the still-ascending strain
Declares the glory of God ?
 Redeem'd by Him, Who for Thee died.
 Be not thy grateful song denied ;
Declare the glory of God.

IV. GOD'S FAIRNESS. Ecclesiastes iii. 11.

Quæ nemo alius potest facere, nisi tu uno, a Quo est omnis modus, formationis. . . .—St. Augustine (Conf., lib. i. vii.).

1. THY fairness, Lord ! to all things fair
 Thou dost impart
 With subtle art ;
 But chief, yea far beyond compare,
 In " the new heart,"
 Where Thou dost part
 Spirit and flesh, and " purely purge our dross,"
 Transforming us by Thy strange sad cross.
2. Thy fairness, Lord ! in all things fair
 Thou dost reveal,
 As when man's seal
 Is plac'd on what is rich and rare :
 O more to feel
 Thy beauty steal—
 Like to fragrance flower informing—
 Me to Thy image more conforming.
3. Thy fairness, Lord ! on all things fair
 Thou dost bestow
 And still dost shew
 Amidst the world's mystery and care

That e'en below
If Thee we know,
Thou dost Thyself clothe the meek with white
Preparing for the "goodly land" of light.

4. Thy fairness, Lord ! thro' all things fair
Thou causest rest :
Like peacock's crest
Or dove's neck turning in warm air ;
So richly drest
As doth attest
That Heaven to Earth cometh down
And all of sin from it far flown.
5. Thy fairness, Lord ! to all things fair
Thou dost impart
With subtle art ;
But chief, yea far beyond compare,
In "the new heart,"
Where Thou dost part
Spirit and flesh, and "purely purge our dross,"
Transforming us by Thy strange sad cross.

V. THE HIDING OF GOD'S POWER.

Habakkuk iii. 3-4.

- I. GOLD on gold in furnace burning ;
Light on light to darkness turning
Where Paran's pinnacles up-tower ;
Yet 'twas "the hiding of Thy power."

2. O the splendor and amazement !—
To eyes of mortals the bedazement,
Of Thy vast Hand's flashing dower ;
Yet 'twas "the hiding of Thy power."
3. When from Sinai's top tremendous,
Thy grand "ten words" Thou didst send us ;
Thine Own Israel did cower ;
Yet 'twas "the hiding of Thy power."
4. When the strong sea is uprisen,
And its waves dash 'gainst their prison,
Whilst thro' the darkness tempests lour ;
'Tis but "the hiding of Thy power."
5. When the sunshine fiercely flameth,
Thou Thy law, O God, so frameth
That the cool night comes with shower ;
Shewing "the hiding of Thy power."
6. When Thou sendest "plenteous rain,"
Thou Thy control dost still retain
In "small drops"—unhurting flower,—
Gracious "hiding of Thy power."
7. When at my heart's door Thou dost knock,
Thou might'st crash in with stroke and shock ;
But, soft and sweet as dew in bower,
Thou com'st in "hiding of Thy power."
8. Laud, O God, that thus Thou dealest,
And tenderly Thyself revealest
To Thy lowliest follower :
Laud for the "hiding of Thy power."

VI. GOD'S HAND.

“ In Thine Hand is there power and might.”—2 Chronicles xx. 6.

1. *POWER and might are in Thine Hand:*
None may venture to withstand
Thine inflexible command.
2. *Power and might are in Thine Hand:*
Ocean cannot break the band,
Fix'd, where Thou hast fix'd the strand.
3. *Power and might are in Thine Hand:*
By Thee thrones, or fall, or stand;
Who may dare to countermand?
4. *Power and might are in Thine Hand:*
Thou sav'st e'en the “ burning brand ”;
Largely doth Thy grace expand.
5. *Power and might are in Thine Hand:*
Gentle art Thou, Lord, and bland;
Slow Thine Own to reprimand.
6. *Power and might are in Thine Hand:*
Thanks that we this understand;
Bring us, Lord, to Thy “ Good Land.”
7. *Power and might are in Thine Hand:*
Make Thy Church a holy band,
Telling out Thy Love's demand.

VII. THE EVERLASTING ARMS UNDER-
NEATH. Deuteronomy xxxiii. 27.

1. THE child, that to its mother clings,
Lies not all safely on her breast,
Till she her arm around it flings,
Sweetly caressing and caressed :
Ev'n so, my God, Thy mighty arms,
Not my poor FAITH, shield me from harms.

2. I bless Thy Name for every grace,
Wherewith Thou dost enrich Thine own ;
Yea, I would seek each day to trace
Myself more like my Master grown :
Yet, O my God, Thy mighty arms,
Not my faint LOVE, shield me from harms.

3. I walk along this sin-scurr'd Earth,
In brightness now and now in dole ;
Now all "cast down" and now in mirth ;
Now griefs, now joys, possess my soul :
But, O my God, Thy mighty arms,
Not my dim HOPE, shield me from harms.

4. Within, amidst the World's unrest,
Thou, Lord, the calming word hast given ;
Thy peace abides, howe'er I'm prest ;
And yields an antepast of Heaven :
But, O my God, Thy mighty arms,
Not my own PEACE, shield me from harms.

5. My mouth Thou fillest with "sweet songs";
 Makest my feet run in "the Way";
Giv'st me the joy to Thine belongs;
 Nor scarcely ever sayest me nay:
 But, O my God, Thy mighty arms,
 Not my scant JOY, shield me from harms.
6. The child, that to its mother clings,
 Lies not all safely on her breast,
Till she her arms around it flings,
 Sweetly caressing and caressed:
 Ev'n so, my God, Thy mighty arms,
 Not aught of mine, shield me from harms.

VIII. MOST HIDDEN AND MOST MANIFEST.

Secretissime et Præsentissime.—St Augustine (Conf., lib. i. iv.).

"Surely the Lord God will do nothing, but He revealeth His secret unto His servants the prophets."—Amos iii. 7.

"The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him; and He will shew them His covenant."—Psalm xxv. 14. (Cf. Ephesians i. 9, 18; St John vii. 17.)

I. *MOST hidden and most manifest:*

O Thou my unworthy bosom's guest,
Tho' Thou fillest highest Heaven,
Thou this grace to me hast given;
That I know Thee in my breast—
Most hidden and most manifest.

2. *Most hidden and most manifest :*

Let carping Unbelief protest,
Thou, lowliest believer, know'st,
Thou, lowliest believer, show'st
With him Thou still art pleased to rest—
Most hidden and most manifest.

3. *Most hidden and most manifest :*

Faith yet succeedeth in its quest ;
And the peace all peace surpassing,
Sweetest peace of Jesus glassing ;
Thy Holy Spirit doth attest—
Most hidden and most manifest.

4. *Most hidden and most manifest :*

Ye scorers in your wild unrest,
O would that ye would turn to Him,
Far—far above the Seraphim ;
And of His mercy make request !
Most hidden and most manifest.

5. *Most hidden and most manifest :*

Let the phrase golden us arrest ;
By a saint of old-time spoken,
It to-day remains unbroken ;
Redeeming love His grand bequest—
Most hidden and most manifest.

6. *Most hidden and most manifest :*

Thou the mystery dost invest
With Thy human-ness, O Christ !
Sweetness, tenderness unpriced ;
With this grace may we be blest !
Most hidden and most manifest.

IX. GRANDEUR OF MAN'S SOUL.

"I [Almighty God] will *dwell* in them and *walk* in them. . . ."
—2 Corinthians vi. 15.

Quis mihi dabit adquiescere in Te? Quis mihi dabit, ut venias in cor meum, et inebries illud, ut obliviscar mala mea, et unum bonum meum amplectar Te?—St Augustine (Conf., lib. i. c. v.).

. . . *aula ingenti memoriæ . . . infinita multiplicitas . . . Varia, multimoda vita, et immensa vehementes.*—(*Ib.*, x., xii. : xvii.)

1. FORGIVE, Lord, if 'fore Thy great words
Doubts pierce me as of piercing swords ;
For like him at the Burning Bush
I hear, but cannot my fears hush :
Great, O my God is Thy appeal !
Wilt Thou my stoppèd ears unseal ?
2. Wilt Thou my stoppèd ears unseal
And fulness of Thy truth reveal ?
That it *is* true all that I hear—
That Thou not only drawest near,
But seekest entrance to my soul,
And all its straitness to control.
3. And all its straitness to control :
All its thick darkness off to roll ;
Breaking my will in its rebelling,
Me glorifying for Thy dwelling ;
"Walk" Thou in me that I may be
Partaker of Thy majesty.
4. Partaker of Thy majesty
Thou the Lord God, our God Most High ;
The spacious largeness for Thy feet
Where Thou didst with Thy People meet
In the great halls of Temple old,
Fashion'd of cedar and of gold,

5. Fashion'd of cedar and of gold,
As in the Holy Scriptures told ;
The vast fabric that there uprose
In splendor of white Hermon's snows ;
O God ! dost Thou indeed thus " dwell,"
Yea thus " walk " ? 'Tis unspeakable.
6. Yea thus " walk " ? 'Tis unspeakable,
Yet abideth immutable :
O thanks for these fore-glimpses giv'n
By blessed light sent down from heav'n
Of the spaciousness of man's spirit
Enlarg'd wide by Jesus' merit.
7. Enlarg'd wide by Jesus' merit,
That by the Gospel we inherit ;
Till Thou O God e'en here dost find
In a sanctifi'd human mind
Grander dwelling than above,
Made grand by Thy redeeming love.
8. Made grand by Thy redeeming love,
With mystic curtains all enwove ;
Reason's high throne and scepter'd state
With rank'd servants that on her wait :
O many august Faculties
With whom power penetrative lies.
9. With whom power penetrative lies,
Touch'd with splendors of the skies ;
Conscience—in purple-curtain'd shrine
Making the heart semi-divine ;
Chambers nobler than palace-halls
Where Memory herself installs.

10. Where Memory herself installs,
Girded with adamantine walls ;
Imagination's gorgeous rooms
Near awful with their lustrous glooms ;
The spirit's inner court where Will
The Spirit of God doth fulfil.
11. The Spirit of God doth fulfil,
With grace divine infus'd until
Imparting of divine nature
Creator crowneth His creature :
O God ! dost Thou indeed thus " dwell,"
Yea " walk " ? 'Tis unspeakable.

X. DARK THOUGHTS OF GOD.

"Wilt Thou be altogether unto me as a LIAR?"—Jeremiah xv. 18
(and cf. iv. 10).

1. I SAW the Great White Throne of sculptured light ;
A shadow moved across it, black as night,
And filled all heaven with horror and affright.
2. And whence that shadow ? Lo ! far off its birth :
'God hath deceived him' is with mock and mirth,
At saint, sarcastic flung. For hear O Earth !—
3. 'God hath proved false,' *he* moans in blank
despair,
With thin clenched hands and grey dishevel'd
hair—
The prayer of saint flung into empty air.

4. A cross without a Christ ; the heavens dumb :
Oh who may dare the mystery to plumb ?
Or who to such a God will longer come ?
5. God's servant-seer, found out his dread mistake,
That did his soul t' its inmost centre shake,
And bowed him 'fore his God, rash speech to
make.
6. False prophets claimed a message from the Lord,
Persuading him they had a heav'n-sent word ;
Which said "peace peace" when God meant the
red sword.
7. O, soul of mine, when thus assailed with doubt,
Flee to thy God and tell thy anguish out ;
He will give light and all thy tempters rout.

XI. I KNOW THEIR SORROWS. Exodus iii. 7.

1. "I KNOW their sorrows," Thou saidst, Lord ;
And still the great word standeth true ;
The Past and Present in accord
Bring an unchanging God to view.
2. My heart is heavy as a stone,
And yet I quiver in sharp pain ;
O Lord, as on the grass new-mown,
Descend on me like sweet soft rain.
3. Wistful and sad, I look within,
But naught there do I find to heal ;
Immitigable is this sin ;
To Thee, O God, I make appeal.

4. I place me in the Hands they nailed ;
 I rest me on the Heart which bled ;
My future, Lord, is thickly veiled ;
 “ I KNOW their sorrows,” Thou hast said.
5. “ I know their sorrows,” Thou saidst, Lord ;
 And still the great word standeth true ;
The Past and Present in accord
 Bring an unchanging God to view.

XII. THE BROKEN HEART. Psalm cxlvii. 4.

1. BROKEN in heart ! broken in heart !
 He bindeth up our wounds ;
My God how tender is Thine art !
 Thy word, how soft it sounds !
2. I have a broken heart, O God !
 Am smitten out and in ;
The Tempter lays on me his rod ;
 Alas ! is like to win.
3. O sin and sorrow weigh me down
 Until I scarce can see ;
The billows swell as they would drown ;
 Now unto thee I flee.
4. A broken heart ! O trifle small
 Beside the radiant skies !
Yet Thou, God, for my heart dost call
 When I myself despise.

5. Thou numberest the shining stars
 As goldenly they roll ;
 The soul Thou healest that sin mars ;
 O come then, make me whole.
6. Broken in heart ! broken in heart !
 He bindeth up our wounds ;
 My God how tender is Thine art,
 Thy word, how soft it sounds !

XIII. LOSING BY LEAVING GOD.

Hebrews iii. 12.

Te nemo amittit, nisi qui dimittit.—St Augustine (Conf., lib. iv. ix.).

1. NONE God loseth but who leaveth,
 None who leaveth but God grieveth,
 God grieveth, by his forsaking ;
 Froward heart its own doom making :
 O my God ! I would Thee choose,
 Thou wilt not my cry refuse.
2. Broken from all other trusting ;
 Enfranchis'd from all "former lusting" ;
 Thy freedman, Lord, on Thee calling,
 Guard me in my dol'rous falling :
 O my God ! I would Thee choose,
 Thou wilt not my cry refuse.
3. How uncertain my affection !
 Cleaving follow'd by defection ;
 Ebb and flow, like tides of ocean,
 In an ever-changeeful motion :
 O my God ! I would Thee choose,
 Thou wilt not my cry refuse.

4. Saviour God, well thou me knowest,
Yea, me to myself Thou shewest ;
Save me, save, Christ, ever-living,
Keep me by Thy gracious giving :
O my God ! I would Thee choose,
Thou wilt not my cry refuse.
5. Anoint my eyes with Thy own seeing,
Interpenetrate my being ;
That by Thee all “apprehended ”
This weary conflict may be ended :
O my God ! I would Thee choose,
Thou wilt not my cry refuse.
6. If my feet, O Lord, be sliding
Lead me by Thy gentle guiding ;
Reveal Thee O Thou crucified ;
Thou for me—for me hast died :
O my God ! I would Thee choose,
Thou wilt not my cry refuse.

XIV. DISTANCE FROM GOD. St Luke xv. 13.

Nam longe a vultu tuo in adfectu tenebroso. Non enim pedibus aut spatiis locorum itur abs Te, aut reditur ad Te.—St Augustine (Conf., lib. i. xviii.).

1. *NOT* change of place, but unchang'd heart,
Removes us, Lord, from where Thou art ;
Darken'd love ! Thrice-saddest wonder !
Putteth God and us asunder.

2. *Not change of place, but unchang'd heart,*
Maketh the dear Lord Christ depart
To distance unmeasured of feet,
But as we obdurate retreat.
3. *Not change of place, but change of heart,*
Winneth the sweet wounds of Love's dart ;
Coming or leaving, Thy power alone
Shatt'reth or melteth heart of stone.
4. *Not change of place, but change of heart,*
(O precious change ! O easeful smart !)
Will ever to the Cross us move
Or the saint's "closer walk" approve.
5. *Not change of place, but changèd heart,*
Won by the Spirit's gracious art
Christ's temple is, to which He comes
With blessings nothing of Earth sums.
6. *Not change of place, but unchang'd heart,*
Removes us, Lord, from where Thou art ;
Darken'd love ! Thrice-saddest wonder !
Putteth God and us asunder.

XV. AWAKING WITH GOD.

"When I awake, I am still with THEE."—Psalm cxxxix. 18.

- I. THROUGH darkness and stillness Thou watchest
Thine
Whether night cometh or the day doth shine ;
Thou touchest our eyelids that we may see,
When I awake, I am still with Thee.

2. All the toiling day Thou art ever near,
All the restful night we have naught to fear ;
Working or sleeping this aye our glad plea,
When I awake, I am still with Thee.
3. Our hearts all unconscious keep beating on ;
Our brain rests ; and, the dark night being gone,
Again Thou settest us for duties free,
When I awake, I am still with Thee.
4. We praise Thee O God, that by day and night,
Thou keepest us safe "in the way" of right ;
Lord God adoring, we would bow the knee ;
When I awake, I am still with Thee.

XVI. EVER AT WORK AND EVER AT REST.

Semper agens et semper quietus.—St Augustine (Conf., lib. i. iv.).

Romans viii. 28.

1. *EVER at work and ever at rest :*
All things fulfilling Thy behest ;
From archangel and seraphim
To little child trilling its hymn ;
Ever blessing and ever blest—
Ever at work and ever at rest.
2. *Ever at work and ever at rest :*
Ever for guilty man in quest ;
Still doth Thy living Word appeal ;
Still doth Thy Spirit grace reveal ;
Working widely from East to West—
Ever at work and ever at rest.

3. *Ever at work and ever at rest :*

Making Thyself a gracious guest
In humblest home, in humblest heart,
With all tenderness of Love's art ;
Knocking still at the human breast—
Ever at work and ever at rest.

4. *Ever at work and ever at rest :*

Catching up each pleaded request ;
Hearing still and answering prayer ;
Knowing well and lightening care ;
Daily Thy love made manifest—
Ever at work and ever at rest.

5. *Ever at work and ever at rest :*

Ne'er surceasing thine interest ;
In the "far country" watching still,
Striving the heart of stone to thrill ;
Guarding e'en little bird in nest—
Ever at work and ever at rest.

6. *Ever at work and ever at rest :*

By the universe unopprest ;
Yet softening, Lord, Thy mighty Hand
Ev'n to pluck out a "burning brand"
As day by day Thy mercies attest—
Ever at work and ever at rest.

7. *Ever at work and ever at rest :*

The wonder not to be exprest ;
Leading the vast world on and on
Toward the Cross of Redemption ;
Ever blessing and ever blest—
Ever at work and ever at rest,

XVII. OUR GOD A CONSUMING FIRE.

“Our God is a consuming fire.”—Hebrews xii. 29 ; Deuteronomy iv. 22.

1. O LORD my God, wilt Thou me bless
With aw'd sense of Thy holiness ?
Thy searching words my heart inspire,
Our God is a consuming fire.
2. Shew me how pure, O God, Thou art,
And Thine Own purity impart ;
That, my poor life still hid in Thine,
I may shew forth the life divine.
3. Give me to know Thou hatest sin,
And “ put ” like hatred me within ;
Forbid I should forget Thy ire ;
Our God is a consuming fire.
4. But, though Thou hatest sin, we know
Not on the sinner falls the blow ;
For on the Cross of Calvary
Behold the sinner's Surety die !
5. Now guilt removèd is from all
Who on THE CRUCIFIED shall call ;
Thus, thus alone, the words expire—
Our God is a consuming fire.
6. Holy art Thou, O God, and Just,
Thus the vast problem to adjust ;
Avenging sin, exalting Law,
Yet saving sinners without flaw,

7. Praise to Thy Name, O Holy One,
Who this transcendent work hast done ;
Uplifting man e'en from the mire ;
God in Christ, *no consuming fire.*
8. O Lord, Thy Spirit to me give,
To see and know how 'tis I live ;
That drops of blood have quench'd the flame ;
The blood of Him Who died in shame.
9. O Lord my God, wilt thou me bless
With aw'd sense of Thy holiness ?
Thy searching words my heart inspire,
Our God is a consuming fire.

XVIII. THE UNCHANGING GOD.

"I am the Lord, I change not ; therefore ye sons of Jacob are not consumed."—Malachi iii. 6.

1. THANKS that my God amid all change
Unchanging still abideth ;
Broad-basedèd stands the mountain-range
The while the dark cloud glideth ;
Ev'n so, O Lord, by Thy sure word
Nothing can blot, "Thou changest not."
2. Thou livest, though men come and go,
Each age Thee still retaining ;
The tides perpetual ebb and flow,
The sea always remaining ;
Ev'n so, O Lord, by Thy sure word
Nothing can blot, "Thou changest not."

3. With open Hand, Thy blessings free,
 Upon us Thou outpourest ;
In field and barn, in blade and tree,
 Rich gifts of Thine Thou storest ;
 Ev'n so, O Lord, by Thy sure word
 Nothing can blot, "Thou changest not."
4. Erring and weak and prone to fall,
 Thee, Saviour, oft provoking ;
Still, Lord, upon us Thou dost call,
 Never Thy grace revoking ;
 Ev'n so, O Lord, by Thy sure word
 Nothing can blot, "Thou changest not."

XIX. GOD'S LOVING-KINDNESS.

"My song shall be ever of *the loving-kindness of the Lord.*"—
PRAYER-BOOK.

"Have mercy upon me, O God, according to Thy loving-kindness."—Psalm li. 2.

1. THY "loving-kindness": 'tis the word
 To sing the kindness of the Lord ;
Not in mere kindness, but in love ;
 With tender feeling, hearts to move.
2. With us, in that for kindness meant,
 Sharp word, chill look, is often blent ;
Till, all the grace of kindness gone,
 The heart is sore and still unwon.

3. Thy "loving-kindness," Lord, impart,
And give to us Thy gracious art—
In kindness to be truly kind ;
Nor wound the heart that we would bind.
4. Give us, O Lord, an eye to melt,
Revealing that we too have felt ;
Give us the greeting word of cheer,
That tells our brotherhood sincere.
5. Yea teach us, Lord, that there may be
No love ev'n in our ' charity ' ;
Forbid our kindness should be alms
Dropt grudging into abject palms.
6. Thy " loving-kindness " : 'tis the word
To sing the kindness of the Lord ;
Not in mere kindness, but in love ;
With tender feeling, hearts to move.

XX. THE EARTH NOT GOD-FORSAKEN.

"The Lord hath forsaken the Earth."—Ezekiel ix. 9.

1. *THE Lord hath forsaken the Earth :*
Saying of old of mocking mirth,
But read to-day with gleam of tears,
So deeply speaks it to our fears ;
Alas ! Faith by facts is shaken
And dreads our Earth *is* " forsaken."

2. *The Lord hath forsaken the Earth :*

Thought, at the first, of sinful birth ;
But now, in shadow of events
Such, that to it e'en Hope assents ;
So utter is the mystery
Of things that all around us lie.

3. *The Lord hath forsaken the Earth :*

I sit with darken'd heart and hearth ;
Of all bereav'd, and not a spark
To lighten the appalling dark ;
Prayer unanswer'd, all peace taken ;
If not this, what is "forsaken" ?

4. *The Lord hath forsaken the Earth :*

O to o'er-cross Death's narrow Firth !
To get to Thee, O Christ, and know
What is so thick-veil'd here below :
My old faith was not mistaken—
And Earth of God is not "forsaken."

5. *The Lord hath forsaken the Earth :*

Nay—light arises and shines forth ;
I lay me with mouth in the dust ;
Tho' He slay me, I still shall trust ;
Thou, my Christ, hast Thou not died ?
I'll cling unto THE CRUCIFIED.

XXI. MAN PROPOSES, GOD DISPOSES.

" I will gird thee though Thou hast not known Me."—Isaiah xlv. 5.

1. *MAN proposes, God disposes :*

Faith on this great word reposes ;
Leaves to Christ the yea and nay,
The brighter, or the dimmer way.

2. *Man proposes, God disposes :*
Hope, with the sweet maxim closes ;
Anchors still within the veil,
E'en when heart and flesh do fail.
3. *Man proposes, God disposes :*
Guiding thro' our blind supposes ;
Now holding up, now casting down,
Until, thro' Christ, we win the crown.
4. *Man proposes, God disposes :*
Whether thorns be ours or roses ;
Silver light the clouds still lining ;
Stars in blackest darkness shining.
5. *Man proposes, God disposes :*
The event His end discloses ;
Affliction's fires no accident
But with a gracious purpose blent.
6. *Man proposes, God disposes :*
This, each human life encloses ;
With His great embracing love
Lifting to the peace above.
7. *Man proposes, God disposes :*
Madly tho' our will opposes ;
O to have no will but His !
Antepast of heavenly bliss.
8. *Man proposes, God disposes :*
Faith on this great word reposes ;
Leaves to Christ the yea and nay,
The brighter, or the dimmer way.

XXII. GOD TURNING THE BED.

‘ The Lord will strengthen him upon the bed of languishing :
Thou wilt make [“ turn ”] all his bed in his sickness. ”—Psalm xli. 3.

1. AS sick upon my bed I languish,
My heart knowing its own anguish ;
Softly there falls upon my ear
Word, that assures me Thou art near ;
Word like to rain on mown grass shed :
When sick, the Lord will turn thy bed.
2. Ev’n when heaviest lies Thy rod,
I have found it so, O God ;
Bruised and weak, I have cried to Thee,
And, behold, Thou strengthenedst me !
Fulfilling all that Thou hast said :
When sick, the Lord will turn thy bed.
3. Burdened and pained, wistful and faint,
I lifted unto Thee, my plaint ;
Nor ever found Thy promise fail,
That the tempter should not prevail ;
From night to morn by Thy Hand led :
When sick, the Lord will turn thy bed.
4. Shadows fall and my eyes grow dim ;
I grasp a “ cup ” fill’d to the brim ;
Deep and dark it resembles Thine own
Down-bent head, heart-shaking groan ;
One look to Thee, I’m strengthenèd :
When sick, the Lord will turn thy bed.

5. "*Turn thy bed!*" O most tender word!
 Spoken by the mouth of the Lord;
 Still I'll trust, still on it rest,
 Leaning, like child, upon Thy breast;
 Living, dying, I shall be sped:
When sick, the Lord will turn thy bed.

XXIII. JUDGMENT AND MERCY.

Lamentations iii. 33 and Isaiah xxviii. 21.

1. O GOD, of old Thy judgments came
 In war, in tumult, and in flame;
 Great earthquakes shook the solid Earth;
 Grim Pestilence stalk'd after Dearth;
 But, ah! "strange" was such work to Thee
 Thy heart yearn'd o'er man's misery.
2. Thy Holy City, how it lies,
 Heaps upon heaps 'neath parching skies!
 Thy glory gone, Jerusalem!
 Once Israel's lustrous diadem;
 But, Lord, Thy promises are sure,
 When Thy fix'd moment is mature.
3. Men of to-day, His judgments dread,
 Before Him bow your contrite head;
 Awake! awake! whilst yet 'tis day;
 Risk not the hazards of delay;
 His wrath 'gainst sin eternal burns,
 Yet Jesus saves whoever turns.

4. Now, ev'n now, His Spirit strives,
That sinners may shake off their gyves ;
Looking to Him Who on the Cross
Aton'd for man's infinite loss ;
His loud appeal, " Why will ye die ? "—
Reverberating from the sky.
5. How long will ye forget your God !
How long will ye invite the rod !
How long neglect, and still neglect.—
Yet, to repent, one day expect !
Slow move His wheels but they do move ;
Listen and bow to Incarnate Love.

XXIV. GENTLE GUIDANCE.

" I will guide thee with Mine eye."—Psalm xxxii. 8.

1. NOT like the angel with drawn sword,
Neither with rod threat'ningly ;
Leadst Thou, Lord, but fulfil'st Thy word,
I will guide thee with Mine eye.
2. We see Thee not, but Thou seest us,
Be where we may, Thou art nigh ;
Whisp'ring, timid or valorous,
I will guide thee with Mine eye.
3. Dark days come and our path is dark,
We know not to go or fly ;
From the sky falls, like trill of lark,
I will guide thee with Mine eye.

4. Ah, Lord, we're wayward and we're weak,
Our gladness changing to sad sigh ;
O keep Thou us as Thou dost speak,
And guide us ever with Thine eye.
5. So be it, Lord, through earthly life,
Until in Thee, O Christ ! we die ;
By Thy word strengthen'd in the strife,
I will guide thee with Mine eye.
6. Not like the angel with drawn sword,
Neither with rod threat'ningly ;
Leadst Thou, Lord ! but fulfil'st Thy word ;
I will guide thee with Mine eye.

II.

GOD THE SON.

I believe in Jesus Christ His [the Father Almighty's] only Son our Lord, Who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the virgin Mary, suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead and buried : He descended into hell : the third day He rose again from the dead : He ascended into heaven : and sitteth on the right hand of God the Father Almighty : from thence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead.—The Creed.

XXV. BETHLEHEM

Christ for all the world and all the world for Christ.

1. FULL eighteen hundred years have flown,
Since in the low skies burn'd a star
More brilliant than in our skies are ;
And angels ministrant made known
The Birth supreme, 'midst things a-jar ;
2. The Birth supreme, 'midst things a-jar :
Broke o'er Bethlehem the glad song
—That seers and saints should far prolong—
“Glory to God” and “peace” for war ;
A Saviour for our Race “made strong” ;
3. A Saviour for our Race “made strong” :
O Christ, to-day Thy crimson Cross
—That wrought redemption of man's loss—
God's lever is—O God, how long !—
To move our Earth, no more to toss ;
4. To move our Earth, no more to toss
In anguish of a guilty sleep ;
To bring hope to sad eyes that weep ;
To sever pure ore from the dross ;
Back to the light the round globe sweep.

XXVI. BIRTH OF CHRIST.

“Light is come into the world.”—St John iii. 19.

“The heavenly host praising God.”—St Luke ii. 13.

“Good tidings of great joy.”—St Luke ii. 10.

St Luke ii. 15—St Matthew ii. 2—St Luke ii. 25.

1. WHO are these with glist'ning pinions
Crowding down from Heav'n's dominions,
To our low Earth swift-winging ?
Angels descending from Above
With glad songs of Incarnate Love,
To hearts expectant bringing.
2. Hark! All Heav'n and Earth rejoices,
As proclaim celestial voices
Heaven and Earth reconcil'd ;
In the fields of Bethlehem
Buddeth again King David's stem—
Now is born the Holy Child.
3. Their flocks and herds the shepherds keeping,
By sweet invasion of their sleeping
Do catch the mighty tidings ;
Before Him fall, with low adoring,
Full homage to “the Babe” outpouring,
GOD, spite of lowly hidings.
4. O Birth most mighty of all time !
Heav'n, Earth, might well together chime
And break forth into singing ;
Well might the skies all radiant glow,
And opening heavens their splendor show,
The fields with “glory” ringing.

5. For sages by His star led on,
Welcome the World's redemption ;
 Their kingly gifts rich-laying ;
And in the Temple-courts there wait
Simeon and Anna consecrate,
 Their great hope them up-staying.
6. Who are these with glist'ning pinions,
Crowding down from Heav'n's dominions,
 To our low Earth swift-winging ?
Angels descending from Above,
With glad songs of Incarnate Love,
 To hearts expectant bringing.

XXVII. BETHLEHEM AND CALVARY.

St Matthew ii. 1 and St Luke xxiii. 33.

1. BETHLEHEM and Calvary—
 A human Child ! that God might die :
 This the stupendous mystery—
Bethlehem and Calvary.
2. Bethlehem and Calvary—
 The crib, the cross turn'd to a throne,
 That the whole round globe yet will own :
Bethlehem and Calvary.
3. Bethlehem and Calvary—
 Supremest Birth ! supremest Death !
 That the world's history doth sheath—
Bethlehem and Calvary.

4. Bethlehem and Calvary—
Did ever burst such splend'rous light?
Did ever darken Earth such night?
Bethlehem and Calvary.
5. Bethlehem and Calvary—
Sweet picture of Humility,
And Earth and Hell's hostility—
Bethlehem and Calvary.
6. Bethlehem and Calvary—
The mystery of sin now solved,
Mercy with righteousness evolved—
Bethlehem and Calvary.
7. Bethlehem and Calvary—
Shepherds and sages sought THE CHILD,
We seek a High-priest undefiled—
Bethlehem and Calvary.
8. Bethlehem and Calvary—
Now Death's dethron'd, man's life achieved
Where'er the Gospel is believed—
Bethlehem and Calvary.
9. Bethlehem and Calvary—
A human Child that God might die:
This the stupendous mystery—
Bethlehem and Calvary.

XXVIII. IMMANUEL.

“A virgin shall conceive, and bear a Son, and shall call His Name Immanuel.”—Isaiah vii. 14; St Matthew i. 23.

1. WHEN the sky is as lead above,
When all the Earth is bleak below;
When nothing—nothing—seems to move,
Or all things backward still to go;
When Truth is fallen in the street—
Street that seems to neighbour Hell;
O God, I fall down at Thy feet—
Immanuel! Immanuel!
2. When the old World's heart was sore;
When “holy men” kept watch in vain;
When God seem'd sworn to speak no more
Tho' men were thirsting as for rain;
When few were left who waited still
For the great hope of Israel;
Ah, then Thou didst that hope fulfil—
Immanuel! Immanuel!
3. When the great hope once more had died,
And dimness fell on the Great Birth;
When still dead rites were multiplied,
But scarce faith found in all the Earth;
When godlessly men came and went,
Controll'd as by some hideous spell;
Thou from Thy Nazareth wast sent—
Immanuel! Immanuel!

4. When by Thy mighty word and deed,
 Going about aye doing good ;
Richly dispersèd was the seed,
 And Thy life in completeness stood ;
When Thy doom'd Church in frantic hate
 Against the clear light did rebel ;
Thou died'st for a world ingrate—
 Immanuel ! Immanuel !
5. When the full triumph seem'd achieved ;
 When Thy cross was a name of scorn ;
When even Thine own eleven grieved,
 All their sad hearts with terror torn ;
When Thou, the King of men, wast dead,
 Guards set at Thy grave sentinel ;
Thou lived'st ! Death was captive led—
 Immanuel ! Immanuel !
6. And so, O Christ, from age to age,
 Thou hast lived on and Thou hast seen ;
What tho' Thine en'mies fiercely rage,
 Still art Thou silent and serene ;
Still Thy good cause Thou bearest on ;
 'Tis Thine, all enemies to quell ;
No power that is can shake Thy throne—
 Immanuel ! Immanuel !
7. The waves of the World's sea may surge,
 But the blue sky above is calm ;
Tho' sometimes fear a doubt may urge,
 We still shall sing a conquering psalm.
Light spreads ; Thy Truth its way doth win ;
 Clear amid storm as wave-swung bell
Comes Thy great promise, " No more sin "—
 Immanuel ! Immanuel !

XXIX. GOD UNMANIFEST IN FLESH.

“I will not meet thee as a man; I will take vengeance.”—Isaiah
xlvii. 3.

1. *I WILL not meet thee as a man :*
O words of portent, words of ban !
Yet spoken, Lord, not to Thine Own,
But unto guilty Babylon.
2. *I will not meet thee as a man :*
O words of portent, words of ban !
Laud to Thy Name, O Lord my God,
Thou all their terror didst unload.
3. *I will not meet thee as a man :*
O words of portent, words of ban !
Revers'd unto Thine Israel,
When Thou didst come, Immanuel.
4. *I will not meet thee as a man :*
O words of portent, words of ban !
But ah ! the crimson of Thy blood
Did show Thee man, tho' also God.
5. *I will not meet thee as a man :*
O words of portent, words of ban !
Yea, Lord, but He The Crucified
For our race liv'd, for our race died.
6. *I will not meet thee as a man :*
O words of portent, words of ban !
Wilt not meet us but we'll meet Thee,
Clinging unto the bitter tree.

44 “*He Comes*”—“*Until He Come.*”

7. *I will not meet thee as a man :*

O words of portent, words of ban
'Fore naked God we cannot stand :
O Jesus, reach Thy nail-pierc'd Hand.

8. *I will not meet thee as a man :*

O words of portent, words of ban !
Yet spoken, Lord, not to Thine Own,
But unto guilty Babylon.

XXX. “HE COMES”—“UNTIL HE COME.”

St Luke x. 23-24.

“As often as ye eat this bread, and drink this cup, ye do shew the Lord's death *till He come.*”—I Corinthians xi. 26.

1. “HE comes”—in the dim ages old,
Symbol and sign the promise told :
“Until He come”—our watchword now
With upward look and wistful vow :
“He comes”—the elders were made wise
By priestly rite and sacrifice :
“Until He come”—we joyful wait,
Watching expectant at the gate.
2. “He comes”—hearts hush'd if that perhaps
They might catch echoings of His steps :
“Until He come”—Lord, is it nigh,
When Thou shalt burst on ev'ry eye ?
“He comes”—they had this mighty hope
Kindled by type, and sign, and trope :
“Until He come”—Lord, at Thy Table
We feel Thy promises are stable.

3. "He comes"—the fathers falter'd not
Nor bated of their faith a jot :
"Until He come"—we onward gaze
And notes of trust and hope still raise :
"He comes"—and so in faith they died
Trusting their Lord, The Crucified :
"Until He come"—O Calvary
Thy sinless Victim sure is nigh !

"Until He come" our watchward now
With upward look and shining brow.

XXXI. THE SCAPE-GOAT.

"The Lord hath laid on Him the iniquities of us all."—Isaiah liii. 6.

1. HIGH-PRIESTLY hands the lots have cast,
And forth into the desert vast,
Behold the doomèd Scape-goat sent,
Life, Death, in mystic union blent :
Thou, O my Saviour, for our sake
The anti-type Thyself didst make ;
Led forth into the wilderness,
This fallen race of Thine to bless.
2. High-priestly hands the Scape-goat prest,
And thus by symbol caus'd to rest
Upon its fated head, the guilt
Figur'd by blood on altar spilt :
Thou, O my Saviour, not by sign,
But very deed of Love divine,
Our sin upon the Cross didst bear,
Nor for Thyself one sorrow spare.

3. Voiceless, alone, and hunger-bitten,
Lo! where the Scape-goat stands sun-smitten;
Or now amid the sere sedge lying
Parchèd, and as by inches dying :
Jesus, my Saviour, there I see
Of Thy dread death, the epitome ;
But ah ! on Thee a mightier load
Thou God-forsaken Son of God !
4. High-priestly hands up-lifted were,
Sending the Scape-goat forth with prayer ;
Seeking that Israel would now
Accept the rite and pay the vow :
O, Thou my Saviour-substitute !
Thy all-atoning death impute ;
As to Thy Cross I dare to cling
Partaker of Thy sorrowing.

XXXII. THE DIVINE CHILD.

Isaiah ix. 6 ; St John iii. 16.

1. O PRODIGIOUS wonder !
To be sounded by the thunder—
Our God on Earth a Child ;
But as the light, not lightning ;
Attracting, not affright'ning,
Earth and Heav'n reconcil'd.
2. O infinitude of grace !
That our dreadest terrors chase—
Our God on Earth a Child ;
Mystery of mystery,
Coming not to live but die—
God's own pure 'Unde fil'd.'

3. O unfathomable SIN,
What victory thou didst win !
But Christ ! Thou "woman's seed"
Then didst take up the gage,
Facedst Hell's fellest rage ;
In Thy vast love didst bleed.
4. Joy, O Christ, for Thy work done !
Joy, O Christ, for triumph won !
High-Priest ever-pleading !
With human heart of sympathy,
As on Earth, so in the sky,
For us interceding.

XXXIII. FLIGHT AND RETURN OF THE
HOLY CHILD. St Matthew ii.

PART I.

1. To Egypt of old in flight
On a memorable night,
Sudden pass'd and hastily
God's Own Holy Family.
2. Herod's wicked stratagem,
Planned 'gainst sacred Bethlehem,
Sought to kill the Unde fil'd—
God in flesh, the "Holy Child."
3. The minist'ring angels of God,
Visited His low abode ;
And with celestial gleam
Gave fore-warning in a dream.

48 *Flight and Return of the Holy Child.*

4. Safely went they on their way :
Nothing could Love's purpose stay !
And as the Seer had foretold
God's Son went to Egypt old.
5. Soon the angel re-appears
Hushing Mary's bosom-fears ;
Cruel Herod is now dead,
Home again they must be led.
6. Guarded of the Lord they went,
Still to do His will intent ;
And guided by divine breath,
Turned aside to Nazareth.
7. No city of grand renown
That riches and fame did crown ;
Small and unknown, bad-nam'd, wild—
The new home of the " Holy Child."
8. Here He grew thro' thirty years—
Nor ever cost His mother tears—
Known only as 'The Carpenter'
To each homely villager.
9. But the hour naught can prorogue
Finds Him in the Synagogue ;
And op'ning the Holy Book
Men's hearts with awe He shook.
10. He told them He was " The Christ "
Fulfilling old words unpric'd ;
Appointed to go forth and teach
And God's mighty Gospel preach.

PART II.

11. Sin's exile, Lord, look on me,
In my Egypt Thou dost see
How held captive as by chain
Slave of Satan, I remain.
12. By Thy Gospel to men sent
Wilt Thou end my banishment?
Bring me home again, that I
May thro' Thee to all sin die.
13. Lord, I seek no lofty place
But that by abounding grace
Thou wouldst place me underneath
Some low-hidden Nazareth.
14. Grant, O God, to cast my lot
In some still sequester'd spot;
Where I may my fellow-men
Win to Thee by tongue and pen.
15. And, O Christ, if Thou shalt deign
To sanctify in heart and brain;
Hear, that I may faithful be
And gain some few souls to Thee.
16. O Thou Holy Paraclete,
Fill me with all graces meet;
Faith make strong and my Hope clear
That I never may know fear.

17. Although, like those of Nazareth
Men be round me sunk in death
Grant me still to do and dare,
Taking Thy Word ev'rywhere.
18. Give me courage to be bold,
Still Thy piercèd Hand to hold ;
Give me never to despair ;
But Thy deathless love declare.
19. 'Tis Thy work, O Saviour dear ;
Thou my pleading words wilt hear ;
Little, all that I can do,
Yet for blessing I would sue.
20. From my Nazareth below
Grant that I may higher go ;
And, my battle fought and won,
Win Thy gracious word "Well done."

XXXIV. TWELVE YEARS OLD. *St Luke ii. 42.*

1. How sweet the story, Jesus, of Thy youth ;
When twelve years old to th' Temple taken ;
Hard must that heart be—all untouch'd of
ruth—
In which it doth not soft thoughts waken.
2. I see Thee—as I read—a dark-fac'd boy ;
Grave with a gravity beyond Thy years ;
I hear Thee breaking forth with a strange joy
All tremulous and aw'd and wet with tears.

3. I follow Thee—as still I read—now going
 'Mongst white-haired Rabbis and priests
 stoled ;
I catch Thy words—from Thy pure mouth
 flowing—
 Question and answer, deep truth to unfold.
4. I join Thy mother with her wistful eyes,
 Seeking Thee, her lost Son, with grief-fill'd
 heart ;
I mark her find Thee, in a meek surprize ;
 'Midst doctors seated, filling doctor's part.
5. I list her ask—as unto Thee she nears—
 “My Son, know, sorrowing we have sought
 Thee” ;
I hear Thee hush her questioning and fears ;
 “Wist not I must on my Father's bus'ness
 be ?”
6. I read again, how back to Galilee,
 Still subject to earthly parents, Thou didst
 go ;
Thrice holy, beautiful humility !
 O Boys of England will ye this grace shew ?

XXXV. CHRIST. “Christ the Lord.”—St Luke ii. 11.

1. MANY are Thy Names, O Saviour !
 All beyond what may be priced ;
But none goes to our hearts deeper
 Than doth this, “The Christ ! The Christ !”

2. For it tells how as "Anointed,"
Thou shouldst come our Priest to be ;
Sacrifice and Sacrificer,
By Love's all-supreme decree.
3. Seers and saints that hope proclaimed,
Nor e'er from it were enticed ;
Still they hush'd their hearts, and waited,
Looking for "The Christ! The Christ!"
4. Wistfully they scann'd the heavens,
For first dawning of His star ;
Listened for His coming footsteps
Who should close Sin's weary war.
5. Age on age of expectation
Vainly look'd for the great tryst ;
But at length the angels holy,
Sang aloud, "The Christ! The Christ!"
6. And the day is speeding onward,
That shall all to judgment bring ;
When "The Christ" enthron'd shall summon
The whole Earth before its King.
7. Many are Thy Names, O Saviour !
All beyond what may be priced ;
But none goes to our hearts deeper
Than doth this, "The Christ! The Christ!"

XXXVI. TEMPTATION. Hebrews ii. 18.

1. TEMPTED Thyself, Lord, Thou dost know
How hard 'tis in THE WAY to go ;
How foes without and foes within
Still hold us captive unto sin ;

How, even with Thy full grace giv'n,
 Earth, too, too oft veils Thy pure heav'n ;
 O break our chain, Lord, set us free ;
 Thou, tempted once, us tempted see.

2. These eyes of ours where'er they turn,
 Alas ! see sights that make us burn ;
 These ears of ours, how oft they list,
 And we are taken ere we wist ;
 This heart of ours through vain desires
 Against Thy grace, how it conspires !
 O break our chain, Lord, set us free ;
 Thou, tempted once, us tempted see.

3. We would lift up our supplication :
 Lord, *lead us not into temptation ;*
 Jesus ! They're Thine Own tender words,
 O let them touch hearts' deepest chords ;
 When tempt the world, or flesh, or devil,
 Do Thou deliver from all evil ;
 O break our chain, Lord, set us free ;
 Thou, tempted once, us tempted see.

4. We mourn, Lord, that our wav'ring will
 So oft invites the tempter's skill ;
 We must confess that still we find
 Some fleshly lusts war 'gainst the mind ;
 Thou Holy One, us purify,
 That unto all sin we may die !
 O break our chain, Lord, set us free ;
 Thou, tempted once, us tempted see.

5. Lord, pour on us the Sprite of prayer,
 So that when tempted we are soe'er,
 We may, believing, to Thee cry,
 For Thy help in our misery ;
 Alas ! Lord, 'tis our prayerlessness
 Gives to temptation its success ;
 O break our chain, Lord, set us free ;
 Thou, tempted once, us tempted see.

XXXVII. “ *SUFFER THE LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME UNTO ME.*”

St Matthew xix. 14.

1. IT was no mere accident,
 But with gracious purpose blent,
 That in our English tongue
 (As tho' it had been sung)
 We read in the Gospel story
 How Jesus, Lord of Glory,
 Said of little children all,
 As He one to Him did call,
Suffer them to come to Me.
 Lord, Thou knewest it would be
 Very sore—our heart-strings riven—
 To yield them e'en for Heaven :
 Suffer—'tis a tender word ;
 Strength and grace it doth afford.
2. Lord, Thou know'st time and again
 I have heard the sad refrain ;
 First-born, second, and a third
 Silenc'd, as a singing bird
 In the middle of its song
 (O pathetic, cruel wrong !)

Thou hast call'd to Thee away,
 Letting not our children stay
 In our mortal erring keeping :
 Now for years in cold grave sleeping
 Our hearts ache, and verify
 Thy word *suffer*, pitifully :
 Suffer—'tis a tender word ;
 Strength and grace it doth afford.

XXXVIII. TEARS. "Jesus wept."—St John xi. 35.

. . . "a man of Sorrows and acquainted with grief."—Isaiah
 iii. 3.

"Thou hast put my tears in Thy bottle."—Psalm lvi. 8.

1. SACRED are tears—for "Jesus wept,"
 When to His feet the shadow crept
 Soon to blacken into gloom,
 In Jerusalem's awful doom.
2. Sacred are tears—for "Jesus wept"
 At Bethany, when Laz'rus slept ;
 Wept in human sympathy,—
 Tho' deliverance was nigh.
3. Sacred are tears—for "Jesus wept" ;
 All our sorrow o'er Him swept ;
 A Man of Sorrows was His Name,
 Nor was it held of Him for shame.
4. Sacred are tears—for "Jesus wept" ;
 He will not His saints except ;
 Yet He softens grief that shakes,
 And the burden lighter makes,

5. Sacred are tears—for “Jesus wept ;
What He sends let us accept ;
He puts the “cup ” into our hands,
And all within it understands.
6. Sacred are tears—for “Jesus wept ”:
In trial we by Him are kept ;
Then let us turn our weeping eyes
To Him enthron’d beyond the skies.

XXXIX. SEEKER WHO LACKEST NOTHING.

Querens cūm nihil desit tibi.—St Augustine (Conf., lib. i. iv.).

Isaiah xli. 10-14.

“ Thus saith the Lord God, Behold, I, even I, will both search My sheep and seek them out.”—Ezekiel xxxiv. 11 (and vv. 12-16).

1. THE Lord lacketh nothing ; yet He asketh—
Asketh of me, my heart ;
He lacketh nothing ; yet Himself tasketh—
Tasketh, to fill the part
Of seeking Shepherd, over dale and height,
For each of His “lost sheep ” ;
Asking and seeking, with many a sleight
Of love ; yea, He doth weep.
2. The Lord lacketh nothing ; yet He masketh—
Masketh power in weakness ;
So that this fallen race of ours basketh—
Basketh in His meekness.
Not wrath He measureth to us delaying :
O Thou most patient Christ,
Thou lackest nothing ; yet, our hope staying,
Shewest Thy cross unpriced,

3. The Lord lacketh nothing ; yet He encasqueth—
Encasqueth His head with thorns ;
That He might die for us ; and damasketh—
Damasketh, 'midst men's scorns
His hands—His feet—His side, with His blood ;
Love all love excelling ;
And still, before His cross, our race has stood,
This vast love repelling.
4. The Lord lacketh nothing ; yet He asketh—
Asketh of me, my heart ;
He lacketh nothing ; yet Himself tasketh—
Tasketh, to fill the part
Of seeking Shepherd, over dale and height,
For each of His "lost sheep" ;
Asking and seeking, with many a sleight
Of love ; yea, He doth weep.

XL. TEMPTED TO FORSAKE.

"Would ye also go away?"—St John vi. 67.

1. PLAINTIVE comes Thy word to-day,
Would ye also go away ?
Lord, forgive the bursting tear,
As for our own selves we fear ;
Lord, we tremble as we find
We have from "the Way" declined.
2. *Would ye also go away ?*
Gently thus Thou sought'st to stay,
When they stumbled at Thy Word,
As of Thee "the Bread" they heard ;
Ah ! how many Followers fled,
When they heard and wonderèd.

3. Mystic words Thou spakest then,
Words to shake the hearts of men ;
Living still Thou, Lord, did'st tell
Of a food unspeakable ;
O ! anointed eyes alone,
Could see their solution.
4. Peter made confession great
Others proving thrice-ingrate ;—
Lord, to whom then shall we go ?
O make Thou us it to know ;
Thy words of eternal life
Only Helper in Sin's strife.
5. Plaintive comes Thy word to-day,
Would ye also go away ?
Lord, forgive the bursting tear,
As for our own selves we fear ;
Lord, we tremble as we find
We have from " the Way " declined.

XLI. THE HANDS OF JESUS.

. . . "and He shewed them His Hands."—St Luke xxiv. 40.

1. THY Hands I seek my Saviour dear
To toil, like Thee, in lowly sphere ;
Thy dignity on labour shed
Makes noble, earning " daily bread."
2. Thy Hands I seek O Jesus, Friend ;
Help me like Thee my time to spend
In seeking souls to win and guide,
And faithful be whate'er betide.

3. Thy Hands I seek, O mighty Healer,
Of true soul-health alone Revealer ;
Sin-sick to heal—to comfort poor—
To help all in their trying hour.
4. Thy Hands I seek, O Gentle One,
That laid on child-heads benison ;
O Thou Good-Shepherd, let me lead
To pastures green, Thy Lambs to feed.
5. Thy Hands I seek, Messiah-Man,
Winnowing with Thine awful Fan ;
That I may warn, yea and affray,
And win back unto Thee “the Way.”
6. Thy Hands I seek, Thou Christ of God,
Nail-pierced to bear Sin’s damning load ;
That I may shew prints of the nails
And how Thy Blood for all avails.
7. Thy Hands I seek, O great High-priest,
Thy pleading office not surceased ;
That I may by the might of prayer
Gain souls for Thee and Thee endear.
8. Thy Hands I seek, Thou thronèd King,
That to Thy cross men I may bring ;
Trophies winning my Lord for Thee,
Thro’ Thy “glorious liberty.”

XLII. FAITH NOT SIGHT.

Acts of the Apostles ix. 31.

1. EMPTY now Thy cross, O Christ !
For Thou didst rise again ;
Kept’st Thy sacred holy tryst,
And faithful dost remain.

2. Now not on Thy cross I look,
But up unto the Throne;
Nor is my Faith or Peace e'er shook
That Thou from Earth art gone.
3. Thou, I know, art in the skies,
The Living One o'er all;
Faint, I feel, my words and sighs;
Yet unto Thee I call.
4. Lord, I still would walk by Faith,
And wait till I shall "see";
By-and-bye will come kind Death,
And take me home to Thee.

XLIII. REST AFTER TOIL. St Mark vi. 30-31.

1. THE DISCIPLES were bow'd by stress of their
toil;
The MASTER was touch'd and with gracious
smile,
Said '*Come to the desert and rest awhile.*'
2. Still, O Master beloved, Thou art ever nigh
To Thy workers, in tenderest sympathy;
With Thy strengthening arm and Thy guiding
eye.
3. When the lamp-flame burns dim, there's need
of fresh oil;
After brightness and rapture there comes sure
recoil;
Thou dost see and whisper *Come rest awhile.*

The Two Sleeps—Tabor and Gethsemane. 61

4. Lord! Blest is the work Thou hast given to
me,
To speak to my fellows, from sin to set free;
But Master, my heart yearns to speak more to
Thee.
5. The well always drawn on will cease its supplies;
But the springs on the mountain-tops flow when
it dries;
This lesson He teaches Who never denies.
6. When the battle is o'er men gather the spoil;
And sweet 'tis to hear after tumult and toil
This, *Come to the desert and rest awhile.*

XLIV. THE TWO SLEEPS—TABOR AND
GETHSEMANE.

St Luke ix. 32 and St Matthew xxvi. 43.

1. WHEN Thou, Lord Jesus, stood'st on Tabor's
height
Transfigurèd;
Thy vesture unto Heaven's own native light
Configurèd;
Thy Three Disciples then were with Thee there,
The sight to share;
Prophet and sage—the dead—on either hand
Beside Thee stand;
The wondrous theme of "talk" 'twixt Thee and
them,
Jerusalem;
And Thy "decease" upon the awful tree
Of Calvary:

62 *The Two Sleeps—Tabor and Gethsemane.*

O wondrous scene ! To see in that grand hour
Thee, in Thy power ;
But as the splendor round about Thee shone,
Self-humbl'd One ;
And the great sea of glory o'er Thee swept ;
Thine Own Three slept :
Alas ! alas ! The cost of that sad SLEEP,
I needs must weep ;
For all ye "spake of"—who, Lord, would not
moan ?—

Remains unknown :
O Three Disciples ! That ye slept, ye slept,
All Time has wept !

2. When, Lord, Thou mettest in Gethsemane
Thine Agony ;
And once again Thy favoured Three were there,
The sight to share ;
Thou soughtest that with Thee Thy Own should
" watch,"

And, wistful, catch
The mighty pleading of Thy prayers and tears
In God's Own ears ;
Alas ! alas ! e'en while their Master wept
Again they SLEPT ;
Second and third time didst Thou come to ask
In Thy dread task,
And ask in vain. Alas ! they did not weep ;
They were ASLEEP :
O costliest, heaviest, saddest sleep of all
Us could befall !
Losing for us the supreme prayer and cry
'Fore Calvary ;

The Two Sleeps—Tabor and Gethsemane. 63

Losing—and leaving but one broken phrase
 Us to amaze :
O grievous Sleep ! guilt most unspeakable
 Of them to tell ;
Yet, Gentlest One, Thy gracious pitying love
 Did it remove.

3. What are these SLEEPS to thee I ask, my soul?

 Do they not toll
E'en as it were a sudden midnight bell ?
 Or cry from Hell ?
Beware, beware, lest now thy Tabor be
 As to the Three ;
Beware, lest even sad Gethsemane,
 Thou sleeping see ;
Awake ! for now is the "accepted time" ;
 The hour doth chime ;
The Lord hath spoken, and the Lord still
 speaks ;

 Lo ! the light breaks ;
Awake ! awake ! Lo ! still the Spirit strives ;
 Mercy forgives ;
The preachèd Gospel still to thee appeals,
 And grace reveals ;
Here in His House He doth expostulate
 Ere't be too late ;
Awake ! O soul ! Why wilt thou longer sleep ?
 The angels weep ;
Awake ! awake ! Yield not to Slumber's
 sleight

 On Tabor's height ;
Awake ! and by Gethsemane's sleeping Three,
 Thy danger see !

64 *The Two Sleeps--Tabor and Gethsemane.*

4. Awake! awake! Church of the Living God!
At home, abroad;

God's voice calls louder than the tempest loud
From Sinai's cloud;

Awake! awake! Why will ye sleep? arouse!
This is God's House;

Ye sleep: Why will ye sleep? O hear! O
hear!

The great Three fear;
Awake! awake! God in the world now speaks;
The Earth He shakes;
He shakes and topples down the opposing
host;

The Holy Ghost
Still with His own magnanimous patience
pleads,

And intercedes;
Awake! awake! Time short is; life more
short;

Loud I exhort!
Awake! awake! Ere Mercy haste away;
Lo! Still 'tis day!
Awake! awake! 'Tis God's own voice that calls
On you it falls;

Awake! Why will ye sleep? "Too late! Too
late!"

(O ye ingrate!)
May sudden peal from thunder-darken'd sky:
Vain then your cry!

XLV. EMMAUS : FELLOWSHIP WITH
JESUS. St Luke xxiv. 13-35.

1. *ABIDE with us, for far spent is the day ;*
To Christ, unknown, the Two Disciples said :
O Jesus ! known and lov'd, hear us we pray
While the old words again to Thee are pled ;
Hear us, dear Saviour, hear, as then,
Perplex'd and sadden'd sons of men.
2. *Abide with us, when comes the ev'ning hour,*
And home we from Thy House and worship
hie ;
Reveal Thyself, O Lord, in gentle power,
Let not Thy preachèd Gospel in us die ;
But bless'd of Thee in sweet return,
Like theirs cause Thou our hearts to burn.
3. *Abide with us, when dark'ning sorrows fall,*
And Hope burns low and even Faith is weak ;
Attend our cry, Lord, when on Thee we call,
O let us not in vain Thy comfort seek ;
To our bruis'd hearts, and lonely, shew
Thou dost our lightest sorrow know.
4. *Abide with us, when wilderèd and lost,*
We seem, O Christ, to have let go Thy Hand ;
Draw near to us as we are tempest-tost,
And bear us safely to the further strand ;
When winds and waves beat threat'ningly,
Come with Thy great " Fear not 'tis I."

5. *Abide with us*, when at THY SUPPER set,
Rememb'ring Thee in Thy appointed sign ;
Breathe Thou upon us with Thy People met,
And feed us with Thy living bread and wine ;
And whilst fulfilling Thy commands
Shew us as they, Thy nail-pierced Hands.
6. *Abide with us*, when our life's close draws nigh,
And Jordan's swellings haunt the list'ning ear ;
Ev'n then, O Christ, flash to our glazing eye,
Visions of Thine Own self to conquer fear ;
O Saviour blest, thus let it be !
Then go aye *to abide with Thee*.

XLVI. MORIAH AND CALVARY.

“ Lay not thine hand upon the lad : neither do thou anything to him.”—Genesis xxii. 12.

“ He spared not His Own Son, but delivered Him up for us all.”—Romans viii. 32.

1. GOD ! Thou spared'st Abraham's son,
But Thou spared'st not Thine Own ;
Thou beheld'st the victim bound,
But another, lo ! is found ;
When the mighty faith is shewn ;
When the knife was gleaming down.
2. God ! Thou spared'st Abraham's son,
But Thou spared'st not Thine Own ;
Spared'st neither shame nor wrong ;
Thorn-crown, spitting, smiting, thong ;
Laid'st upon the Lamb of God
All our sins in all their load.

3. God ! Thou spared'st Abraham's son ;
But Thou spared'st not Thine Own ;
Spared'st not the traitor-kiss,
Nor the Twelve's unfaithfulness ;
Anguish of Gethsemane ;
Bitter cross of Calvary.
4. God ! Thou spared'st Abraham's son,
But Thou spared'st not Thine Own :
Bruised'st Him with utter grief,
Void of solace as relief ;
While the darken'd earth and sky
Shudder at His agony.
5. God ! Thou spared'st Abraham's son,
But Thou spared'st not Thine Own ;
Over His unspotted soul
All Thy waves in thunder roll ;
Till His heart with sorrow breaks ;
Light His glazing eye forsakes.
6. God ! Thou spared'st Abraham's son,
But Thou spared'st not Thine Own ;
We adore that wondrous love,
Which Thy matchless grace doth prove ;
Him Thou spared'st not that we
Might be spared and blest of Thee.

XLVII. "BY HIS STRIPES WE ARE
HEALED." Isaiah liii. 5.

1. *By His stripes we are healed :*
This truth to us is sealed,
Ev'n by the Holy Spirit,
As witness to Christ's merit ;

68 “*By His Stripes we are Healed.*”

Sin-wounded, bleeding, sore,
We catch—“Go, sin no more,”
As 'tis to us revealed
By His stripes we are healed.

2. *By His stripes we are healed :*
Long long by trope concealed,
We now, O Lord, perceive
Ev'n as heart-touched we grieve
This the one remedy,
For us the Lord did die ;
Law of love ne'er repealed,
By His stripes we are healed.
3. *By His stripes we are healed :*
None vainly have appealed :
Thou, suff'ring Lamb of God,
Bearing the world's dread load,
How may we magnify
So immense clemency :
To Thee, heart-changed, we yield :
By His stripes we are healed.
4. *By His stripes we are healed :*
Ah ! tears must be congealed,
And heart as hard as stone,
If men weep not, nor feel
Sweet anguish o'er them steal ;
Let it aloud be pealed,
By His stripes we are healed.

XLVIII. VICTIM-VICTOR : VICTOR-
VICTIM. St John i. 29.

Pro nobis tibi victor et victima, et ideo victor, quia victima; pro nobis tibi sacerdos et sacrificium, et ideo sacerdos, quia sacrificium.—
St Augustine (Conf., lib. x. xliii.).

1. VICTOR yet Victim manifest !
Love to its mighty task address :
Victim yet Victor—righteousness
Suffering, our fallen race to bless.
2. Victim yet Victor—on the cross
Redeeming our stupendous loss ;
Victim yet Victor—sacrifice
By which eternally Death dies.
3. Victor yet Victim—lo ! Lord Christ !
Our Sacrifice at once and Priest ;
Victim, yet Victor over Hell,
Blood atoning ineffable.
4. Victim yet Victor—O my soul !
The waves of wrath see o'er Him roll ;
Victor yet Victim—His work done,
Finished a World's Redemption.

XLIX. THE ONCE MARRED FACE.

Isaiah lii. 14.

1. OF all faces none so marred
 O Jesus, as was Thine ;
But 'tis now no longer scarred ;
 Its lustre is divine.
For crown of thorns, Thy " many crowns " ;
And all Heav'n Thy conquest owns.
2. Soldier's cast-off robe they gave—
 Jest on Thy regal claim ;
Frail reed in Thy Hand would have—
 Still putting Thee to shame ;
But now Thy robe is woven light,
And Thy sceptre might of right.
3. Laud, O Christ, The Crucified !
 Thou didst assume our blame ;
Laud that when we must have died
 Thou baredst all the shame ;
Pierced hands and feet and red-mark'd brow :
Trophies of Love's grand vict'ry now.
4. Man of Sorrows when on Earth,
 Thou us forgettest never ;
Kin to us by mortal birth,
 In sympathy for ever ;
We adore Thee, we implore Thee ;
Haste the glad time will restore Thee.

L. THE KING ON HIS CROSS-THRONE.

“Throned upon the awful tree.”—JOHN ELLERTON.

“*Dominus regnavit a Ligno.*”

Galatians vi. 14.

1. *THRONED upon the awful tree:*

Yea, Lord, this the sight we see ;
Tho' men put Thee to all shame ;
Cast despite upon Thy Name ;
Yet Thou reignest, reignest now
With crown of thorns upon Thy brow.

2. *Throned upon the awful tree:*

Love's redeeming mystery ;
Wondering, we watch Thee die ;
Shuddering we hear Thy cry ;
Yet Thou reignest, reignest now
With crown of thorns upon Thy brow.

3. *Throned upon the awful tree:*

Releasing from captivity,
All, even all the sons of time,
Who by faith to Thee shall climb ;
Yes ! Thou reignest, reignest now,
With crown of thorns upon Thy brow.

4. *Throned upon the awful tree:*

Breaketh forth Thy majesty ;
By Thy side “a burning brand”
Pluck'd from Hell by Thy strong Hand ;
Yes ! Thou reignest, reignest now,
With crown of thorns upon Thy brow.

5. *Throned upon the awful tree :*

Thus Thou willed'st it to be ;
Powers of darkness 'gainst Thee hurled ;
So Thou didst redeem—a World ;
Yes ! Thou reignest, reignest now,
With crown of thorns upon Thy brow.

LI. STABAT MATER. St John xix. 25.

1. AS pallid as the marble cold,
Lo ! near the stark cross Mary stands
With bowèd head and claspèd hands ;
While all the waves o'er Him are roll'd,
Who naught of anguish countermands.
2. Again and yet again His voice
Proclaimeth to the shudd'ring skies,
That on Him now a world's guilt lies,
By no constraint but Love's great choice—
Redemption by His agonies.
3. O mother-maid, within thy heart
Bleed deeper wounds than by the nails ;
And, tho' we read not of thy wails,
We know how tragic was thy part ;
Each hurt to Him thy heart assails.
4. But what is this awaits her ear,
St John and she approaching nigh ?
No longer lamentable cry,
But sweet words of filial care—
A home provided tenderly.

5. Thanks to Thee, Saviour, for Thy cross ;
Thanks for the greatness of Thy love ;
But thanks to Thee, all thanks above,
That, in redeeming our dread loss,
Thy breaking heart to HER did move.
6. As pallid as the marble cold,
Lo ! near the stark cross Mary stands
With bowèd head and claspèd hands ;
While all the waves o'er Him are roll'd,
Who naught of anguish countermands.

LII. IT IS FINISHED. St John xix. 30.

1. HIS brow was wreath'd with crown of thorn ;
In frenzied hate and bitter scorn,
They wait to watch Him die ;
Wild mockeries and insult heaping,
Taunt and jeer from fierce lips leaping ;
Callous to His agony.
2. But what mean these dreadful signs ?
Are we on Hell's own confines ?
Thund'reth forth the Sea of Wrath ?
The great sun is black above,
Shrouded, as Incarnate Love
Treads the valley of Death.
3. Lo ! The mighty work is done !
Lo ! Redemption is begun !
Satan spoil'd and sin o'erthrown :
Louder than the sev'n-fold thunder,
Shaken Hell and Heaven wonder,
As the cross becomes a throne.

4. Upward soars the Son of God ;
 Freed now from His awful load,
 He now re-enters Heaven ;
 Hosts on hosts attend on Him,
 Seraphim and cherubim—
 Divinest homage given.

5. Lift up your heads, ye pearly gates,
 That He Who all things subjugates
 May, conqueror, enter in :
 Achieved His work, and raised on High,
 Now come the fruits of Calvary—
 The “shed blood ” purging SIN.

LIII. MYSTERY OF SIN COUNTER- WORKED.

I Corinthians xv. 24-28 ; Ephesians i. 20-23.

1. GREAT disaster of the World,
 When man from his throne was hurl'd ;
 When the tempter seem'd to win
 Through unfathomable sin :
 Ah ! But it was only seeming :
 Lo ! The Christ hath come redeeming

2. Vast, unmeasur'd was the treason ;
 Yet 'tis fundamental reason
 Of our Christianity,
 That enfolds humanity :
 See in blood-red flag unfurl'd,
 Jesus, Saviour of the World !

3. O Great reconciliation !
O Supreme propitiation !
Grace and Truth thro' Him resounding
And redeeming love abounding :
Lo ! The hosts of hell are shatter'd
By the Prince of Life far-scatter'd !
4. Grace *is* infinite and strong ;
Right *is* mightier than Wrong ;
Meagre are all Sin's resources,
Against Love Eternal's forces :
Christ ! Gird on Thy conqu'ring robe ;
Hast Thou not redeem'd the globe ?
5. O Church of the Living God !
Lift up thine almighty rod ;
Far and wide the Gospel story
Tell of Jesus thron'd in glory :
Working in His love and might ;
Bringing back mankind to light.
6. Is it vain The Crucified
For man liv'd and for man died ?
Can sin still be so tremendous
That His death no boon did send us ?
Nay O Christ ! Thou victor art
Hatred, yet Thy Love shall thwart.
7. Hasten, Lord, the gladsome time ;
Let the golden hour now chime ;
When Thy Love destroying evil
Shall assur'd, dethrone the devil ;
And the World's stupendous loss
Be regain'd by Thy great Cross.

LIV. SHAME CHANGED TO GLORY.

Romans i. 16.

1. MEN thought all o'er when Thou hadst died
The Crucified ! The Crucified !
Sunken beneath a load of shame
They dreamed they had befouled Thy name ;
The crosses base of Calvary
Securing deathless infamy.
2. But Thou on the supreme Third Day
Alive thro' grave didst take Thy way ;
Stepping forth as a conqueror
From its stone-closed and sealèd door ;
Grasping in nail-pierc'd Hand the palm
With Omnipotence's sure calm.
3. For forty days and forty nights
Thou shewdst Thyself to human sights ;
To chosen witnesses appointed
Who knew Thee well the Lord's Anointed ;
Fore-casting the far-onward strife
And telling not of death but life.
4. And now to-day in all the Earth
A thousand tongues tell of Thy worth ;
The cross luminous with glory
Blest sign of the old Gospel story ;
And the World's heart will cease to ache
As men Thee for their Saviour take.
5. Far and wide the Gospel soundeth,
And where'er it goes astoundeth ;
Faiths and worships of all ages
Toppling down 'midst priestly rages ;
Nor shall pause be till, His work done,
The round globe for THE CHRIST be won.

LV. THE SHED BLOOD.

“*Washed* from our sins in His own blood.”—Revelations i. 5.

“I am Thine, save me.”—Psalm cxix. 94.

1. SAVE me, Lord, for I am Thine !
Hear me, Lord, for Thou art mine !
Thou a sinner's only Way ;
I grim Satan's wished-for prey ;
Save me, Lord, for I am Thine !
Wash me in the blood divine !
2. Save me, Lord, for I am Thine !
Hear me, Lord, for Thou art mine !
Guilty, Lord, I am indeed ;
But for me Thou once didst bleed :
Save me, Lord, for I am Thine !
Wash me in the blood divine !
3. Save me, Lord, for I am Thine !
Hear me, Lord, for Thou art mine !
I'm sin-stain'd, O wilt Thou cleanse ?
Put away my deep offence ?
Save me, Lord, for I am Thine !
Wash me in the blood divine !
4. Save me, Lord, for I am Thine !
Hear me, Lord, for Thou art mine !
Pity me, I am so weak !
Make me meek as Thou art meek !
Save me, Lord, for I am Thine !
Wash me in the blood divine !

5. Save me, Lord, for I am Thine !
 Hear me, Lord, for Thou art mine !
 When to that dark vale I come,
 Where cold Jordan's waters foam ;
 Save me, Lord, for I am Thine !
 Wash me in the blood divine !

6. Save me, Lord, for I am Thine !
 Hear me, Lord, for Thou art mine !
 Unto Thee I still shall cling,
 And thro' Thee I still shall sing.
 Save me, Lord ! for I am Thine !
 Wash me in the blood divine !

LVI. THE RISEN SAVIOUR.

“The Lord is risen indeed.”—St Luke xxiv. 34.

HE Lord is risen indeed :
 We say it as a CREED ;
 But O to feel its power
 Daily thro' ev'ry hour.

2. *The Lord is risen indeed :*
 Glad, I the great word read ;
 For He for us hath died,
 Jesus, The Crucified.

3. *The Lord is risen indeed :*
 Heart of mine, on this feed ;
 He is not dead ; He lives
 And ev'ry blessing gives.

4. *The Lord is risen indeed :*
No more a bruised reed ;
Most glorious of news !
Who—who shall it refuse ?
5. *The Lord is risen indeed :*
Gone up to intercede ;
On His Great Throne on High,
No more, no more to die.
6. *The Lord is risen indeed :*
The grand Fact we may plead ;
O Christ ! Who liv'st above,
Shew unto us Thy love.
7. *The Lord is risen indeed :*
Grim Death himself did bleed ;
The Last Foe conquerèd,
And all in triumph led.
8. *The Lord is risen indeed :*
O let the Gospel speed !
Tell the "good news" all round
To the Earth's utmost bound.
9. *The Lord is risen indeed :*
We say it as a CREED ;
But O to feel its power,
Daily thro' ev'ry hour.

LVII. THE ABIDING PRESENCE.

“Lo ! I am with you alway.”—St Matthew xxviii. 20.

1. BLESS, my soul, thy Saviour dear,
As He still to thee is near ;
Still He is THE CRUCIFIED,
Tho' in Heaven glorified ;
From the sky He looketh down
And the lowliest will own.
2. Bless, my soul, thy Saviour dear,
As He still to thee is near ;
With all human sympathy
For all who lift pleading eye ;
Near to humble and to poorest ;
Friend of all friends the surest.
3. Bless, my soul, thy Saviour dear,
As He still to thee is near ;
Near to chief of sinners still
That He may His words fulfil ;
Thy “closet” lowly may be,
He looks not at it but thee.
4. Bless, my soul, thy Saviour dear,
As He still to thee is near ;
Tell Him all lies in thy heart,
Be it joy or be it smart ;
He will breathe by Spirit mild
Witnessing thou art His Child.
5. Bless, my soul, thy Saviour dear,
As He still to thee is near ;
Him thou ne'er canst weary, know
With the longest tale of woe ;

Tell it, tell it all, and He
Will speak peace benignantly.

6. Bless, my soul, thy Saviour dear,
As He still to thee is near ;
“ Abba father ” be thy cry
Howe’er great thy agony ;
Plead, re-plead His promises,
Richly, freely He will bless.

7. Bless, my soul, thy Saviour dear,
As He still to thee is near ;
Still He is THE CRUCIFIED,
Tho’ on His throne glorified ;
From the sky He looketh down
And the lowliest will own.

LVIII. CHRIST’S WORDS.

“ Never man spake like this man.”—St John vii. 46. “ He taught them as one having authority.”—St Matthew vii. 29.

1. AMID the Babel of men’s clam’rous speech,
Lord Jesus, what a “ still small voice ” is
Thine !
And yet where are there words that men’s hearts
reach
Like those of Thee—the human and divine ?
2. Thy words rule men as statutes ne’er have rul’d,
Not penalty but conscience gives them power ;
Men find out soon or late themselves befool’d,
And bruis’d and broken, seek Thy Spirit’s
dower.

3. How have Thy words, Lord, quicken'd human
thought !
How have they penetrated human lives !
How have they into grandest deeds been
wrought !
And how on their deep lines all Progress drives !
4. How have Thy words up-flamed as into swords !
How have they gone straight to the World's
great heart !
How Freedom thence has fetched her battle-
words !
How Thy word-pictures glorified all Art !
5. How have Thy words pass'd on to end of Earth !
Yea single words—as ' come ' and ' look ' and
' lost '
Caused wail of anguish break into glad mirth,
And calmed the hearts a-weary, tired and
tost !
6. 'Tis not the thunder's reverberating roar
That shakes or smites, but 'tis the shatt'ring
levin ;
And not men's words will slay proud Errors hoar
But poignant words, like Thine, revealed from
Heaven.
7. I seek retreat from all this empty noise,
Mere human words in books that have no end ;
In the one Book supreme I still rejoice :
O Lord, more mighty fire-touch'd Preachers
send !

8. Send Seers who know Thy voice and follow
Thee!
To height and depth, not sham'd of Jesus'
blood;
O give us, Lord, these more and more to see;
Thy Words still their predestin'd heav'nly
food.
9. Amid the Babel of men's clam'rous speech,
Lord Jesus, what a "still small voice" is
Thine!
And yet where are there words that men's hearts
reach
Like those of Thee—the human and divine?

LIX. JESUS REIGNS.

Psalm xcvi. i. ; Isaiah lii. 7 ; 1 Corinthians xv. 25 ;
Revelations xi. 15.

1. I LOOK around and tumult see,
Men toss'd about like tossing sea ;
Hearts in unrest, and tirèd brains ;
But the Word speaketh—"Jesus reigns."
2. Error's maze, Sin's downward road,
The multitudes lead far from God ;
As I gaze, even Faith complains,
But the Word speaketh—"Jesus reigns."
3. Treacherous voices throng the air ;
False lights hang out everywhere ;
Wild the rush for Mammon's gains ;
But the Word speaketh—"Jesus reigns."

84 *Longing for Christ's Second Coming.*

4. Darkness broods where might be light ;
Truth falleth in the street—foes smite ;
All around, Lord, clanking chains ;
But the Word speaketh—" Jesus reigns."
5. Thy Cross, Lord, still a " stumbling-block " ;
Thy Gospel, the World's wise men mock ;
Thy Abels hated, slain by Cains ;
But the Word speaketh—" Jesus reigns."
6. Lord God, is not Thy set time come ?
Aye wilt Thou to our cries be dumb ?
Wilt Thou not end strife that profanes ?
Yes, the Word speaketh—" Jesus reigns."
7. Ah, Lord, Thou seest to the end ;
All things to Thy Love's purpose tend ;
Thou yet shalt cleanse Earth of its stains ;
For the Word speaketh—" Jesus reigns."
8. Praise to our God ! His Word is sure !
Praise God the triumph is secure !
Amidst all these discordant strains
His Word still speaketh—" Jesus reigns."

LX. LONGING FOR CHRIST'S SECOND
COMING. Hebrews ix. 28.

1. EARTH still travaileth in pain
That Thou, Lord, would'st come again !
Waits and waits age after age,
Searching still the holy page ;
Still Thou com'st not, nor yet
Givest sign the time is set.

2. Emptied of Thy glory then,
When Thou dwelled'st among men ;
Thou art high-enthronèd now
"Many crowns" upon Thy brow ;
Earth still travaileth in pain
That Thou, Lord, would'st come again.
3. O Thou blessed Holy Ghost,
Pleading, we dare Thee accost ;
Hast Thou not from days of old
Of His Second Coming told ?
Hast Thou not by word and trope
Giv'n Thy Church this mighty hope ?
4. Look, O Saviour, as we kneel ;
Lord, Thou knowest all we feel ;
Sinking heart and pulsing brain,
That Thou comest not again :
What Thy Spirit long has said
Give, O Christ ; come to our aid !
5. O my God, how long, how long
Thy return to Earth prolong ?
How long till Thou shalt appear
All Thy foes to put to fear ?
How long till Thou, the Crucified,
Take the world for which Thou'st died ?

LXI. CROSS-BEARING AFTER CHRIST.

"Take up *thy* cross."—St Matthew xvi. 24.

1. *TAKE up thy cross*, My soul, *thy* cross !
Take it, thou wilt not suffer loss :
Thy Lord knows all its heaviness ;
Thou *sippest* but of His distress.

2. *Take up thy cross ! 'tis thine, my soul,*
But subject to thy Lord's control ;
Then take it up ; to let it lie
Will make it heavier by-and-bye.
3. *Take up thy cross ! nor fear to take*
Whate'er He sends, for His Name's sake ;
He is too loving to o'ertask :
And He gives grace as we do ask.
4. *Take up thy cross ! still follow Him,*
Ay, even if thy eyes be dim :
Take up thy cross, my soul, and know
His eyes are on thee in thy woe.
5. *Take up thy cross ! take up thy cross !*
Take it, thou wilt not suffer loss :
The Lord knows all its heaviness ;
Thou *sippest* but of His distress.

LXII. UNSEEN YET LOVED.

I St Peter i. 8 ; St John xx. 29.

1. *UNSEEN we love ;* but hope to see
When from this earthly body free,
And pass'd to yonder world Above ;
But now, by grace, *unseen we love.*
2. *Unseen we love ;* we know not how ;
Nor may we ever think to know,
Till upward unto Thee we move,
To find there how *unseen we love.*

3. *Unseen we love* ; for Thou hast giv'n
A thousand motives this side Heav'n,
To yield response, O Holy Dove !
To Thy alluring *unseen love*.
4. *Unseen we love* ; as on Thy Rood,
All crimson'd with Thy precious blood,
We know Thee, Lord, our sins remove ;
This melts our hearts—*unseen we love*.
5. *Unseen we love* ; O gracious Lord,
Thou hast fulfill'd in us Thy Word ;
How long Thy patience with us strove !
No marvel, that *unseen we love*.
6. *Unseen we love* ; 'gainst guileful arts
We yielded have to Thee our hearts ;
O keep Thou us that we ne'er rove :
Still verify, *unseen we love*.
7. *Unseen we love* ; rejoicing still
To grow like Thee and do Thy will ;
Grant that our daily lives approve
That Thee we know and *unseen love*.
8. *Unseen we love* ; but hope to see,
When from this earthly body free,
And pass'd to yonder world Above ;
But now, by grace, *unseen we love*,

LXIII. SAFETY AND COMFORT. St John x. 27-29.

1. I AM safe, for Christ holds me,
 Comforted, for I hold Him ;
Saviour, O thus let it be,
 When my dying eyes are dim :
 I held of Thee, Thee holding ;
 Thy strong love me enfolding.
2. Thou art strong and I am weak ;
 Weakness clinging unto strength ;
Me thus, dear Lord, Thou dost seek ;
 Taking home Thine own at length ;
 Thy promises fulfilling,
 “ Thy people making willing.”
3. I am weak and Thou art strong ;
 Thy strength girding me, so weak ;
Ah ! my joy breaks forth in song,
 Lauding Thee in strength so meek ;
 My sin by Thee forgiven
 Gives glimpse of op'ning Heaven.
4. When my sense of safety pales,
 Shew Thy nail-mark'd Hand in mine ;
When my sense of comfort fails,
 Place my trembling hand in Thine ;
 Lord, shew me Thy salvation !
 Lord, give Thy consolation !
5. I am safe, for Christ holds me ;
 Comforted, for I hold Him ;
Saviour, O thus let it be,
 When my dying eyes are dim ;
 I held of Thee, Thee holding ;
 Thy strong love me enfolding.

LXIV. THE DIVINENESS OF THE
CHRISTIAN.

“Made partakers of divine nature.”—2 Peter i. 4 ; Hebrews xii.
10 ; 1 Corinthians ix. 10.

1. LO ! The mighty act is done !
Christ and I are now made one ;
One in nature, yes, divine ;
I am His, and He is mine.
2. Wondrous Lord, that Thou should'st seek
O'er me so great word to speak ;
Word that does a sinner change
And with God Almighty range.
3. God, the Holy Ghost divine,
Making Jesus' merit mine ;
Thou did'st quicken my dead soul,
Thou did'st make me wholly whole.
4. Father-God, Thou callèdst me son,
When this conquest high was won ;
Grant that I be still Thy child,
“Holy, harmless, undefiled.”
5. I will wear my august name ;
My full privilege will claim ;
In each feature copy Thine,
My whole nature made divine.
6. Lo ! The mighty act is done !
Christ and I are now made one ;
One in nature, yes, divine ;
I am His, and He is mine.

LXV. JESUS—SUN AND SHIELD.

“The Lord God is a sun and shield.”—Psalm lxxxiv. 11.

“Jesus ! Sun and Shield art Thou,
Sun and Shield for ever.”

DR HORATIUS BONAR.

1. *JESUS, Sun and Shield art Thou :*
Sun, ever and for ever ;
But a Shield, Lord, only now,
Yonder !—O never, never !
There—no danger and no foe,
Nor e'er need to ward a blow.
2. *Jesus, Sun and Shield art Thou ;*
Sun, failing never, never ;
Shield too, whilst we walk below ;
To guard us ever, ever ;
O guard, Lord, from fiery dart,
That would seek to wound my heart !
3. *Jesus, Sun and Shield art Thou ;*
Sun ever and for ever ;
O that my path still may glow,
Paling never, never ;
And, if tempted still to yield,
O place over me Thy Shield.
4. *Jesus, Sun and Shield art Thou ;*
None like Thee, ever ever ;
For rich and poor, high and low ;
Keeping back blessing never.
Our SUN—Heav'n's unsetting light ;
SHIELD but in Sin's earthly fight.

5. *Jesus, Sun and Shield art Thou ;*
Sun, ever and for ever ;
But a Shield, Lord, only now ;
Yonder—O never, never !
Present armour all laid down,
Gain'd the robe, the palm, the crown !

LXVI. LEADER AND GUIDE.

“Shew me Thy ways, O Lord ! teach me Thy paths.”—Psalm xxv. 4.

1. *SHEW me Thy ways, O Lord,*
Thy paths O do Thou teach :
I bring Thee Thine own word ;
Hear me, I Thee beseech.
2. O take me by the hand,
That I may feel Thee near ;
And when my foes withstand,
I shall be kept from fear.
3. Many the “ways” there be,
And “paths” that downward go ;
O grant that I may see
Thine—Thine alone to know.
4. Voices allure, left, right ;
Around—beneath—within ;
How they do me invite !
Lord, arm me 'gainst all sin.
5. Each step, O Lord, me lead !
I stumble in the way ;
Indwelling grace I need ;
Or I shall go astray.

6. Shew me Thy ways, O Lord !
Thy paths O do Thou teach !
I bring Thee Thine Own word,
To Thee my hands I reach.

LXVII. HEART-SURRENDER.

1 Thessalonians v. 23.

1. LIFT us up in adoration,
Seeing Thee upon Thy Throne ;
Save us, Lord, from mere prostration
As to carven wood or stone.
2. Pour upon us Thine Own unction,
That The Spirit witness may,
By His sharp, yet sweet, compunction,
Thou art leading in "the Way."
3. Calm in us that perturbation,
Which instinctive thro' us darts ;
O take without reservation,
Full possession of our hearts.
4. Blend love with adoration,
Adoration with our love ;
Set Thy seal of restoration,
On each heart, O Heavenly Dove !
5. Burden'd, darken'd, in depression
Lord, upon us flash Thy Face !
Of us wholly take possession,
Make us miracles of grace.

6. Thanks for hope of "heavenly mansion,"
Thanks for all giv'n now and here ;
For the soul's more wide expansion,
Prelibation of more there.
7. More gifts, more of Thine Ascension,
Through Thy holy grace and power ;
That in progress or declension
We may share Thy blood-bought dower.
8. Save us, Lord, from mere prostration,
As to carven wood or stone ;
Lift us up in adoration,
Seeing Thee upon Thy throne.

LXVIII. CLEFTS OF THE ROCK. *Isaiah li. 21.*

1. CLEFTS of the Rock ! O precious saying
Of His fast-hasting Day dismaying !
Sure hiding place in ev'ry shock,
Clefts of the Rock ! clefts of the Rock !
2. Clefts of the Rock ! all fear allaying ;
Clefts of the Rock ! our faith up-staying ;
'Tis Christ that speaks—O to Him flock !
Clefts of the Rock ! clefts of the Rock !
3. Clefts of the Rock ! poor souls, obeying,
Return ye from your long far-straying ;
Lay hold of His strength, list His knock :
Clefts of the Rock ! clefts of the Rock !

4. Clefts of the Rock ! all else outweighing ;
Clefts of the Rock ! haste ye delaying ;
Sound out the tidings whoe'er mock,
Clefts of the Rock ! clefts of the Rock !
5. Clefts of the Rock ! still undecaying ;
Well all who trust and flee, repaying ;
The way is open none may block ;
Clefts of the Rock ! clefts of the Rock !

LXIX. ROSE OF SHARON.

Song of Solomon ii. 1 ; viii. 5.

1. ROSE of Sharon ! Mystic flower
No man knoweth to this hour :
Yet upon which sweetly lies
Light more lustrous than of skies ;
Symbol of the supreme Birth
Crown'd all beauty of the Earth.
2. Rose of Sharon ! O how sweet !—
For the Gentle One most meet—
Falls the title on Faith's ear
To Song of Songs drawing near,
To behold in joy THE CHRIST
'Neath apple-tree a-keeping tryst.
3. Rose of Sharon ! What perfume
As of incense fires consume,
Floats around thy gracious name
Setting forth the Cross-marked shame
Of that Holy Sacrifice,
Which cleanses all our sin-stained cries.

4. Rose of Sharon ! We are told
No sharp thorns did Thee enfold ;
Only royal crimson bloom
Touch'd with spots of changeful gloom ;
Thus the King of kings forth-shewing
In thy sweet and hurtless blowing.
5. Rose of Sharon ! May thy dower
Of beauty rare upon me shower ;
May the grace so typified
Be ever in my heart descried ;
O tender Saviour ! wilt me bless
With Thy spotless righteousness ?

LXX. EVERLASTING LOVE.

“ I have loved thee with an everlasting love.”—Isaiah xxxi. 3.

1. ETERNAL Love ! Eternal Love !
O for fervours of those Above,
To tell how we from sin may part,
Holding from Thee the changèd heart ;
Thy Spirit in us still must move,
Eternal Love ! Eternal Love !
2. Eternal Love ! Eternal Love !
To tell it all too vast doth prove ;
In man's extremity of need,
Thou promised'st “ the Woman's seed ; ”
E'en when Thy love from Eden drove :
Eternal Love ! Eternal Love !

3. Eternal Love! Eternal Love!
In prophecy and gospel wove;
Thou did'st the mighty hope excite,
Nor ever fail'd to keep a-light;
O how can men still from Thee rove!
Eternal Love! Eternal Love!
4. Eternal Love! Eternal Love!
Man's primal sin Thy great heart clove;
As on the Cross 'twixt Earth and sky
For our fallen race Thou deign'dst to die;
Whilst serried Hell against Thee strove:
Eternal Love! Eternal Love!
5. Eternal Love! Eternal Love!
O brood o'er me, Thou heav'nly Dove!
Make me to see Thy purpose stands,
Wrought out by Thy nail-piercèd hands;
Shew how strong faith doth me behove;
Eternal Love! Eternal Love!

LXXI. LOVE OF GOD IN CHRIST.

"All things work together for good."—Romans viii. 28.

1. Thy love, O God, flows round us tenderly,
As round and round the yellow sands, the sea;
That breaks with musical lapse slenderly;
Telling how gentle Law is us'd by Thee.
2. And yet Thy love, like a bared sword can be;
Or, like the deep sea, hush'd and still, and next
—Trod of the Tempest's feet — rous'd
thund'ringly,
Till ev'n the heart of Faith doth sink perplex.

3. Help us, whatever form Thy love may take,
To know and feel 'tis love 'neath ev'ry form ;
Whether our face shine, or our aw'd hearts shake ;
Still let Thine "It is I" come, calm or storm.
4. Yea, O Lord God, give us to know Thy love
Mingleth the bitt'rest cup plac'd in our hands ;
Give us to rise the passing clouds above,
And meekly willing, wait on Thy commands.
5. Ah, Lord, for this more grace, and more, we need ;
Thou know'st it all ; O on us more bestow !
Thy love redeeming, all love doth exceed ;
O give us its sweet restfulness to know !
6. Thy love, O God, flows round us tenderly,
As round and round the yellow sands, the sea ;
That breaks with musical lapse slenderly ;
Telling how gentle Law is us'd by Thee.

LXXII. BOUNDLESSNESS OF CHRIST'S
LOVE. . . . "passeth knowledge."—Ephesians iii. 19.

1. THY Love, O Christ, is boundless,
More boundless than the sky ;
To deepest plummet soundless ;
For Thou for me did'st die.
2. Thy Love is "Grace Abounding,"
With fulness like the sea ;
Still—still is it forth-sounding,
"Glad tidings" unto me.

3. Thy Love no love can equal ;
 'Tis love without return ;
 Unchanging and perpetual ;
 Me, vilest, did not spurn.
4. Thy Love is meet for singing,
 With heart and string and voice ;
 I, sinner, to Thee clinging,
 Cannot enough rejoice.
5. Thy Love on Earth is treasure ;
 It tells of sin forgiven ;
 But who may seek to measure
 The perfect bliss of Heaven ?
6. Thy Love, O Christ, is boundless,
 More boundless than the sky ;
 To deepest plummet soundless ;
 For Thou for me did'st die.

LXXIII. LOVE OF GOD—GOD OF LOVE.

“ We read Thee best in Him Who came
 To bear for us the cross of shame ;
 Sent by the Father from on High,
Our life to live, our death to die.”

DR HORATIUS BONAR.

“ For we are made partakers of Christ, if we hold the beginning of our confidence steadfast unto the end.”—Hebrews iii. 14. (Cf. 1 Peter iv. 13.)

1. *OUR life to live, our death to die :*
 Singer, is not thy note too high ?
 Sinless He and sinless ever ;
 Sinful we and sinless never ;

Even in glory—sinners saved,
As in the crimson fountain laved ;
Singer, is not thy note too high ?
Our life to live, our death to die.

2. *Our life to live, our death to die :*

If so—whence that stupendous cry ?
Whence rocking Earth and livid skies ?
Immeasurable agonies ?
Cross of shame, and great heart broken ?
No word by His Father spoken ?
Not thus, not thus, mere mortal dies ;
Or, His Own four-fold Gospel lies.

3. *Our life to live, our death to die :*

Yea, Lord, by Thy fine alchemy
'Tis even so—by Thy grace given
Thou dost here meeten us for Heaven ;
Thine Own strong life Thou dost impart
With the great gift of the “ new heart ” ;
And, breathing in us heav'nly breath,
Mak'st us partakers in Thy death.

4. *Our life to live, our death to die :*

Incarnate Love, Thou did'st come nigh ;
Thus Thou did'st live as we do live,
By Thy divine prerogative ;
Thus Thou did'st die as we do die,
Sharer of our humanity ;
Sweet paradox ! I see it now,
Thro' grace, we live and die as Thou.

LXXIV. HEART-KEEPING BY JESUS.

Psalm cxxi. 5 and Philippians iv. 7.

1. WILT Thou, O Lord, me holier make !
 Wilt Thou, O Lord, me holier keep !
 The power of sin within me break !
 Behold me as I troubled weep.
2. Behold me as I troubled weep ;
 Alas ! alas ! 'tis a hard fight.
 What can I do but to Thee creep ?
 Lord, I go dimly, give me light.
3. Lord, I go dimly, give me light,
 That I may not "unworthy" prove ;
 Shield me, O shield with gentle might,
 In the long patience of Thy love.
4. In the long patience of Thy love,
 That I may conquer lingering sin ;
 Yea, Lord, as dross from ore remove,
 Purge and repurge me all within.
5. Purge and repurge me all within,
 In thought and word, desire and deed ;
 Fain would I final conquest win :
 Hear me as Thou for me did'st bleed.
6. Hear me as Thou for me did'st bleed ;
 Holy and lowly would I be ;
 I tell Thee, Lord, Thou know'st my need ;
 Help, help me of Thy clemency.

LXXV. SERENITY. St John xiv. 27.

Amas nec restuas.—St Augustine (Conf., lib. i. iv.).

“A God *is*! A Holy Will lives! however the human heart may stagger. High over the weavings of time and space lives the sublime purpose; and though all creatures groan in a circle of change, yet unchanging in the midst of change there is one Quiet Spirit.”

. . .—SCHILLER.

1. THY love, Lord, is serene,
No tumult marks its flow;
Calm as that Sea was seen
When forth Thy word did go;
O that my love to Thee
Shew'd Thy tranquillity.
2. Alas! Lord, I must own
O'er all the love I feel—
Ev'n that unto Thee shewn—
Dim mists of passion steal;
Lord! Pardon my offence,
And from this taint me cleanse.
3. I mourn, Lord, that my love
So poorly copies Thine;
Unrest me still doth move
With influence malign;
Let Thy sweet quietness
My whole soul re-possess.
4. Without—I look to Thee,
Within myself I look;
O Thy strange constancy
How it doth me rebuke!
O hear me as I sigh,
Shew me that Thou art nigh.

5. How changeful is our love ;
How mix'd of grief our joy !
How short our raptures prove !
How certain an alloy !
Lord, Thy love in us burn ;
Restless to Thee we turn.

LXXVI. IMPUTED RIGHTEOUSNESS.

“The Lord our righteousness.”—Jeremiah xxiii. 16.

“Cover me with the robe of righteousness.”—Isaiah lxi. 10 (cf. xxviii. 10).

1. THOU, Lord, gavest me for dress,
Spotless robe of Righteousness ;
Woven in what loom, O Christ ?
ON THY CROSS, by Love unpric'd.
2. Thou, Lord, gavest me for dress,
Spotless robe of Righteousness ;
It makes black or dew or rain ;
And an angel's tear would stain.
3. Thou, Lord, gavest me for dress,
Spotless robe of Righteousness ;
Who may set its praises forth ?
Who may tell its unmatched worth ?
4. Thou, Lord, gavest me for dress,
Spotless robe of Righteousness ;
In my shame to Thee I went ;
Thy grace made me penitent.

5. Thou, Lord, gavest me for dress,
Spotless robe of Righteousness ;
Fully covering all my sin,
Hiding all the guilt within.
6. Thou, Lord, gavest me for dress,
Spotless robe of Righteousness ;
Here now this fair robe I wear,
Yonder shall in it appear.
7. Thou, Lord, gavest me for dress,
Spotless robe of Righteousness ;
Crimson sin 'neath Thy blood shed
Is to white transfigurèd.
8. Thou, Lord, gavest me for dress,
Spotless robe of Righteousness ;
Woven in what loom, O Christ?
ON THY CROSS, by Love unpric'd.

LXXVII. NOT GRACES BUT CHRIST.

Galatians ii. 20-21.

1. I BLESS Thee, Lord, for all the graces
That on Thine Own Thou dost bestow ;
By which we can lift up our faces
In light that from Thy Face doth glow ;
But, Jesus, 'tis Thyself I seek :
O hear me as I, pleading, speak !

2. I bless Thee, Lord, for Faith and Love,
 For Meekness —Peace—Humility ;
 For Patience sweet, like Thine above ;
 For Courage 'midst hostility ;
 But, Jesus, 'tis Thyself I seek,
 O hear me as I, pleading, speak !

3. More grace and graces, Lord, impart,
 That to " full stature " I may grow ;
 Keep Thou all issues of the heart,
 Thou Who alone each heart dost know ;
 But, Jesus, 'tis Thyself I seek :
 O hear me as I, pleading, speak !

4. For Thee Thyself, O Lord, I pine !
 Fulfil Thy word and in me dwell ;
 Myself am Thine, Thyself be mine ;
 Conquer all thoughts that do rebel,
 O Jesus, 'tis Thyself I seek !
 O hear me as I, pleading, speak !

LXXVIII. THE NAMES OF OUR BLESSED REDEEMER. Ephesians i. 20-23.

1. JESUS ! That sweetest of Thy Names ;
 Jesus ! That saving grace proclaims ;
 Jesus ! The Saviour all men need ;
 Jesus ! Who on the Cross did bleed.

2. Christ ! Once by seer and saint expected ;
 Christ ! Whom Thine Own of old rejected ;
 Christ ! The Messiah true appointed ;
 Christ ! The one High-priest anointed,

3. Lord ! Many-crownèd King of men ;
Lord ! Mighty still to-day as then ;
Lord ! Who above all lords art Lord ;
Lord ! Ruling all things by Thy word.
4. Lord Jesus Christ ! Our Three-in-One ;
Lord Jesus Christ ! Thy will be done ;
Lord Jesus Christ ! Adorèd be,
In the Most Holy Trinity.

LXXIX. THE LIVING WAY.

“ I am the Way, the Truth and the Life.”—St John xiv. 6 (Greek).

1. JESUS, we wake to see the light,
For Thou hast kept us through the night ;
Now may we hear Thee softly say,
I am the true and living Way.
2. Jesus, we would this morning raise
Upwards our hearts in votive praise ;
We give ourselves anew this day
To Thee, *the true and living Way.*
3. Jesus, protect our home-ones dear,
Keep them and us within Thy fear ;
In thought nor word to go astray
From Thee, *the true and living Way.*
4. Jesus, when mingling with the crowd,
Or silent, or 'mid clamours loud ;
Be this our watchword while we pray,
I am the true and living Way.

5. Jesus, help us Thy truth to keep,
When we are glad, or when we weep ;
The life within, grant that it may
Shew forth, *the true and living Way.*
6. Jesus, may we Thy cause commend ;
Freely receiving freely spend ;
The good attract, the base affray,
In Thee, the true and living Way.
7. Jesus, from morning unto night,
Sustain us in the paths of right ;
Make us to grow as we obey,
Like Thee, *the true and living Way.*
8. Jesus, we ask our "daily bread"
From Thee, by Whom we all are fed ;
By more than earthly food us stay,
Thyself bestow, *true living Way.*
9. Jesus, pour out on us Thy grace,
To live as ever 'neath Thy Face ;
Forbid that we should e'er betray
Or leave, *the true and living Way.*

LXXX. POWER FROM ON HIGH.

St Luke xxiv. 49.

Da quod iubes, et iube quod vis.—St Augustine (Conf., lib. x. xxix.).

1. COMMAND, Lord, what Thou wilt,
 But give what Thou commandest ;
Thou knowest all my guilt,
 Me thoroughly understandest ;
Whate'er be on me laid
I shall stand unafraid.
2. Command, Lord, what Thou wilt ;
 All dangers I shall dare ?
I flee to Thy Blood spilt,
 To Thy Word and to Prayer ;
Thus arm'd, I'm clad in mail,
When en'mies me assail.
3. Command, Lord, what Thou wilt,
 Thou all my wounds shalt cure ;
Howe'er fair they are guilt
 Sin's charms shall not me lure ;
O look to me and bring
Me forth conqu'ring to sing.
4. Command, Lord, what Thou wilt,
 My way be dark or bright ;
Upon the Rock I'm built,
 Thou shalt defend the right ;
I look to Thee O God !
I bring to Thee my load.

5. Command, Lord, what Thou wilt,
 But give what Thou commandest ;
 Thou knowest all my guilt,
 Me throughly understandest :
 Whate'er be on me laid
 I shall stand unafraid.

LXXXI. UNREST. St Matthew xi. 28.

1. I AM driv'n to and fro
 Unknowing where to go ;
 As tho' a thing of chance
 Or of mere circumstance.
 O Lord ! I am hard-prest.
 Where—where shall I find rest ?
 “ Come unto Me.”
2. I hear, O Christ ! Thy voice ;
 I hear Thee and rejoice ;
 I am no thing, I find,
 Nor do the Fates me bind :
 O Lord ! I am opprest,
 But Thou canst give me rest :
 “ Come unto Me.”
3. Again and yet again,
 Like to some sweet refrain ;
 I catch Thy gladsome call
 As it doth on me fall ;
 Thus bidding turmoil cease,
 Imparting Thine Own peace :
 “ Come unto Me.”

LXXXII. FULL SUPPLY FOR UTMOST
NEED. *Philippians iv. 9.*

1. "MY need, and all my need, Thou wilt supply" :
I take Thee at Thy word, and ask not why ;
Or, if I ask 'tis but Thy Name to bless,
Who art my "all in all," my righteousness.
2. "My need, and all my need, Thou wilt supply" :
O Lord, I place Thy words beneath Thine eye ;
See me as troubled to Thy Throne I'm led ;
Teach me to trust Thee for my "daily bread."
3. "My need, and all my need, Thou wilt supply" :
Praise to Thee, Lord, for this sufficiency ;
For wants of me and mine, I look to Thee ;
From care, O living Saviour, keep me free.
4. "My need, and all my need, Thou wilt supply" :
O Lord my God, need is a constancy ;
Look on me from Thy dwelling-place in Heav'n,
And as Thou look'st, O let me be forgiv'n !
5. "My need, and all my need, Thou wilt supply" :
O blessed Jesus, hear my urgent cry ;
That I may grow in grace and lowliness,
Partaker of Thy blood-bought holiness.
6. "My need, and all my need, Thou wilt supply" :
O Saviour mine, give me Thy ecstasy ;
That day by day for Thee I witness may,
And others bring to walk along "The Way."

7. " My need, and all my need, Thou wilt supply " :
 Thy word Thou dost fulfil right faithfully ;
 O grant that all I am and have may be,
 My Saviour, dedicated unto Thee.

LXXXIII. CHRIST ALL IN ALL.

Colossians iii. 11.

1. *ALL the world for Christ, and Christ for all the world ;*
 Hoist this watchword flag, and let it ne'er be
 furled ;
 Wide as human need and wide as human sin,
 A full and free salvation Christ has died to win.
2. *Christ for all the world, and all the world for Christ ;*
 Tell it fully—of redeeming love unpric'd ;
 Tell it bravely—tell, whoever be the foes ;
 Tell it plainly—God's one cure for human woes.
3. *All the world for Christ, and Christ for all the world ;*
 Tell it proudly—from its throne sin hurled ;
 Tell it strongly—that none may e'er despair ;
 Tell it too, at all times ; tell it everywhere.
4. *Christ for all the world, and all the world for Christ ;*
 Tell it to the guiltiest, from the cross entic'd ;
 Tell it to the lowest, whom none seem to heed ;
 Tell it to the noblest—for the noblest need.

LXXXIV. INDWELLING—DWELLING IN.

St John vi. 56.

1. DWELL in me, O my Lord,
That I in Thee may dwell ;
Fulfil Thy tender word,
That Thy evangels tell ;
Thou in me, I in Thee,
By Thy sweet courtesy.
2. But wilt Thou my guest be,
In this poor heart of mine ?
Thy guest ? Is this for me ?
In that pure heart of Thine ?
Thou in me, I in Thee,
By Thy sweet courtesy.
3. Thy chamber, Lord, prepare,
Whither Thou deignest come ;
I may not seek to share
The making of Thy home :
Thou in me, I in Thee,
By Thy sweet courtesy.
4. Thy gracious gifts bestow,
Humility and love ;
O cause my heart to glow
By fire sent from above :
Thou in me, I in Thee,
By Thy sweet courtesy.

LXXXV. I, YET NOT I, BUT CHRIST.

Galatians ii. 20.

1. LIKE to twin-stars that revolve
 Around the lorn wan moon,
 That the blackest clouds dissolve ;
 Full of hope and high resolve,
 I found—ah God ! how soon !
 That without Thy mightier might,
 I should soon stray from the light,
 Plunging into starless night ;
 Thy grace, O Lord ! my boon.

2. Vain all graces without grace,
 Me to sanctify ;
 Vain by my own strength to trace
 Noble plans, or to embrace
 Opportunity ;
 Thou, my God, and Thou alone,
 Changing this hard heart of stone,
 Giving benediction,
 Liftest and keepest high ;

3. Loving Lord, to Thee I come,
 Lo ! self-emptied quite,—
 All to confess in all its sum ;
 When Thou say'st 'guilty,' I am dumb ;
 Lord, see my heart contrite !
 I would see, when I am weak
 Then I'm strong : and now, Lord, speak
 That from Thee I strength aye seek ;
 Yea, more and more, give light.

4. Alas! O God, I must sigh!
 As each day closes;
I start well, but by-and-bye
I, self-convicted, sad descry
 In my heart reposes
Evil thoughts and ill desires
Like to hidden smould'ring fires
Base self-pride that still aspires,
 Thorns 'neath all my roses.

LXXXVI. TRIUMPH. Revelations xi. 15.

1. REJOICE! Rejoice! Rejoice!
We will lift heart and voice;
Lo! nations at a birth
 Of Him are making choice;
Christ! King of all the Earth,
 O 'tis a glorious noise!
This universal mirth.
2. 'Twas promised of old
All should come to His fold;
Like thunder of sea-waves
 From thousand shores 'tis rolled;
Hark! The great word that saves
 Is being grandly told,
And high His banner waves.
3. How long O Lord! how long!
Till shall break forth the song?
Sages and seers foresaw
 The dawning of this Day;
And we with hush of awe
 Behold it on its way;
Lord! all hearts to Thee draw.

4. The valley of dry bones
 Insensate as the stones
 Beneath Thy quick'ning breath
 Rose up a living host ;
 O 'midst our sin and death
 Come stir Thou Holy Ghost ;
 We plead, we plead " He saith."

5. Rejoice ! Rejoice ! Rejoice !
 We will lift heart and voice ;
 Lo ! nations at a birth
 Of Him are making choice ;
 Christ ! King of all the Earth,
 O 'tis a glorious noise !
 This universal mirth.

LXXXVII. VISION OF GLORY.

Revelations i. 10 ; 1 Peter iv. 13.

1. ON dream-wings lifted up I heard the stainless
 praise of the redeemèd hosts above,
 Even as it was heard on Patmos isle by the dis-
 ciple whom the Lord did love ;
 'Twas as the voice of many waters rolling clang-
 rously towards a whitened shore ;
 And as the voice of a great thunder, deep-boom-
 ing, with Earth's and sky's commingled roar ;
 And clear and high o'er all, as holy worshippers
 foregathered there with thronging feet
 Harpers harping with their harps, that softened
 tenderly the awful with the sweet,

2. Then there flashed before my burdened eyes, like
bickering flames, so vast a multitude
That never mortal may essay to set it forth by
any known similitude ;
And still in billowy swell forth from the myriad
numbers of that vast unnumbered throng,
There rose, like to the ring'd ascending smoke of
incense, the melody of the " new song,"—
The song of His great love redeeming, Who, by
cross of shame, had saved them on the Earth,
And in His grace infinite transported them
thither, though of sinful mortal birth.
3. I saw the GREAT WHITE THRONE to th' utmost
verge, in purest splendor of Mount Her-
mon's whiteness,
And in the midst THE LAMB, lo ! as He had been
slain, effulgent in His dreadful brightness ;
I saw too in the streets of shining gold, that led
up to the Lord Christ seated there,
The glorious company of the redeemed from first
of time, who the " new name " did bear :
O it was such a beatific glimpse, that thus to me
in my deep sleep was given,
That now I walk this scarred, sin-shattered Earth,
as tho' already I were there in Heaven.
4. And now beneath a lowly roof of God's Own
House on Earth, I dare to offer praise,
Ev'n though sin-stained, because from human lips,
the highest notes mere mortal man may raise ;
For hast not Thou, the chief of sinners' Saviour,
spoken from Thy Throne of Grace on high,
Most gracious words of benediction : ' Whoso
off'reth praise, the Lord doth glorify ' ?

O Holy Intercessor, clarify with Thine Own
Spirit's breath, our poor frail singing,
That not as music only but praise-prayer it may
reach Thee, like white doves winging.

5. Ah ! This sad globe of ours, so insignificant amid
the blaze of worlds supernal,
And marked yea branded with the brand of
human sin, by man's base fall, through hate
infernal,

In crimson vesture hangs before the Throne, by
Calvary's cross and Jesus blood redeemed,
So mightier grander far is this small Earth of
man's, than by proud Science it is deemed ;
We, therefore, God Almighty, Holy, Holy, Holy
One, would draw near with our praise :
Accept of it, O Christ, and sanctify, as with one
heart we all adoring gaze.

6. Praise to God, Almighty Father ! Praise to the
Son Eternal ! Praise to the Holy Ghost !

From all on Earth and in the heavens, from a
love-united and redeemed host ;

From child-lips praise, and praise from dewy
youth ! from manhood praise, and praise
from hoar old age !

Praise from lowly huts and humble men ! from
toilers praise, and praise from broad-browed
sage !

Praise from Faith, and Hope, and Love, and
Joy, and praise from Penitence, and Grief's
parched lips !

All who have being praise, until this mortal life
is lost in THE APOCALYPSE.

III.

GOD THE HOLY SPIRIT.

I believe in the Holy Ghost.—The Creed.

LXXXVIII. THE DOVE IN HOLY SCRIPTURE.

1. CREATION. Genesis i. 2.

BIRD of the ringèd throat !
Bird of the plaintive note !
Methinks from days of old
Thou still hast been enroll'd
Very gospel to bring
Upon thy little wing,
Ev'n more than birds that sing.

Symbol of rich blessing
Faith's full heart addressing,
Midst sorrow still caressing ;
With brooding breast of love
Blackest of chaos above :
Bird of the ringèd throat !
Bird of the plaintive note !

2. THE DELUGE. Genesis viii. 8-12.

Far back in the dread Flood—
Doom of man's second feud ;
Lo ! flying out of ark,
Nothing the DOVE could mark ;
But sent forth yet again,
When ceas'd the awful rain ;
She, by plucked olive leaf,
Told of coming relief :
Bird of the ringèd throat !
Bird of the plaintive note !

3. SACRIFICE. Genesis xv. 9 ; Leviticus i. 14 ;
v. 7 ; xii. 6 *et seq.* ; St Luke ii. 24

Onward by type and rite
 " Good news " for the contrite :
 In prefiguring Law
 Men day by day thee saw
 For sacrifice accepted,
 The poorest not neglected.
 By its few drops of blood
 The DOVE for atonement stood :
 Bird of the ringèd throat !
 Bird of the plaintive note !

4. DAVID IN SORROW AND UNREST.

Psalm lv. 6.

Bird of the ringèd throat !
 Bird of the plaintive note !
 When the sweet-singer king
 His restless heart did bring
 Unto the Lord appealing,
 All his unrest revealing ;
 How did he by thee tell
 Wish else unspeakable !
 " Oh for wings of a DOVE
 That I might far remove ! "

5. MOURNING. Isaiah lix. 11.

Saints unto thee turning
 To paint deepest ' mourning ' ;
 Still yearning, thought of thee
 In thy sweet misery ;

Bird of the ringèd throat !
Bird of the plaintive note !
“ All the day we do roar
And like to DOVES mourn sore ; ”
Heart of grief to the Lord
Bears the pathetic word.

6. GOSPEL-DAY FORESEEN. Isaiah lx. 8.

Bird of the ringèd throat !
Bird of the plaintive note !
Prophets far-on gazing,
Christ's Day them amazing ;
'Midst all jeers and mocking
“ Like unto DOVES flocking ” ;
Saw the assur'd success
That the gospel should bless ;
Saw the beatitude
Of redeem'd multitude
By Grace's plenitude.

7. THE BAPTISM OF OUR LORD.

St Matthew iii. 16.

Augustest sign of all,
When from cleft sky did fall
The great voice proclaiming
“ The Belovèd Son ” naming,
Thou O DOVE ! ministrèd,
Descending on His Head ;
Whilst the Holy Spirit
Seal gave to His merit :
Bird of the ringèd throat !
Bird of the plaintive note !

8. CHRISTIAN CHARACTER. St Matthew x. 16.

Bird of the ringèd throat !
 Bird of the plaintive note !
 When the Lord in sweet speech
 His followers would teach,
 How in a world like this
 Ne'er the path of life to miss ;
 Thus He taught humility,
 " Harmless as doves be ye : "
 Lord ! We thy word accept
 So of Thee be we kept.

SUMMARY.

Brood o'er our hearts O DOVE !
 Fill us with peace and love ;
 By story of the Flood ;
 By the poorest's " shed blood " ;
 By David's weary breast ;
 By the sign on Christ did rest ;
 By teaching of the Lord :
 Be all these in us stor'd.
 Bird of the ringèd throat !
 Bird of the plaintive note.

LXXXIX. GOD THE HOLY SPIRIT.

Romans xv. 30.

1. O HOLY GHOST ! Come as the DEW,
 Softly, stilly, this quiet eve ;
 Our first love's joy do Thou renew,
 As to those who did first believe.

2. O Holy Ghost ! Come as the FIRE,
Kindle in all our hearts Thy flame ;
That, touch'd of Thee, we may aspire,
And shrink not from His glorious shame.
3. O Holy Ghost ! Come as the WIND
Shake Thou ev'ry barrier down,
That, restfully on Him reclin'd,
We Him, He us, may gracious own.
4. O Holy Ghost ! Come as the RAIN,
Sweetly healing the new-mown grass ;
Refresh and strengthen, that again
We on our upward way may pass.
5. O Holy Ghost ! Come as the LIGHT,
Purely, brightly as break of Day ;
Work in us by Thy gentle might
Such hope as shall our fears affray.
6. O Holy Ghost ! Be Thou our LIFE—
Our life that's hid with Christ in God ;
Make Thou us strong in the sore strife,
Guarding us in the paths He trod.
7. O Dew ! O Fire ! O Wind ! O Rain !
O Light of Life ! O Life of Light !
We would the height of heights attain—
We would be strengthened by THY MIGHT.

XC. THE LOVE OF THE SPIRIT.

Romans xv. 30 and Philippians ii. 1.

1. 'BIDING still on Earth with us,
O Thou patient Holy Ghost !
Had Thy grace magnanimous,
Left us, we had all been lost.

2. Still Thy Presence is confess'd ;
 Still Thou flashest inward light ;
 Still the strife continuest,
 Still the wayward dost invite.
3. Still stray'd feet Thou guidest home,
 From "far country" they have sought ;
 Still dost shew Redemption come,
 On the Cross by Jesus wrought.
4. Heav'nly Dove, Thou mightst us shun,
 And spread wide Thy wings for flight ;
 But till the LAST MAN is won,
 Thou shalt strive to reunite.
5. 'Biding still on Earth with us,
 O Thou patient Holy Ghost !
 Had Thy grace magnanimous,
 Left us, we had all been lost.

XCI. THE HOLY SPIRIT OUR STRENGTH.

St John xiv. 16.

1. O COMFORTER, The Holy Ghost !
 Before Thee mortal may not boast ;
 Yet lowlily I would declare
 That I am strong as Thou art near ;
 Thy Presence puts in me new strength,
 Until that now I can at length
 Take Thee for Helper—Advocate—
 Guide and Teacher : were ingrate
 If I burst not into song,
 By Thy Presence still kept strong.

2. O Comforter, The Holy Ghost !
Before Thee mortal may not boast ;
Yet not alone driest Thou my tears,
Yet not alone stillest Thou my fears :
But, when my blackest guilt I see,
Thou shewest me from sin set free ;
All accusations of THE LAW
Are hushed, as near Thy cross I draw ;
Therefore burst I into song,
By Thy Presence still kept strong.

3. O Comforter, The Holy Ghost !
Before Thee mortal may not boast ;
I grasp Thy Name of Paraclete
But find Thee strong as well as sweet ;
Consoler Thou, as Thou giv'st peace
Still whisp'ring of the great release ;
But more—Thy Presence felt so near
The eyes of Faith makes bright and clear ;
My glad heart bursts into song,
By Thy Presence still kept strong.

4. O Comforter, The Holy Ghost !
Before Thee mortal may not boast ;
I, a sinner, now and ever,
Sinner safe, but sinless never ;
And by Thy grace, O Thou most meek,
I cling to Thee or I am weak ;
I draw from Thine Omnipotence
A strength divine, a precious sense ;
Words not enough, but bright song,
By Thy Presence still kept strong.

XCII. SERENITY UNDER THE SPIRIT'S
REPROOF. St John xvi. 8.

1. LORD, what is this that Thou hast sent ?
My heart, like sea-wave turbulent,
Quivers with strange sweet agony :
O born not of the Earth but sky !
Of ' *sin* ' Thou seek'st me to *convince*
And 'neath Thy probing touch I wince.
2. Lord, what is this more Thou hast sent ?
Lo ! grace mix'd with Thy chastisement !
Accusing, yet Thou dost me bless—
Convincing me of Righteousness :
Behold I plumb the mystery ;
I die not, for Thou, Christ, did'st die.
3. Lord, what is this ? still more sent ?
Thy righteousness with ' *judgment* ' blent :
But Saviour, in Thy boldness clad
I shall, by Thee, be no more sad ;
Assured that on that fateful Day
Thou blessed Christ will be my stay.

XCIII. SYMBOLS OF GOD THE HOLY
SPIRIT.

St Matthew iii. 16 ; Acts of the Apostles ii. 2-3 ; xvi. 14 ; xvi.
26.

1. THOU camest as the DOVE ;
O Holy Spirit blest !
His heav'nly Father's love,
Fully Thou did'st attest ;
May this witness to Him giv'n ;
Seal me, too, a son of Heav'n.

2. Thou camest as the FIRE,
 In the great "Upper Room";
Camest; but not in ire,
 With benison, not doom;
May this witness to them giv'n,
Seal me, too, a son of Heav'n!
3. Thou camest as the WIND,
 Rushing thro' city-street;
Jerusalem did find
 Sound of invisible feet;
May this witness to it giv'n,
Seal me, too, a son of Heav'n.
4. Thou camest as the LIGHT,
 Soft op'ning Lydia's heart;
In gentleness of might,
 Shewing "the better part";
May this witness to her giv'n,
Seal me, too, a son of Heav'n!
5. Thou camest, with EARTHQUAKE SHOCK
 Shaking the prison-walls;
Jailor, as Earth doth rock,
 For mercy on Thee calls;
May the witness to him giv'n
Seal me, too, a son of Heav'n.
6. O Dove! O Fire! O Wind!
 O Light! O Earthquake dread!
By each, by all combined
 Be my heart monishèd!
May each witness of old giv'n
Seal me, too, a son of Heav'n.

XCIV. GRACE PERFECTING.

2 Corinthians xiii. 9 ; 2 Corinthians vii. 1 ; Galatians iii. 3.

1. YEARS on years I went in dread,
Gloom below and overhead ;
Christ as austere Master served,
Trembling when in aught I swerv'd ;
But " my chain " His sweet love broke,
The Lord's ransom'd I awoke.
Joy, O joy, to me is given
On Earth to taste the bliss of Heav'n.
2. " God forbid " that I should boast,
Knowing my redemption's cost ;
Pard'ning love I magnify,
Nor His mercy may belie ;
Grace abounding is my song,
Sinner, I to Christ belong.
Joy, O joy, to me is given,
On Earth to taste the bliss of Heav'n.
3. I have enter'd into rest ;
" Peace of God " doth calm my breast ;
" Perfect love " has cast out fear,
For the Lord is ever near :
In me beateth " the new heart,"
Wrought by gracious Spirit's art.
Joy, O joy, to me is given,
On Earth to taste the bliss of Heav'n.

4. Holier, I trust, I grow,
Thro' "the seed" which Thou dost sow ;
Lowlier I fain would be,
By Thy sweet humility ;
And the pureness of Thy Will
Which I choose—like light, doth fill :
 Joy, O joy, to me is given,
 On Earth to taste the bliss of Heav'n !
5. Years on years I went in dread,
Gloom below and overhead ;
Christ as austere Master serv'd,
Trembling when in aught I swerv'd ;
But "my chain" His sweet love broke,
The Lord's ransom'd I awoke :
 Joy, O joy, to me is given,
 On Earth to taste the bliss of Heav'n.

LOVE WITHOUT MEASURE.

(After St Bernard.)

1. ALL I have, I have received ;
All hold, as I have believed ;
Believed, by Christ's gracious art—
Art, that giveth the " new heart " ;
Ah ! the " new heart " which He taketh
And it His Own temple maketh.
2. All I do, He doeth in me,
Thro' His " glorious liberty " ;
Freedom that makes me the Lord's
By the rich grace He affords ;
Making that I loud rejoice
With my heart and with my voice.
3. Mind in my intelligence,
Intelligence made excellence ;
Excellence produc'd by Love,
Quickened by the Holy Dove ;
That in me hath sweetly wrought
As I by His Blood am bought.
4. Vain all glory but in Him,
His all glory else doth dim ;
Save as we're, by grace, THE CHRIST'S :
Ah ! He true keeps His sweet trysts,
Keeps them, and still shews the Way,
That leads to Eternal Day.
5. What the measure of our love,
That aye toward Him doth move ?
Toward Him our richest treasure,
Treasure far transcending measure ;
Measure yea, that knows no bound,
Only in the boundless found.

IV.

THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

Holy Scripture containeth all things necessary to salvation : so that whatsoever is not read therein, nor may be proved thereby, is not to be required of any man, that it should be believed as an article of the Faith, or be thought requisite or necessary to salvation. In the name of the Holy Scripture we do understand those canonical Books of the Old and New Testament, of whose authority was never any doubt in the Church.—Articles of Religion.

XCV. THE BIBLE IN ALL LANGUAGES.

1. IN full five hundred tongues to-day
The Word of God holds saving sway ;
The Gospel of " The Crucified "
By millions of hearts magnified.
2. This He foretold ; and, lo ! 'tis done :
How mighty, Lord, the triumph won !
In Sin's immitigable loss
Restored by Thy all-conqu'ring Cross.
3. From age to age increasing, till
Knowledge of Christ the Earth doth fill ;
Each year a fresh fulfilment brings—
" He comes with healing on His wings."
4. We link us on howsoe'er few
With the vast multitude that sue
To Thee, Whose Living Word alone
Ministereth peace to all who moan.
5. O grand and sweet the thought, to know
That thus unitedly we bow ;
Diverse our language but one heart
Chooses, in each, " the better part."
6. How long, Lord, until Thou shalt pour
Thy grace on all from shore to shore !
And Thy Word sown o'er all the Earth,
Shall bring the harvest-tide to birth.

7. In full five hundred tongues to-day
The Word of God holds saving sway ;
The Gospel of "The Crucified"
By millions of hosts magnified.

XCVI. SYMBOLS OF HOLY SCRIPTURE.

Psalm cxix. 105 ; St John vi. 33 and 35 ; Hebrews iv. 12.

1. THY Word, O God, is namèd—LIGHT :
It bends o'er us like starry night ;
Thou Book of God, all darkness flies
When unto Thee I lift my eyes ;
Brighter my path grows and more bright ;
Great Book of God, 'tis well-nam'd LIGHT.
2. Thy Word, O God, is namèd—LIFE :
O precious name untouch'd of strife :
It comes as with a mystic breath
To wake the soul out of its death,
With every gracious meaning rife ;
Great Book of God, 'tis well-nam'd—LIFE.
3. Thy Word, O God, is namèd—BREAD :
By which our life is nurturèd :
More sweet than angel's food that fell
Upon Thine ancient Israel ;
As day by day, Lord, I am fed :
Great Book of God, 'tis well-nam'd BREAD.

4. Thy Word, O God, is namèd —SWORD :
A name of awe, yet in accord ;
For even as by flashing blade
Way to life's citadel is made ;
So pierces me, O God, Thy Word :
Great Book of God, 'tis well-nam'd — a
SWORD.
5. O Book of God ! O god of books !
Whoe'er into thy pages looks,
If brain and heart The Spirit touch,
Will thy divineness sure avouch :
O God, Thou in Thy Word hast spoken !
Of Light, Life, Bread, and Sword, the token.

XCVII. THE GUIDING LAMP.

“Thy Word is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path.”
—Psalm cxix. 105.

1. SOMETIMES I know not what to do,
Whether to give up, or pursue ;
When darkness and when dangers meet,
Thy Word, a lamp unto my feet.
2. I look around, and none is near,
To whom I may confide my fear ;
Ah ! then I see the Mercy-seat—
Thy Word, a lamp unto my feet.
3. When flesh, or world, or devil would win
My steps to tread the paths of sin ;
O God, to Thee I make retreat—
Thy Word, a lamp unto my feet.

4. When I am languid, weary, slow,
And my "first love" has lost its glow ;
Give grace, more grace, I Thee entreat—
Thy Word, a lamp unto my feet.
5. Alas ! dear Lord, how may I tell
How vainly conscience clangs her bell ;
Warning against Sin's doom, Sin's cheat—
Thy Word, a lamp unto my feet.
6. Yet praise, O God, Thou God of grace,
That as I run the Christian race,
Thou wilt all enemies defeat—
Thy Word, a lamp unto my feet.
7. So shall I follow on and on,
Until the promised Land be won ;
Where dwelling in the light indeed
My earthly lamp no more I need.

XCVIII. THE ENGLISH BIBLE.

1. ENGLISH Bible ! Book supreme !
For great Singers greatest theme ;
As my eye into thee looks
Grandest I hold thee of books ;
Speech of noblest breed of Earth ;
Noblest speech of mortal birth.
2. English Bible ! God's great dower
To this Land of mighty power ;
Foremost she amongst the nations :
Calm amidst all perturbations ;
Broadest freedom she has won ;
Most august work she has done.

3. English Bible ! Charter great
Of the Church and of the State ;
Translators in days of old
Writ their names on leaves of gold ;
From the palace to the hut
Book in place of honor put.
4. English Bible ! Heritage
Reverenc'd on from age to age ;
So long as we still shall be
Land of brave men, land of free ;
None shall ever blot thy words,
Guarded surer than by swords.
5. English Bible ! Book supreme !
For great Singers greatest theme ;
Greek and Hebrew—sacred source,
But our English deepest force ;
Destin'd the one tongue to be
Shore to shore and sea to sea.

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

1. SINAI no longer thunders, but he blunders
Who thinketh the great ten words—those gleam-
ing swords—
Have lost aught of their edge ; and vain allege
Them to be effete, and gone, their mission done ;
Nay, nay, they abide strong still ; declare His
Will ;
Nor shall e'er their force be spent ; God-spoke,
God sent,
They rule the World for ever, changing never.
2. Methinketh that it were well—I must it tell ;
If this material Age would re-engage
In deep study of THE LAW :—Time's greedy
maw
Has swallow'd much, but this stands, and still
commands ;
Conscience indestructible, will loud rebel,
When the old moralities, by glozing lies,
Are sought to be explain'd away ; things of a day.
3. Laud, O Christ, for thy great grace, by which we
trace
Righteousness at rest in Love, that still did move
With Justice parallel ; yet saw the HOLY LAW
Strong ; and a way laid open, of seers spoken ;
Whereby guiltiest of guilty's loss, is, by the Cross
Made good : the vast world redeem'd, but LAW
esteem'd ;
The Eternal Son of God, freeing man's load.

V.

THE SABBATH.

Remember the sabbath-day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labour, and do all thy work: but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord Thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, nor thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates: for in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the sabbath-day and hallowed it.—The Fourth Commandment (Exodus xx. 8-11, and cf. Genesis ii. 2-3).

The Son of Man is Lord even of the Sabbath-day.—St Matthew xii. 8.

XCIX. THE RESURRECTION—SUNDAY
MORNING. Romans i. 4.

1. ARISE my soul, Faith's wings expand,
Soar upward to the Heav'nly Land ;
Behold the great stone roll'd away !
Thy Saviour's Resurrection Day !
A conqueror forth He came,
Death and the Grave to shame.
2. Hark ! hark ! it is an angel's voice,
Who tidings brings that bid rejoice ;
He stands by Death's wide-open'd door,
And cries, " Christ lives for evermore !"
A conqueror forth He came,
Death and the Grave to shame.
3. O hallow'd Day ! O blessed Day !
That all Death's darkness did affray ;
Far-flaming still o'er all the world,
Strong Satan from his vast throne hurl'd :
A conqueror forth He came,
Death and the Grave to shame.
4. Thou Prince of Life ! Thou Saviour dear !
For us in Heav'n Thou dost appear ;
Nor need most tim'rous tremble now
Since Faith beholds Thy crown-clasp'd brow ;
A conqueror forth He came,
Death and the Grave to shame.

5. O Lord, do Thou help us to watch
That we Thy mighty word may catch,
"Because I live ye too shall live :"
What could more strong assurance give ?
A conqueror forth He came,
Death and the Grave to shame.
6. Arise my soul, Faith's wings expand,
Soar upward to the Heav'nly Land ;
Behold Thy Saviour's grave unbarr'd !
White-wingèd angels for His guard :
A conqueror forth He came,
Death and the Grave to shame.

C. SUNDAY "MADE" OF GOD.

"This is the Day which the Lord hath made : we will rejoice and be glad in it."—Psalm cxviii. 24.

1. THIS is Thy House ! This is Thy Day !
Lord, bless us on this hallow'd morn ;
Thou art "the true and Living Way,"
Open'd for all of woman born.
No splendors of Apocalypse,
Burst on our Patmos us to fray ;
Touch with Thine Own soft flame our lips,
Increase our faith, our fears allay.
2. We seek not terrors of Thy Face,
Such as St John this Day beheld ;
But here in Thine appointed place,
Lord, let Thy Presence be reveal'd !
"This is the Day which Thou hast made" ;
Thy People are for worship met ;
"Be it to us as Thou hast said" ;
Cast far and wide Thy Gospel net.

3. Those of Thine Own assembl'd here,
 "Stablish" in their "most holy faith" ;
 Bestow on them "the hearing ear,"
 And sweetly, gently on them "breathe" ;
 Their hearts fill with Thy "perfect peace,"
 And make them know Thy restful rest ;
 More and still more from sin release ;
 To them the Day all through be blest.
4. Let not the World's dull cares intrude,
 Whilst "on the mount" we wait on Thee ;
 Never may conscience truth elude,
 Nor word for conscience fail to see ;
 Thy Gospel in its gracious power
 Fill us with gratitude and joy ;
 O give a Pentecostal shower,
 And Satan's realm this Day destroy.
5. Lord God, Thou seest from high Heav'n
 All who this Day are in Thy House ;
 Whether they be drawn here, or driv'n,
 May they find Thee them all espouse ;
 The strong and weak, the glad and sad,
 Those going on, those going back ;
 The true and false, the good and bad,
 Thy love, each one, O Christ, will track.
6. This is Thy House ! This is Thy Day !
 Lord, bless us on this hallow'd morn ;
 Thou art "the true and Living Way,"
 Open'd for all of woman born ;
 No splendors of Apocalypse,
 Burst o'er our Patmos us to fray !
 Touch with Thine own soft flame our lips ;
 Increase our faith, our fears allay.

CI. SUNDAY FIRST DAY OF THE SEVEN.

Psalm cxviii. 24.

1. THE first Day of all the sev'n,
 Thy good gift, O God of Heav'n !
 Day, enclasping all the week !
 Day, when Thou blessest the meek !
 Day, when Thou dost speak to us
 In Thy love magnanimous !

2. Now Creation's work was done,
 And o'er all beneath the sun
 Thou did'st utter "very good,"
 As all sinless forth it stood ;
 Then Thou did'st on this Great Day
 The rest meant for man display.

3. When in the far-onward years
 Men by "shed-blood" hush'd their fears ;
 And within the Temple bowed,
 Sinner all alone, or crowd ;
 High-priest on this Day did plead,
 And His prayer, Lord, Thou did'st speed.

4. When, O Christ, upon the Cross
 Thou had'st paid a doom'd world's loss ;
 When, Lord, as The Crucified,
 Thou for guilty man had'st died ;
 Calm forth-stepping from Thy tomb
 Thou this Day did'st Conqueror come.

5. So, Lord, now as in the prime,
Keeping Thy word thro' all time ;
Whosoe'er on this Day meet
And as brethren, brethren greet ;
Find Thy House is "holy ground"
And Heav'n's joy on Earth abound.
6. Be this Day such day to us !
E'en to the most timorous ;
O may we by praise and prayer
Our life's needs before Thee bear !
And Thy preachèd Word unfold,
Treasure beyond this World's gold.
7. The first Day of all the sev'n,
Thy good gift, O God of Heav'n !
Day, enclasping all the week !
Day, when Thou blessest the meek !
Day, when Thou dost speak to us
In Thy love magnanimous !

CII. THE LORD'S DAY. Revelations i. 10.

1. DAY, of glorious memories !
Day, of Jesus risen again !
Day, of the grave ceasing now
Its prisoners longer to retain !
Day, for redeemed saints of God !
Day, to sons of men once giv'n !
Day, of blessing and of grace !
Light on Earth sent down from Heav'n !

2. Day, of mercy and of love !
Day, of glad praise and of pray'r !
Day, of preaching of the Word !
Day, when Jesus draweth near !
Day, when with anointed eyes,
We behold The Crucified !
Day, on which the Holy Ghost,
Witnesseth why Jesus died !
3. Day, when angels of the Lord,
Descend, as on Bethel's height !
Day, of good news Heavenwards borne,
Of souls brought into the light !
Day, of turnings unto God !
Day, of gladness in the Lord !
Day, of shaking of men's hearts !
Day, of conquests by the Word !
4. Day, that girdles Earth with light,
Grander far than Saturn's rings ;
Day, that still from East to West,
Glory unto Jesus brings !
Day, of His own promis'd peace,
Calming the o'erdriven soul !
Day of days, aye speeding on,
A redeem'd Earth to its goal !

CIII. SABBATH PRAYER-SONG.

Acts of the Apostles xiii. 32.

1. BLESS, O Lord, Thy Word this Day !
Speed it on its gracious way ;
Like the manna that did fall
Give a portion unto all ;

Yea, Lord, may Thy truth now spoken
Be as bread by Thy Hands broken.

2. Stablish, strengthen, settle, keep,
All, O Christ, who are Thy sheep ;
Build them up in sanctity
On this hither side the sky ;
Give them to be brave and strong
Each hour set to its own song.
3. Doubting, tempted, and afraid
Lord, with grace their weakness aid ;
Let them see Thou answerest prayer ;
Let them feel that Thou art there ;
Help them still to Thee to flee,
Refuge, whosoe'er they be
4. Burden'd, sadden'd, weary, lone ;
Wipe their tears and hush their moan ;
In their tremor and distress
Think of Thine own "wilderness" ;
By the Holy Spirit given
Fill Thou them with light from Heaven.
5. If into Thy House to-day
Some poor prodigal find way ;
Heart-sick, sin-sick, penitent,
Shame and hope together blent ;
Loving Saviour, be Thou nigh ;
Save him in his misery.

6. O fill full the Heav'nly Home !
In all Lands " Thy Kingdom come " ;
Toilers on dark shores uphold ;
Bring the glad Day long foretold ;
When, as by th' embracing sea,
Love-clasp'd our whole Earth shall be.

VI.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST IN ITS
WORK AND SERVICES.

I believe in the Holy Catholick Church : the Communion of Saints : the Forgiveness of sins : the Resurrection of the Body, and the Life Everlasting. Amen.—The Creed.

CIV. ONE IN CHRIST. Ephesians iv. 2-3.

1. WE are all one in Christ,
 If in Christ we be ;
 One God our Father is,
 All one family ;
Differing names we bear ;
 Think in diff'rent ways ;
But each a sinner still
 Who on Jesus stays.
2. We are all one in Christ,
 If in Christ we be ;
Summon'd within His fold
 By His ministry ;
A grand cathedral here,
 Holds high festival ;
The lowly chapel there ;
 The same God o'er all.
3. We are all one in Christ,
 If in Christ we be ;
In one dear Lord we trust,
 In Sin's misery ;
One Cross redeeming all ;
 All by sin enslav'd ;
One Spirit giving life ;
 One soul to be saved.

4. We are all one in Christ,
If in Christ we be ;
One holy Book alone
Whence we fetch our plea ;
But the one " life of faith "
Any of us know ;
We sing the same sweet songs,
Pilgrims here below.
5. We are all one in Christ,
If in Christ we be ;
One anchor, one great hope
In life's stormy sea ;
As we are all belov'd
So we all must love ;
Our hearts united all
To the Heart above.
6. We are all one in Christ,
If in Christ we be ;
Our one great task of love
Souls to bring to Thee ;
Lord ! forbid that we
" Fall out by the way " ;
O may a dying world
All things else outweigh.

CV. WONDER. Psalm cxix. 18.

1. LORD, Nurture Thou my sense of wonder
Over what the Gospel tells ;
Not as bowed in " place of thunder,"
But quiet as saints in holy cells ;
The " old, old story," ever new,
However frequent the review.

2. Lord, Keep alive my sense of wonder,
Cent'ring in the living Christ ;
Oft placing me His Great Throne under,
To hold with Him a gracious tryst ;
The "old, old story," ever new,
And ever proving itself true.
3. Lord, Give me a fresh sense of wonder,
Truth's rath beauty vivid still ;
Love for THE BOOK aye growing fonder
As it shapes and colours WILL ;
The "old, old story," ever new,
Be my years or more or few.
4. My Lord, Forbid that sense of wonder,
E'er from my eyes should cease to shine ;
Let not World, or tempter plunder
Me of this joy—"Thou art mine" ;
The "old, old story," ever new,
—Ah ! all my vows I would renew :
5. O Lord, I seek my sense of wonder,
May still remain, as when a child ;
Let nothing ever my heart sunder,
From its "first love" undefiled ;
The "old, old story," ever new,
However frequent the review.

CVI. LONGINGS FOR A REVIVAL.

Acts of the Apostles, c. ii.

1. MET, O Lord, within "one place,"
We are suppliants of Thy grace ;
Pentecostal fire bestow,
That our faith and love may glow ;

Vision of Thine open'd Heaven
To each waiting heart be given.

2. Various the names we bear,
But how various soe'er,
O blest Jesus, make us one
In Thy Spirit's union !
Heart to heart, knit Thou in prayer,
Ev'ry one a worshipper.
3. We are met in Thy Great Name,
But look not for tongues of flame ;
Nor " the mighty rushing wind "
Here, do we expect to find ;
Pentecostal fire is Thine ;
Grant it, Lord, without the sign.
4. O my God, we upward turn,
Not the " place " but souls make " burn " ;
Let the preaching of Thy Word ;
Let our prayers in sweet accord ;
Let our praise on joyful wing ;
Days of blest REVIVAL bring.
5. God Almighty, hear our call ;
Haste Redemption's Festival !
Gird Thy sword upon Thy thigh ;
Forth to bloodless victory !
Save a world from death and sin,
Lead the grand Millennium in.

6. Christ enthronèd ! hear our cry,
Let not a redeem'd Earth die ;
In the Gospel breathes Thy breath,
Life thro' Thy tremendous death ;
O Salvation ! at what cost !
Yet, oh ! yet, shall souls be lost !
7. Conquering, gracious Holy Ghost,
Come as once at Pentecost !
Souls are sliding down to hell ;
Daily the doom'd legions swell ;
O put forth Thy mighty power
Save them—thousands in an hour.
8. Met, O Lord, within “one place,”
We lift up entreating face ;
Thine Own Church awake, awake,
Her dread languor do Thou shake ;
'Twixt the living and the dead,
Stand, till Earth be conquerèd.

CVII. ON JOINING THE CHURCH ON A
PUBLIC PROFESSION OF FAITH.

(AGREEABLY TO THE PRACTICE OF PRESBYTERIAN
CHURCHES.)

St Matthew x. 32.

1. LOVE and Faith and Joy professing ;
Thee, O Lord, by grace possessing ;
See us as we stand 'fore Thee,
Keeping Thy “Remember Me.”

156 *Preparation for the Communion.*

2. Hear our mingling supplication,
In this hour of dedication ;
That we may "perform our vows" ;
Nor e'er glow of "first love" lose.
3. Sav'd by grace, by grace abounding,
Rich and free, ourselves astounding ;
Guide us, guard us in the Way,
Making progress day by day.
4. Grant, O Lord, Thyself unchanging,
Ne'er in us may be estranging ;
Faithful, constant to the end ;
All grace needed to us send.
5. May we each for Truth contending,
Daily Thee be still commending ;
Walking in Thy footsteps here
With meek heart and conscience clear.
6. Thee, O Lord, by grace possessing ;
Love and Faith and Joy professing ;
See us as we stand 'fore Thee,
Keeping Thy "Remember Me."

CVIII. PREPARATION FOR THE
COMMUNION.

"A people *prepared* for the Lord."—St Luke i. 17.

1. LO! O Lord, we gather here,
On our PREPARATION eve ;
We would meet in "godly fear" ;
Grace we need, tho' we believe ;

Looking, on Thy coming day,
Once again Thy death to "shew";
Shed on us The Spirit's ray,
That Thy Presence we may know.

2. Thou hast "kept" us in past years;
Faithful to Thy Holy Word;
Guarded us amid all fears;
Prov'd Thyself our cov'nant Lord;
Lo! To-night our song we raise,
Of Thy goodness and Thy love;
Lord, accept our sin-stained praise:
Worthier we will give Above.
3. Self-examiners us make,
Lowly, willing to know all;
And discover'd sin to take
Unto Thee, as Thou dost call;
O rekindle gratitude!
As we see how much we owe,
To Thy pard'ning plenitude,
Which in grace Thou dost bestow.
4. Bring us to Thy Table pure,
Filled with memories of Thee;
Trusting in Thy Presence sure,
As Thou say'st "Remember Me":
Make our hearts within us burn,
As with "bread" and as with "wine";
We in faith unto Thee turn,
Seeking blessing on each sign.

5. Let Thy death upon the Cross,
Rise before us in its power ;
Let us count all gains but loss,
If we do but win Thy dower ;
And as onward gaze our eyes
Fain the mystery to plumb !
Let not doubt or fear arise,
Hold us with Thy "till I come."

CIX. THE LORD'S SUPPER. I Corinthians xi. 23-26.

1. LORD, behold Thy Table spread
Outpoured wine and broken bread ;
Of Thy love the tender token,
Symbol of Thy Body broken.
2. Hope accepts the simple rite,
Walking still by faith, not sight ;
Restful, trusts Thee, the Unchanging,
Never from Thy Red Cross ranging.
3. Bread of Thy pure flesh the sign ;
Shed blood pictured in the wine ;
Grant that we, our love professing
May anew enjoy Thy blessing.
4. Lord, upon us breathe Thy breath,
Witnessing of life thro' death ;
Touch us with Thy Spirit's flaming,
As we Thine ourselves are naming.
5. Keep us lowly, holy, meek,
Ready aye for Christ to speak ;
Wearing Thy gift-robe of whiteness,
Meet'ning us for Heaven's brightness.

CX. AFTER THE LORD'S SUPPER.

I Corinthians xi. 23-26.

1. VOW'D yet anew as Thine, O Lord ;
Wilt Thou Thy grace to us afford,
That we may never Thee betray,
But walk with Thee "the living Way?"
2. Refreshed anew by bread and wine,
Grant us to shew the life divine;
For tho' we walk this sin-scarred Earth
We're sons of God by heav'nly birth.
3. Lord, fill us with Thy "perfect peace,"—
Thy pard'ning love gives sweet release ;
And, as thro' life we pass along,
Do Thou our troubles set to song.
4. O guide us, guard us hour by hour
And gird us by Thy gentle power,
That trusting, praying, toiling still,
We may a Christ-like part fulfil.
5. Vow'd yet anew as Thine, O Lord ;
Wilt Thou Thy grace to us afford,
That we may never Thee betray,
But walk with Thee "the living Way?"

CXI. GETHSEMANE AND THE
JUDGMENT-HALL.

“Did I not see thee in the garden with Him?”—St John xviii. 26.

1. PETER, thee did I not see
Last night in Gethsemane ?
O deniest thou thy Master
In the hour of His disaster ?
O those piercing questions put !
Would that they his mouth had shut.
2. Ah ! That still there thus should be
Grievous possibility
E'en in our own living day
Christ the Saviour to betray :
Craven when we all should dare ;
And our very selves forswear.
3. At Thy Own Great Table now
Taking symbols, sealing vow,—
With all airs and looks devout—
Next day mix'd with evil rout ;
Greedy once more after gain
As ere thirsty soil for rain.
4. I accept the warning word ;
I appeal to Thee, O Lord ;
O, by Thy dear love so tender,
Be Thou still my sure Defender ;
Me protect from base denial
And all fear of man's espial.

5. Lord, forbid that I should be
Taunted with Gethsemane
Peter-like ; Thy grace renew
That to Thee I may be true ;
That I never Thee bewray
Nor my Christianhood gainsay.
6. Week-day, Lord's day, to me give
By Thy love's prerogative,
That within, without, I still
May Thy Holy Word fulfil ;
Worthy of the Name I bear,
Christ's always and everywhere.

CXII. UNWORTHY . . . UNWORTHILY.

I Corinthians xi. 27, 29.

1. JESUS, alas ! we feel our sinfulness ;
And oft and oft—to tears—are in distress ;
Yet at Thy Table, Lord, we take our place,
And praise Thee for Thy pard'ning words of
grace ;
O Sinners' Saviour, hear our grateful cry,
'Tis not "unworthy," but "unworthily."
2. Jesus, We still are full of fear, and weak ;
Full many a fiery dart our peace doth break ;
But at Thy Table, Lord, we take our place,
And praise Thee for Thy strong up-holding
grace ;
O Sinners' Saviour, though we moan and sigh,
'Tis not "unworthy," but "unworthily."

3. Jesus, We would now think alone of Thee,
Keeping in mind Thy word "Remember Me";
Thus at Thy Table, Lord, we take our place,
And praise Thee for the symbols of Thy grace;
O Sinners' Saviour, mark each glist'ning eye;
'Tis not "unworthy," but "unworthily."
4. Jesus, Smile Thou upon us at this hour;
Let no dark cloud upon our Love-feast lour;
While at Thy Table, Lord, we take our place,
And praise Thee for the brightness of Thy grace;
O Sinners' Saviour, make us know Thee nigh;
'Tis not "unworthy," but "unworthily."
5. Jesus, To Whom may such poor sinners go,
If not where Thou forgiving love dost shew?
So at Thy Table, Lord, we take our place,
And praise Thee for the riches of Thy grace;
O Sinners' Saviour, now to Thee we fly,
'Tis not "unworthy," but "unworthily."
6. Jesus, O bless to us Thy bread and wine;
May we "discern" what they set forth to Thine;
Behold Thy Table, Lord! we take our place
And praise Thee for the mem'ries of Thy grace;
O Sinners' Saviour! we come hopefully,
'Tis not "unworthy," but "unworthily."
7. Jesus, Our doubt and fear we cast away,
Thy last appeal we dare not disobey;
Loving, we at Thy Table take our place,
Laying our sins on Thy great heart of grace;
O Sinners' Saviour, hear our grateful cry,
'Tis not "unworthy," but "unworthily."

CXIII. EVANGELIZATION.

“They went forth and preached everywhere.”—St Mark xvi. 20.

1. WE bless Thee, Lord, that Thou didst preach
To all who came within Thy reach,
And bless Thee that where'er men came
Thou preachedst to them, without blame ;
In synagogue and Temple-court :
But not there only was resort,
Thy full, free Gospel Thou didst tell
To one frail woman by a well ;
And so in house, or mountain side
Or where white Jordan swift did glide ;
To “two or three ” or unto many
Still preach'd, nor e'er refusèd any ;
EV'RYWHERE Thy grace abounding,
Nor Earth nor Hell Thy love confounding.
2. And still, Lord, Thou wouldst have it so ;
Still call'st Thy servants forth to go,
In Thy Great Name and by Thy power,
Thro' Thy Spirit's blood-purchas'd dower ;
Blessing Thy People in Thy House—
The hallow'd “place ” which Thou dost choose ;
Yet blessing tho' place consecrate
Do not open for them its gate :
Yea blessing 'neath the naked heav'n
If no other place be given ;
Or on the hill, or moor, or stream
Or in the street—a place of shame ;
Thou chargest servants of the Lord
To preach to each and all “the Word.”

3. Saviour, fill with Thy vehemence !
Save us from all priestly pretence !
And abject bondage to the Law
That still creates a pseudo-awe ;
And still from Christ's work stands aloof,
Unless men gather 'neath Church roof,
Forgetting that by blood divine
The round Earth is incarnadine ;
Forgetting that Thy charter'd "Go"
Secures fulfilment of Thy "Lo!" ;
The Cross the centre for all men
Thy promises "Yea and Amen" :
O break our fetters, Lord, that we
May preach in "glorious liberty."

CXIV. HOME-MISSIONS.

St Luke xxiv. 47 ; Acts of the Apostles ii. 22-41.

1. *BEGINNING at Jerusalem :*
Lord, rich Thy mercy shewn to them !
Thousands on thousands penitent,
By Thine almighty Spirit bent ;
Thy love did point them to the Rood,
And sav'd them through Thine awful blood ;
Hearing their cry of agony
And all their dark guilt passing by.
2. *Beginning at Jerusalem :*
'Midst sacred words, a priceless gem ;
For lo ! it telleth us to-day,
That as we Thy command obey,

To bear the Gospel forth, until
Knowledge of Thee, the whole Earth fill ;
Thou bid'st us " seek " at our own door,
As well as on remotest shore.

3. *Beginning at Jerusalem :*

Give vision of Thy diadem
Lustrous with souls Thou hast redeemed,
Where'er Thy Gospel light hath gleamed ;
And make us, Lord, to understand
That here in our own native Land,
Souls in deep darkness lie, and need
That swift we to their succour speed.

4. *Beginning at Jerusalem :*

Thanks, Lord, for Thou wilt not condemn
If thro' all dens of vice we know,—
Our hearts with earnest faith a-glow ;
We bear the vilest of our kin
The good-news of free-pardoned sin ;
Hoping 'gainst hope through Thee Above,
The worst to conquer by Thy love.

5. *Beginning at Jerusalem :*

O holy was the stratagem !
It sheweth how Thy cross stupendous
Did meet man's guilt the most tremendous ;
We would believe, and dare to go
To utmost human want and woe ;
Home-heathen, Lord, we fain would win,
Help Thou Thy Church to bring them in.

CXV. EVANGELIZING IN THE STREETS.

St Luke xiv. 23.

1. BENEATH the open sky
Lord, unto Thee we cry ;
Gather'd in public street,
We seek with Thee to meet ;
Whilst we Thy truth declare
Freely to whomsoe'er.
2. Thou Who Thyself of old
Thus Thy full Gospel told ;
Upon us here and now
Thy saving power bestow ;
O may Thy Spirit win
From lives of death and sin !
3. Thou did'st Thy servants call
To " go forth " unto all ;
To poor, maim'd, halt, and blind,
Yea to all humankind ;
To guilty and sore tried,
And every soul beside.
4. To burden'd, weary, lost,
To souls in anguish tost ;
Welcome to ev'ry one,
Thy great salvation ;
O Christ, to-day us bless
With the old grand success !

5. Beneath the open sky,
Lord, unto Thee we cry ;
Gather'd in public street,
We seek with Thee to meet ;
Whilst we Thy truth declare
Freely to whomsoe'er.

CXVI. WEEDS—WAIFS. I Thessalonians iv. 8.

1. O CALL it not a WEED,
God, our God, sowed the seed ;
God, our God, tends the flower
Through sunshine and through shower :
Look thou on the meanest
—As in haste thou weenest ;
Behold in it such tints !
Behold in it such glints !
Exquisite on their stems
As in dove's neck, or gems ;
In sooth so delicate
That kings in all their State
Match not—call it not WEED,
God, our God, sowed the seed.
2. O call it not a WEED,
Rather of thanks give meed ;
The Great Gardener knoweth
Lowliest thing that bloweth ;
Be it aneath the hedge ;
Be it on steep crag's ledge,
Be it on cottage thatch
Of green, a tiny patch ;

By ord'ring of His Hand
Each in its place doth stand,
Bright'ning bare path of duty
With nicest touch of beauty ;
He cares—call it not WEED,
God, our God, sowed the seed.

3. O call it not a WEED,
For each there is a need ;
See how to it dews come !
See how o'er it bees hum !
See how the light it gilds !
See how the bird near builds !
See children at their play,
The commonest makes them gay
See o'er all such sweet touches
As our God's care avouches !
That 'tis not of a chance
But order'd circumstance
They bloom—call it not WEED,
God, our God, sowed the seed.

4. O call it not a WEED,
God's own deep lesson read ;
Supercilious eyes
Charge our God as unwise ;
Deeper—know there's not child
Of slums, by sin defil'd ;
Not poorest waif of street,
Trudging with naked feet,
But is beneath His eye
Who on the cross did die ;

Know each one has a part
In the Great Father's heart :
O call no one a WEED ;
The Christ for him did bleed.

5. O call no one a weed,
Or base must be your creed ;
For as in humblest flower
God giveth gracious dower :
So to most wayward child
From birth by sin beguil'd
The broken heart Above
Gives tokens of His love ;
In all are hidden springs,
They're men not merely things,
Then speak to all unquailing—
All Satan's forts assailing ;
Stand forth—call no one weed,
Divine shall be your deed.

CXVII. THE SALVATION ARMY.

Psalm xxvii. 3.

- I. ARMY OF SALVATION ! forward to the fight !
Ye have dar'd and conquered, girded by God's
 might ;
Still lift high Christ's banner, blazon'd with the
 Cross ;
Tell out the old Gospel, nor fear to suffer loss.

2. ARMY OF SALVATION ! the wide world is your field ;
The round Earth predestin'd is unto Christ to yield ;
Hurtless are your weapons, yet ye proclaim
 'THE BLOOD,'
Sin-atoning, man-redeeming, shout shout aloud !
3. ARMY OF SALVATION ! many are your foes,
Terrible sin's thralldom, terrible men's woes ;
Stout of heart be ye and strenuous of will,
The Lord God shall ye all with His Spirit fill.
4. ARMY OF SALVATION ! let the world malign,
So it did your Captain, glory in the sign ;
Love return for hate, as ye with pity glow,
That like unto The Master ye may daily grow.
5. ARMY OF SALVATION ! with Christ's patience strive,
Long-forgiving—gentle to vilest alive ;
Still pray and work, the grand end ye soon
 shall see
Jesus King of men over Land and Sea !

CXVIII. EVANGELIZATION OF THE WORLD.

“Launch out into the deep.”—St Luke v. 4.

- I. *LAUNCH out into the deep :*
I hear, O Christ, Thy call ;
Let tempests o'er me sweep,
They shall not me appal.

2. *Launch out into the deep :*
Before Thee, Lord, I stand ;
I know Thou wilt me keep,
In hollow of Thy Hand.
3. *Launch out into the deep :*
Thou rulest wind and wave ;
Thou wakest when men sleep,
Thou wakest, men to save.
4. *Launch out into the deep :*
Yea, Lord, to farthest shore ;
Until all hearts that weep,
Redeeming love restore.
5. *Launch out into the deep :*
O Christ, 'tis Thy command ;
E'en if the billows leap
In fury on the strand.
6. *Launch out into the deep :*
Wherever souls may be ;
Launch out into the deep :
Till there be "no more sea."

CXIX. ULTIMATE CHRISTIANISATION OF THE WORLD.

St Matthew xxviii. 19-20 ; xxiv. 14.

- I COURAGE! Though the skies are clouded,
Blackest clouds will pass away ;
Courage! Though the Future's shrouded,
All is clear to Him as day ;
And His "purpose" shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

172 *Ultimate Christianisation of the World.*

2. Servants come and go successive,
Doing each his little part ;
Slow the progress, and oppressive
Sense of failure in their heart ;
But His "purpose" shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
3. Courage ! The crown'd Saviour liveth,
And His promises abide ;
Courage ! He His strong word giveth,
That for our whole race He died ;
And His "purpose" shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
4. We can't see where His truth goeth,
Short at most our widest view !
What, and where, and how He knoweth ;
Shields the many or the few ;
For His "purpose" shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
5. Courage ! Darkest lands are gleaming
With th' advancing Gospel day ;
Courage ! In far skies, light-streaming,
Lo ! The Cross makes conqu'ring way ;
And His "purpose" shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
6. Forth then servants of The Master,
Still His triumph claim for Christ ;
Long the way is, speed the faster ;
He will keep His Holy tryst ;
For His "purpose" shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

7. Courage! Though the skies are clouded,
 Blackest clouds will pass away;
 Courage! Though the Future's shrouded,
 All is clear to Him as day;
 And His "purpose" shall endure,
 Ever faithful, ever sure.

CXX. ULTIMATE TRIUMPH.

"'Tis always morning somewhere in the world."—Sun-dial legend on pier at Brighton.

1. *'Tis always morning somewhere in the world:*
 O not yet, not yet is The Christ's flag furl'd;
 Night darkens down, but yonder Day has birth,
 And rounds and rounds—like Saturn's rings—
 the Earth.
2. *'Tis always morning somewhere in the world:*
 Thron'd Evil yet shall from its height be hurl'd;
 The nail-pierc'd Hand holds still the "seven
 stars";
 Truth stronger nobler groweth by its scars.
3. *'Tis always morning somewhere in the world:*
 The cause of Right ne'er into dark is whirl'd;
 God lives, God reigns, God marshalls all events;
 Give o'er, give o'er, ye faithless, vain laments.
4. *'Tis always morning somewhere in the world:*
 For re-flow after ebb the waves are curl'd;
 The Cross is centre of all circumference:
 Earth girded is by Love's omnipotence.

5. *'Tis always morning somewhere in the world:*
 The o'er-flooded stream anon has softly purl'd ;
 Look up, look up, broad-breaking is God's
 light,
 He will yet save our race in gentle might.
6. *'Tis always morning somewhere in the world:*
 O not yet, not yet, is The Christ's flag furl'd ;
 Night darkens down, but yonder Day has birth,
 And rounds and rounds—like Saturn's rings—
 the Earth.

CXXI. ADVANCE. St Matthew xxviii. 19-20.

1. AS star on star soft-gleameth
 With moonset in still eve ;
 So light on light forth-streameth
 Where'er we workers leave.
2. My heart, its vigil keeping,
 Sees thus Christ's word fulfill'd ;
 And knows His love unsleeping
 Shall conquer as He will'd.
3. The "sev'n stars" undecaying
 Still shine in His Right Hand ;
 And tho' it seems delaying
 His purpose fast doth stand.
4. Lo! Thus I catch a vision,
 Upon ten thousand shores ;
 Of mission after mission,
 And light of life down pours.

5. As star on star soft-gleameth
With moonset in still eve ;
So light on light forth streameth
Where'er we workers leave.

CXXII. ORDINATION OF FOREIGN MISSIONARIES.

St Matthew xxviii. 19-20 ; Psalms ii. 8.

1. SEE Thy servants, Lord, attending
Vow'd now to pass to heathen Lands :
While their prayers Thy people blending,
Place them within Thy mighty hands :
O Thou Who gav'st the great word " Go ! "
Sanction it with Thine other " Lo ! "
2. Lord, accept the dedication
Of these lives, even as we pray ;
And Thy Church's supplication,
Full-answer, from this very day :
As fire of old on sacrifice,
O let Thy Spirit's light arise !
3. Through all toils and dangers guiding,
On land and sea, Lord, be Thou near :
Day and night in Thee confiding,
May Faith Thy great voice always hear !
And reaching their far goal at last,
Find every promise has stood fast.

4. When midst heathen they have taken
Thy posts of hazard and of care ;
Never let their hearts be shaken !
By grace still may they hope and dare ;
Resting in weakness on Thy strength,
Assur'd that Thou wilt own at length.
5. For strange tongues that they must master,
Lord ! do Thou patience give, and skill ;
Nor let failure, or disaster,
E'er ardour of their "first love" chill ;
To sow, to plant, may they work on,
Beneath Thy benediction.
6. See Thy servants, Lord ! attending,
Vow'd now to pass to heathen Lands ;
While their prayers Thy people blending
Place them within Thy mighty hands :
O Thou Who gav'st the great word "Go !"
Sanction it with Thine other "Lo !"

CXXIII. THE MISSIONARIES AT SEA.

"We . . . do not *cease* to pray for you."—Colossians i. 9.

1. LORD, teach Thy People still to pray,
For Thy dear servants on their way ;
Let their ships sailing o'er the sea,
From day to day remember'd be ;
For Thine Almighty hand, directing ;
For Thine Almighty heart, protecting.
2. When the good tidings have come home,
And they no longer onward roam ;

- Grant still Thy People praying hearts,
And the strong faith, that nothing thwarts ;
 That holding up Thy servants' hands,
 They may be bless'd in far-off Lands.
3. Lord, may Thy People ever feel,
How touching is the strong appeal
Of Thy brave servants out of sight,
Not to be left alone to fight ;
 But that, by thousand hearts sustain'd,
 They may go on from foot-holds gain'd.
4. Lord, may Thy People ever seek
To win for them all graces meek ;
Meek, but yet strong, that in their lives
Love may beam forth that never strives ;
 That they, like Thee, O Christ, may wait,
 Nor aught their patience alienate.
5. Lord, teach Thy People still to pray,
For Thy dear servants on their way ;
Let their ships sailing o'er the sea,
From day to day remember'd be ;
 For Thine Almighty hand, directing ;
 For Thine Almighty heart, protecting.

CXXIV. THE JEWS.

Romans xi. 15-29 ; Colossians iii. 11.

1. HOW long, O Lord, how long,
'Till Earth break forth in song !
'Till Thine Own Israel
No longer shall rebel ;
But contrite, and in shame,
Call gladly on Thy Name.

2. Thou Who at Pentecost
Sentest the Holy Ghost ;
And in Jerusalem
Put in Thy diadem
Of blood-stain'd souls, the chief ;
Rebuke our unbelief.
3. Rend veil which hides the light,
Help them to "read" aright ;
O suff'ring Saviour shew,
Yea, cause Thy Cross, to glow ;
Fulfilling their own Law,
As seer and saint foresaw.
4. We plead Thy Covenant :
Lord, our petition grant !
We plead Thy promises ;
Israel, Thine ancient, bless !
Wake Abraham's seed ! restore
Thy "Chosen" yet once more.
5. Their Land long desolate
Bring back to its old state ;
And upon Zion's hill
Thy Gospel "dew" distill :
Making this mighty race
Share Thy redeeming grace.
6. How glorious is their Past !
Long have they been outcast ;
O turn their hearts again !
Revive as "latter rain" !
Very Messiah, Thou
Lead them to know Thee now !

7. Gentile and Jew unite,
As Thou dost still invite ;
That to the one Cross led,
By Thy love conquerèd ;
One holy Israel
Own Thee Emmanuel.

CXXV. THE CHURCH AND SUNDAY
SCHOOL.

Tune—The Queen's Anthem.

(Composed for the Jubilee of the Presbyterian Church of England,
Blackburn, Lancashire, 18th June 1878.)

1. GOD keep our Church and School !
Shed on them blessings full !
Bless Church and School !
Crowd them from day to day ;
All walking in "The Way" ;
All living as they pray ;
Bless Church and School !
2. Fill with Thy Spirit's might,
To know and do the right,
And evil shun ;
Here let each heart upraise,
Sweet notes of prayer and praise,
Bright'ning the Day of days :
Heaven begun.
3. The PASTOR'S heart inspire
God's Word to preach with fire—
Loving and true ;

ELDERS his hands up-bear
Upon the Mount of Prayer ;
And in the conflict share,—
The crown in view.

4. MEMBERS ! Grant them to show
That Christ indeed they know,
And love their Lord ;
Let TEACHERS week by week,
Truth from The Master seek,
And with His patience speak—
Scattering the Word.
5. CHILDREN of peace and light,
Give each the robe of white,
To wear for Thee !
When each Lord's Day is done,
May SCHOLARS, one by one,
Be found to Jesus won
This Jubilee !
6. Lord ! Let Thy Gospel reign,
And still fresh conquests gain,
At home, abroad ;
Help us with heart and hand,
To do Thy great command,
Till souls in every Land,
Welcome their God !
7. God keep our Church and School !
Shed on them blessings full !
Bless Church and School !
To sow we will not cease ;
Give, Lord ! the rich increase ;
Faith, holiness, and peace :
Bless Church and School !

CXXVI. THE SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER.

Proverbs xxii. 6.

1. AM I a TEACHER, O my Lord,
A teacher of Thy Holy Word?
A teacher in the Sunday School?
A teacher of the bright fresh soul?
O may I then be taught of Thee,
My Saviour, of Thy clemency.
2. Still in my class, O Lord, be found
As Thy fair Sabbath Day comes round ;
And grant that steeped in prayer, I may
Each young heart still before Thee lay ;
Then teach as ever in Thy sight :
Alluring them to truth and right.
3. Faith and "first love," dear Lord, impart ;
Yea, faith, that Thou dost change the heart
In the first early-opening years ;
And scatter all my human fears ;
O Author and Perfecter Thou !
Guard wilt the seed for Thee I sow ?
4. The knowledge, Lord, that doth in-form
Grant that it also may trans-form ;
Give Thou the light that brings a change,
So that this heart ne'er from Thee range ;
And, O my God, do Thou forbid
My life be by my teaching chid.

CXXVII. CHILDREN'S DEBT OF LOVE TO THEIR CHRISTIAN PARENTS.

(AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL.)

“Honour thy father and thy mother.”—Exodus xx. 17.

1. FATHER! Greatest of great names,
That our best affection claims ;
MOTHER! Sweetest of sweet words,
Touching the heart's deepest chords :
Thanks, O Lord my God, that I
Parents had, pass'd to the sky.
2. Praise still for a Christian home,
Into which Thou mad'st me come ;
Breathing atmosphere of prayer
That transfigured ev'ry care :
Thanks, O Lord my God, that I
Parents had, pass'd to the sky.
3. I remember all the way
That they “led” me day by day ;
Safe-guarding my helpless years
With love, not unmix'd of fears :
Thanks, O Lord my God, that I
Parents had, pass'd to the sky.
4. Wistful—watching mind's first dawn,
That my heart to Jesus drawn,
Touch'd by the Spirit from Above
I might reflect their faith and love :
Thanks, O Lord my God, that I
Parents had, pass'd to the sky.

5. "Life of God" they did commend,
Yet sweetly would they unbend ;
Beauty of religion shewn
And not mere duty alone :
Thanks, O Lord my God, that I
Parents had, pass'd to the sky.
6. Grave—but pleasantly could smile ;
Stern—yet only unto guile ;
Kind—but not mere indulgence ;
Bright—fetch'd from His effulgence :
Thanks, O Lord my God, that I
Parents had, pass'd to the sky.
7. So they liv'd and so they died ;
More and more were sanctified ;
And to-day with sweet warm tears
Mem'ry still their voices hears :
Thanks, O Lord my God, that I
Parents had, pass'd to the sky.

CXXVIII. PARENTS' DEBT OF LOVE TO CHILDREN.

2 Corinthians xii. 14 ; Colossians iii. 21.

1. FATHER ! reigning o'er the House !
Mother ! Queen, if so thou choose ;
Firm, yet gentle, be your sway,
Seeking guidance when you pray ;
Then the gifts you ask will come,
Your's shall be a Christian home.

2. A Home ? "how dreadful is this place !"
 Saving for God's guardian grace :
 Little ones, when He doth send,
 Laying them on us to tend ;
 But the covenant is sure,
 And His benison secure.

3. Parents ! Well may you feel awe
 'Fore the charge ye on you draw ;
 Your own flesh and your own blood
 To be train'd for ill or good :
 Plead "the promises," and call
 Upon Him that knoweth all.

4. That full soon each tender heart
 Free, may choose "the better part" ;
 That full soon His Holy Word
 Light may to young feet afford ;
 That full soon the power they prove
 That belongs to Faith and Love.

5. As the years shall onward sweep,
 Parents, still self-vigil keep ;
 That nor word, nor look, nor act
 Other be than shall attract,
 To a Christ-like life, and holy
 Brave and strong and true yet lowly.

6. Father ! reigning o'er the House !
 Mother ! Queen if so thou choose ;
 Firm yet gentle be your sway,
 Seeking guidance when you pray ;
 Then the gifts you ask will come ;
 Your's will be a Christian home.

CXXIX. PRAYER MEETING—"TWO OR
THREE." St Matthew xviii. 20.

1. LORD, We bless Thee who dost greet
Thine Own People when they meet ;
Thy great word abiding true,
I am in the midst of you ;
Thou art faithful, Lord, we see
Tho' 'tis but to "two or three."
2. We would meet, Lord, in Thy Name ;
Touch us with Thy Spirit's flame ;
That upon this quiet eve
Blessings full, we may receive ;
Thou art faithful, Lord, we see,
Tho' 'tis but to "two or three."
3. Lord, we know our faith is weak ;
Firmer, deeper faith, we seek ;
And our Hope too often pales ;
Lord, give light when darkness veils ;
Thou art faithful, Lord, we see,
Tho' 'tis but to "two or three."
4. Fill us with intense desire ;
Largest askings, Lord, inspire ;
Fill us with Thine Own vast love,
That compassion in us move ;
Thou art faithful, Lord, we see,
Tho' 'tis but to "two or three."
5. Here in hour of mid-week prayer,
We to Thee, Lord, would repair ;
Be we many, be we few,
Still Thou wilt Thy grace renew ;
Thou art faithful, Lord, we see,
Tho' 'tis but to "two or three."

CXXX. THE MID-WEEK SERVICE.

Acts of the Apostles xvi. 13.

1. LORD, at our mid-week service met,
Do Thou in each of us beget,
The prayer of faith, the word of grace,
That shall intrusive cares displace ;
Look back on the Sabbath past,
And the coming one forecast.
2. Thanks, O Lord, that thus we may
Together meet to praise and pray,
And from Thy blest Book speak and hear ;
With a sweet sense that Thou art near ;
Look back on the Sabbath past,
And the coming one forecast.
3. Thus Thou hast own'd the "two or three" ;
Even as Thou promised'st should be ;
Increase the numbers, Lord, who seek
Sabbatic brightness all the week ;
Look back on the Sabbath past,
And the coming one forecast.
4. Fill with a restful love our hearts,
Born of the peace "the blood" imparts ;
That of Thy Holy Spirit kept
We may not from "the Way" be swept ;
Look back on the Sabbath past,
And the coming one forecast.

CXXXI. SUNDAY SCHOOL ANNIVERSARY.

St John xxi. 15.

1. "FEED My Lambs !" O golden word !
That sweet warrant doth afford ;
For claim on the great, the wise,
Yea that the best may entice ;
To care for all so namèd
And as, Lord, Thine proclaimèd.
2. "Feed My Lambs !" Behold to-day,
Jesus Lord, this fair array !
Boys and girls their voices raise,
And Thee as their Saviour praise ;
Their one hope The Crucified,
Who in love for them has died.
3. "Feed My Lambs !" Another Year
Lord, we close in holy fear ;
Grateful that us Thou hast spar'd ;
Grateful for all truth declar'd ;
Grateful for persuasive call ;
Grateful for our Festival.
4. "Feed My Lambs !" Lord, we have striv'n
By Thy Word unto us giv'n ;
Day by day to guide their feet
Where Good Shepherd Thou dost greet ;
Feeding them with "bread of life" ;
Guarding them in Sin's sore strife.

5. "Feed My Lambs!" O Holy Ghost !
We have nothing now to boast ;
Yet we ask that Thou would'st own
What in Christ's name we have done ;
Our whole School anoint this day,
And all, bless'd, send on their way.

CXXXII. MARRIAGE.

"Marriage is honourable in all."—Hebrews xiii. 4.

1. MARRIAGE came to Earth from Heaven,
Ere by sin the Earth was riven :
O Father, 'twas by Thy love given.
2. Beholding man in loneliness,
Thou, cov'nant-Lord, Thou fain would'st bless ;
Bringing Eve in her loveliness.
3. The round Earth Thou gav'st for dower
And didst on them blessings shower ;
Transfiguring their bridal bower.
4. Alas ! They sinn'd ! alas ! they fell ;
Against Thy Law they did rebel ;
Their birthright for a trifle sell.
5. For them Thy heart of love did bleed ;
For them Thyself did'st intercede ;
Kindling hope by "the Woman's Seed."
6. The Law's curse falls on all men born,
The race come into life forlorn ;
But Faith sees roses 'bove the thorn.

7. In fulness of the time appointed ;
When the world was all disjointed ;
Came our Saviour, " The Anointed."
8. He also holy Marriage blest ;
Went unto Cana as a guest ;
Friend at once and minist'ring Priest.
9. He blessing gave upon the wine,
Transmuting it to mystic sign
Of beatitude more divine.
10. And by many a gracious word,
Stirring our hearts in every chord,
We know here the mind of the Lord.
11. Marriage is hon'able in all ;
He honors the sweet festival ;
And bids His blessing on it fall.
12. O gracious Saviour, from Thy Throne,
Wilt not Thou this marriage own ?
And with all purest blessings crown.

CXXXIII. MARRIAGE. Hebrews xiii. 4.

1. BLESS, Lord, this new-wedded pair,
With Thy purest, with Thy fairest ;
Hear our praise and hear our prayer,
Give Thy sweetest, give Thy rarest ;
By Law of the Land made one,
Seal Thou deeper union.

2. May the just-plac'd ring of gold,
Symbol be of love unending ;
And the onward years unfold,
Earthly life and heav'nly blending ;
Yea grant, Lord, that from this hour
Thine may be the richer dower.
3. Forward into life they go ;
Clear to Thee—to them unknown ;
Come what will, may they still know,
That Thou ne'er forsak'st Thine Own ;
Light and shadow sanctify ;
Keep them living for the sky.
4. Let their plighted troth be true,
All in all the one to other ;
On their home shed nurturing dew,
Early make them father, mother ;
Thou the "Family" hast "set,"
Nor Thy promise dost forget.
5. Bless, Lord, this new-wedded pair,
With Thy purest, with Thy fairest ;
Hear our praise and hear our prayer,
Give Thy sweetest, give Thy rarest ;
By Law of the Land made one,
Seal Thou deeper union.

CXXXIV. BAPTISM OF CHILDREN.

Acts of the Apostles iii. 25 ; St Matthew xix. 14.

1. LORD, this child to Thee we bring :
Thine Own rite administ'ring ;
Lift Thou now on us Thy Face ;
Grant Thy purifying grace.

2. Lord, Thou seest Thy "little one":
Give Thou benediction!
Ah! Sin lieth in its soul;
Touch the child, and make it whole.
3. Lord, we look beyond the rite;
Walk by faith, and not by sight;
Thou alone giv'st the "new birth";
'Tis of Heaven, not of Earth.
4. But, Lord, Thou hast thro' the sign
Giv'n the blessing unto Thine;
O that it may be so now!
Answ'ring pray'r, accepting vow.
5. If it please Thee, spare the child,
Still to grow up undefil'd;
And on reaching years of sense
Grant divine intelligence.
6. That parental vows made known,
He may make them all his own;
And may take Thee at Thy word,
And himself Thy son record.
7. Lord, this child to Thee we bring,
Thine Own rite administ'ring:
Lift Thou now on us Thy Face,
Grant us purifying grace.

CXXXV. BAPTISM.

“These little ones.”—St Matthew xviii. 10.

1. “THESE little ones”: Ah! each Thou knowest;
“These little ones”: on each bestowest
From first dawning of their life
Thy benediction, ere the strife.
2. “These little ones”: O tender word!
Falling like music from their Lord;
We therefore bring them now to Thee,
That of Thy Church they enter’d be.
3. “These little ones”: ta’en from the crowd,
Boasting no high descent, or proud;
Them Thou received’st Lord, and Thou,
Unchanging, dost receive these now.
4. “These little ones” Thou’lt not o’erlook;
“These little ones”—all in Thy Book;
Behold us, then, with heart of faith,
Suppliants for Thy heav’nly breath.
5. “These little ones”: in “narrow way”
Keep them, O Jesus! day by day;
And as they grow in years attest
That in their BAPTISM they were blest.

VII.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF
SPIRITUAL EXPERIENCE.

Our Father, Which art in Heaven : Hallowed be Thy Name :
Thy Kingdom come : Thy will be done in Earth as it is in
Heaven : Give us this day our daily bread : and Forgive us
our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us :
and Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For
Thine is the Kingdom, the Power and the Glory for ever.
Amen.—The Lord's Prayer.

CXXXVI. WATCHING BY A DEATH-BED.

“God be merciful to me a sinner.”—St Luke xviii. 13.

The dying. 1. “WEAKER and frailer, day by day, I grow;
The lamp of life burns low—how low! how low!
Death is predestinate; yet hangs the blow.”

Watcher. “O God, be merciful!”

The dying. 2. “The sleep of Thy belov’d, I seek in vain;
Through the long nights unresting in my
pain;
Oh to be laid where lie the silent slain!”

Watcher. “O God, be merciful!”

The dying. 3. “How dark it is! how full of mystery!
That I as chainèd hound should useless lie;
Aching for death, but still I do not die.”

Watcher. “O God, be merciful!”

The dying. 4. “Arrested in mid-life and laid aside,
Helpless and weary, Christ, to Thee I’ve
cried;
But cries and tears alike unanswer’d bide.”

Watcher. “O God, be merciful!”

The dying. 5. “God of my life! art deaf? or dumb? or dead?
That I appeal to brazen skies o’erhead;
From which to Thine Own child no dews
are shed.”

Watcher. “O God, be merciful!”

The dying. 6. "It seems but yesterday that I was strong
With life and health such as to youths
belong;

Now I am like a child : O God ! how long ? "

Watcher.

" O God, be merciful ! "

The dying. 7. "I speak, O God, the thoughts that in me rise;
My doubts, my dreads, my anguish, my
surprise ;

Just as I am I come ; aught else were lies ;

Watcher.

" O God, be merciful ! "

The dying. 8. " Lord, Christ ! I cry to Thee from out the
dark ;

To my poor broken words, wilt not Thou
hark ?

And 'mid the o'erwhelming flood, shew me
the ark ? "

Watcher.

" O God, be merciful ! "

The dying. 9. " Thou knowest all I am, Thou seest me lone,
Lorn, lost : O Christ, interpret Thou my moan ;
Hast thou not died, O Lord, for sin to
atone ? "

Watcher.

" O God, be merciful ! "

These are the words of one who was my FRIEND ;
But light, and peace, and joy came in the end,
And glory strange did to the dead face lend :

For God was merciful.

CXXXVII. HE LEADS ROUND BUT HE
LEADS RIGHT.

“God led the people about by the way of the wilderness by the Red Sea.” — Exodus xiii. 18 (Cf. Deuteronomy ii. 7; viii. 2; xxxii. 10).

1. *HE leads round, but He leads right :*
All the way is in His sight ;
Be it rough, or be it long ;
Void of joy, or set to song ;
Bringing much, or mite by mite ;
He leads round, but He leads right.
2. *He leads round, but He leads right :*
He is with us in the fight ;
Sin may lure, or doubts assail,
Clad in Faith's celestial mail,
We are guarded by His might—
He leads round, but He leads right.
3. *He leads round, but He leads right :*
Let no danger then affright ;
When to Him we lift our eyes,
Help doth like the morn arise ;
Chasing clouds with conquering light ;
He leads round, but He leads right.
4. *He leads round, but He leads right :*
Giveth songs ev'n in the night ;
O unto His voice to listen !
Tho' with tears our eyelids glisten ;
He our blackest can make white ;
He leads round, but He leads right.

5. *He leads round, but He leads right :*
 Heaviest burden groweth light ;
 Marah ! Elim ! Wilderness !
 Each in turn the Lord doth bless ;
 Canaan shines, far-off yet bright ;
He leads round, but He leads right.
6. *He leads round, but He leads right :*
 Cloud by day and fire by night ;
 Morn by morn “ Let God arise,
 Scattering all our enemies ” ;
 And we’ll sing with evening light ;
He leads round, but He leads right.

CXXXVIII. “ THE BLUE OF HEAVEN IS LARGER THAN THE CLOUD.”

—MRS E. B. BROWNING.

“ Und so ist der blaue Himmel grösser als jedes Gewölk darin,
 und dauerhafter dazu ”—JEAN PAUL RICHTER (=“ the blue
 heaven is greater than any cloud that passeth over it ”).

Romans viii. 28.

1. NOW with low voice and now in accents loud,
 This truth, Lord, Thou would’st teach us
 still anew ;
The blue of heaven is larger than the cloud :
 Yet cloud, small as man’s hand, will hide
 the blue.
2. I look around and see a surging crowd ;
 Their dark days ’gainst their bright days
 are but few ;
The blue of heaven is larger than the cloud :
 But ne’er the less they fret, and pine, and
 sue.

3. E'en Thine Own children, Lord, themselves
 enshroud ;
 Cause them look up Thy shining Face to view ;
 The blue of heaven is larger than the cloud :
 O that all men could feel it to be true !
4. " All things " for us Thou say'st " co-work for
 good " ;
 Alas ! alas ! Thy words how men eschew !
 The blue of heaven is larger than the cloud :
 Howe'er perplex'd the maze, Love holds the
 clue.
5. No more, no more of mourning with head
 bow'd ;
 Thy note, deep Singer, falls like nurt'ring dew ;
 The blue of heaven is larger than the cloud :
 Our vows to accept God's will we would renew.
6. Now with low voice and now in accents loud,
 This truth, Lord, Thou would'st teach us
 still anew ;
 The blue of heaven is larger than the cloud :
 With Thee Above Faith aye should see the
 blue.

CXXXIX. THE FURNACE OF AFFLICTION.

" I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction. "—Isaiah xlviii.
10. (Cf. Daniel c. iii.)

1. THY chosen ones, O Lord,
 Remember'd in Thy Word ;
 Cast into furnace-flame
 Because of Thy Great Name ;

Thou shielded'st, that the fire
Lit no funereal pyre ;
But them transfigurèd,
Thro' golden sunshine led ;
And thus unharm'd they walked
And all their enemies balked ;
Stepp'd forth as from green sod ;
Kept by the Son of God.

2. Ev'n thus, O Lord, I know
Amid Affliction's glow
As of the furnace old ;
Thou dost me close enfold ;
That all unhurt I lie
'Neath Thy benignant eye ;
And feel that Thou dost stand
Near, with Thy cooling hand ;
To temper all my pain ;
To turn my loss to gain ;
O Lord, Thou art with me
As with Thy chosen Three !
3. 'Tis good to be thus tried ;
It tells me I'm allied
To those He loveth best,
Throughout their heav'nly quest ;
To Him, The Crucified,
Who Man of Sorrows died ;
O therefore, Lord, impart
Such grace to my poor heart,
As shall preserve me still
Submissive to Thy will ;
That I in furnace flame
May glorify Thy Name.

CXL. THE LIGHT NOT SELF TO
SHINE. St Matthew v. 16.

1. MY light, O Lord, which Thou hast sent
Down from Thy most pure firmament ;
My light not me, Thou call'st to shine ;
Not my poor self, but what is Thine.
2. My light, O Lord, which Thou did'st give,
In Thy Love's great prerogative ;
Not my poor self ; for unto Thee
All praise and glory aye must be.
3. My light, O Christ, Thou call'st to shine,
That mine be Thine and Thine be mine ;
Lord, keep me low and unrepining ;
Let self be lost in Thy sweet shining.
4. My light, lit by Thy nail-marked hand,
Shines only as in Thee I stand ;
O may no thought of self intrude !
May my light shine, and self exclude !
5. My light, O Lord, yet on me lift
Thy Face's light, Thy Love's free gift ;
My light, not me, Thou call'st to shine,
Not my poor self, but what is Thine.

CXLI. GROWTH IN GRACE.

“He giveth more grace.”—St James iv. 6.

1. GRACE, more and still more grace, O Saviour mine,
That I may know that I am truly Thine ;
I bless Thee Thou hast eas'd me of Sin's smart,
But “more, still more”—I seek a holy heart.
2. Grace, more and still more grace : Lord, I
would be,
—Since Thou hast promis'd it—made like to
Thee ;
Break my “remaining sin,” in gentle might,
That knowing, I may also do, the right.
3. Grace, more and still more grace, my God, as I
Still bring Thee empty cups for fresh supply ;
Fill me—still heavenward borne upon Thy
wings—
With Thine Own “perfect peace” that soars
and sings.
4. Grace, more and still more grace, that I may
run
Not merely walk ; and aye press dauntless on ;
Keeping Thee still, O Christ, before mine eye,
Until my life reflect Thy life on high.

CXLII. LOVE IS COLD. St Matthew xxiv. 12.

1. ALAS ! O Lord, my love 'gainst Thine is cold,
As tho' my heart were now aneath the mould ;
I know, I see, how all to Thee I owe,
But my thin flame is chok'd : O make it glow !
2. In momentary gleams I seem to burn,
As on The Crucified my eyes I turn ;
I cast myself in passion on my knees,
But—I must own it—soon my poor words freeze.
3. This “ sin remaining,” how it doth control
The yearnings of my Spirit-touchèd soul !
O Thou Who knowest all, break now its spell ;
Possess Thee, Lord, of my heart's citadel !
4. The life of Thy life put Thou in my breast ;
Give me the restfulness of Thine own rest ;
Whatever chills, or chains, or drags me down,
Remove, O Christ,—to all I guilty own.
5. Alas ! O Lord, my love 'gainst Thine is cold,
As tho' my heart were now aneath the mould ;
I know, I see, how all to Thee I owe ;
But my thin flame is chok'd : O make it glow !

CXLIII. JOY IN SORROW.

“ Clear shining after rain.”—2 Samuel xxiii. 4.

1. TROUBLE comes ; but trouble goes ;
This the Believer knows,
Even on a bed of pain :
Clear shining after rain.

2. Whatsoe'er to us it send,
 Longest day has an end ;
Faith supports to bear the strain ;
 Clear shining after rain.
3. Cloud up-pil'd on cloud, Night mars,
 Yet thro' them gleam the stars,
Prophesying Morn again ;
 Clear shining after rain.
4. Hope's bright rainbow spans our fears ;
 His Promise dries our tears ;
His sweet Mercy clears the stain :
 Clear shining after rain.
5. Cag'd tho' bird be, yet it sings ;
 Mown grass once more springs ;
Wounds will heal, though scar remain :
 Clear shining after rain.
6. Losses oft are hard to bear,
 Burden and fill with care ;
But they sometimes turn to gain :
 Clear shining after rain.
7. Friends prove false, but friends prove true ;
 Who both of these ne'er knew ?
Heart, be brave ! be steady brain !
 Clear shining after rain.
8. Crosses, Lord, on us have prest ;
 But this thought gave us rest ;
Ev'ry cross on Thee has lain :
 Clear shining after rain.

9. Let us then still onward press !
Through dreariest wilderness ;
Singing for our sweet refrain :
Clear shining after rain.

CXLIV. HEART-SURRENDER.

Proverbs xxiii. 26.

1. "MY son, give Me thine heart" :
My God ! how good Thou art
To ask this heart of mine,
That Thou may'st make it Thine.
2. Hard, cold, ill-yielding thing,
My heart to Thee I bring ;
Thou hast the skill alone
To change a heart of stone.
3. Lord, when I look within,
I see scarce aught but sin ;
Through grace, I sin abjure ;
Lord, make and keep me pure !
4. Poor, weak and wavering,
Help me to Thee to cling ;
That sharer of Thy strength
Full height I gain at length.
5. Lord, still the World allures,
Yea, oft my heart secures ;
Lord, wilt Thou break its power ?
Guarding in evil hour.

6. The "life of God" bestow ;
In holiness to grow ;
Possessing and possessed,
With Thine in Thee to rest.
7. "My son, give Me thine heart" :
My God ! how good Thou art
To ask this heart of mine
That Thou may'st make it Thine.

CXLV. PLEADING. Romans v. 8 ; I Timothy i. 15.

1. LORD, Others Thou hast sav'd,
Save me ! save me !
Lord, Others as enslav'd
Thou hast set free ;
Free me ! free me !
2. Lord, Others by Thy grace
Have "the new heart" ;
Lord, Lift on me Thy Face,
This gift impart !
Thou gracious art.
3. Lord, Others daily grow
Like unto Thee ;
Lord, Grant me this to show ;
Thee ever see
Near me ! near me !
4. Lord, Others know Thy rest
Thy "perfect peace" ;
Lord, Take this tossing breast,
Cause fear to cease
In sweet release.

5. Lord, Others "walk by faith,"
Thus would I walk;
Command Thou that "He saith"
May all doubts baulk.
So shall I be
Ever with Thee.

CXLVI. ANGELIC MINISTRY.

Hebrews i. 14 and St Luke xv. 7.

1. LET God THE SPIRIT anoint my eyes,
A-flame are seen the azure skies
With seraphim and cherubim—
Who noon-day's utmost blaze bedim;
On wings of whiteness, lo! they fly
'Twixt our dark world and fields on high;
Heirs of salvation bringing home
To gain the joyous welcome, "Come."
2. There is a glory on the grass
As tho' angelic feet did pass;
There is a splendour 'midst the trees
As he sees who the unseen sees;
Amongst the hollows of the hills
A hush of awe as all else stills;
O God! Thy Spirit on me lies,
Lifting me up in ecstasies.
3. Ye angels of God ministrant,
Why is it now ye will not grant,
Even to Faith and Hope and Love,
Your seal of silence to remove?
Speaking as once ye used to speak
To weary hearts and like to break;
Glad tidings of glad souls set free
That e'en in glory fresh joy see.

4. Where'er I see a little child,
 I know ye there, ye undefil'd ;
 To guide, to guard, to bless, to keep,
 With love that knows not how to sleep ;
 And wheresoe'er a sinner turns
 And for the sinners' Saviour burns :
 But O to catch a whisper'd word
 That not in vain I serve the Lord.

5. O idle yearning thus to grieve,
 Our part, as servants to believe ;
 To labour and still labour on
 Spreading the great Redemption ;
 In faith, that unto us *is* given
 Abundantly to people Heav'n ;
 That souls by day, by night repent,
 And angels still their names present.

CXLVII. THE ONE TALENT IMPROVED.

“ Unto one He gave five talents, to another two, *and to another one.*”—St Matthew xxv. 15.

1. I MAY not preach ;
 I cannot teach ;
 I dare not face the public gaze ;
 But I rejoice
 I have a voice,
 With which I can my Saviour praise :
 O this be mine,
 By grace divine,
 To SING to some frail child of Thine.

2. The talents ten
 Are now, as then,
Entrusted but to very few :
 O may the one
 Be not as none—
To what I have may I be true.
 O this be mine,
 By grace divine,
To SING to some frail child of Thine.
3. Help me, dear Lord,
 To plead Thy word ;
To visit 'mongst Thy sick and poor ;
 And when to pray
 Barr'd is my way,
The grace of song upon me pour :
 O this be mine,
 By grace divine,
To SING to some frail child of Thine.

CXLVIII. THE UNRENEWED HEART.

Jeremiah xvii. 9.

1. AH ! 'tis not mere conceitful
To call the heart "deceitful,"
And wicked desperately ;
Nor may a man irately
Thrust from him the poignant word
Given by mouth of the Lord.
2. I had, Lord, just such a heart ;
But Thy quick'ning gracious art

Has changed it from a hard stone
Still grinding itself alone ;
Into a soft heart of flesh ;
Soft untying ev'ry mesh.

3. How this heart of mine deceiv'd !
How this heart of mine me griev'd !
To-day rock'd to " perfect peace "
By ev'ning sad, ill at ease ;
To-morrow burning, panting
All—all of evil wanting.
4. Beguiling ? Ne'er guile so deep !
Hard ? Aye such as made me weep ;
Weak ? As to flint the tinder ;
Cold ? Yes, as quenched cinder ;
Native heart ? Who can it know ?
Native heart ? Who can it shew ?
5. " I the Lord, I search the heart " :
Thus Thou answ'rest, and Thy part
Of " searching "—how gentle 'tis,
Leading on from bale to bliss ;
Thy Word to me did shew it ;
Now in myself I know it.
6. Ah ! 'tis not mere conceitful
To call the heart deceitful,
And wicked desperately ;
Nor may a man irately
Thrust from him the poignant word.
Given by mouth of the Lord.

CXLIX. AFTER A LONG ILLNESS.

Psalms ix. 13 ; xxiii. 4 ; and lxxxix. 48.

1. O LORD my God ! by Thy good Hand
Once more within Thy House I stand ;
Lord, Thou dost fill my mouth with praise
Graciously lengthening out my days.
2. Brought back from the shadowy gate
I would my reprieve celebrate ;
Spar'd, O my God, I hear and now
Grateful, adoring, pay my vow.
3. Through the long day and longer night
Sickness did lay on me its blight ;
Weakening heart and wild'ring brain ;
Languor edgèd with sharpest pain.
4. With Eternity face to face
Methought fix'd I should die it was ;
By Thy great love I felt no fear.
Why, Lord ? I knew Thee to be near.
5. Thou spakest the still-sparing word,
Felt by me, tho' of all unheard ;
And now in this Thy holy House
Wilt Thou me, O my God, espouse ?
6. O Lord my God, by Thy good Hand
Once more within Thy House I stand ;
Lord, Thou dost fill my mouth with praise,
Graciously lengthening out my days.

CL. LITTLE FAITH.

"O ye of little faith."—St Matthew viii. 26.

1. *O YE of little faith:*

This still THE MASTER saith ;
 Saith to you and to me
 In His sweet clemency ;
 Seeking that we be strong
 And break forth into song :
Lord, we believe.

2. *O ye of little faith:*

Lord, wilt Thou on us breathe ?
 That the seed, Thou hast sown,
 May not abide alone,
 But spring up, blade and ear,
 As Harvest draweth near :
Lord, we believe.

3. *O ye of little faith:*

This Thou might'st say in wrath ;
 But 'tis a gentle word
 Of Thine, our patient Lord ;
 That 'neath Thy Spirit's touch
 Nobler faith we avouch :
Lord, we believe.

4. *O ye of little faith:*

"Little"! Therefore almost death ;
 Lord, for Thine Own Name's sake
 Be pleas'd all souls to shake ;
 That leaning on Thy strength
 We strong shall be at length ;
Lord, we believe.

5. *O ye of little faith:*

We place us Thee beneath ;
 Grant us, Lord, more to pray ;
 Grant us, more to obey ;
 Grant us, Lord, all to dare
 Thine Own great faith to share :
Lord, we believe.

CLI. WEARINESS. St John iv. 6, 31-32.

1. TIR'D in brain and tir'd in limb,
 Ah! I often think of Him
 Who, as great St John doth tell,
 Sate a-weary on the Well.
2. Would His tirèdness were mine,
 Working at His work divine ;
 Walking across Galilee
 One frail woman there to see.
3. Tir'd in brain and tir'd in limb
 Ah! I often think of Him ;
 I would seek His heav'nly "meat"—
 Sweet as manna—on that seat.
4. Nor would I e'er fail to see
 How my Lord instructeth me,
 That well-ledge, or anywhere
 Pulpit be, truth to declare.
5. Wondrous words that there were spoken ;
 Words that never shall be broken ;
 Worship to no spot confin'd,
 Worship free to all mankind.

6. O my God, I Thee beseech
That this lesson Thou me teach ;
To o'ercome all weariness
Nor spare myself one soul to bless.
7. Let me take Thy larger view
Nor sacerdotal hold for true ;
But, in lowly parallel,
Speak for Thee by wayside Well.

CLII. DIVINE CHOOSING.

“ He shall choose our inheritance for us.”—Psalm xlvii. 4.

“ What I shall choose I wot not.”—Philippians 2. 23.

1. CHOOSE for me, Lord, O leave not me to choose !
I know not what to ask, or to refuse ;
O God, my God, Thou art too wise to err !
Choose Thou for me ; I all to Thee refer.
2. Thou knowest poverty ; Thou knowest wealth ;
Languor of sickness ; confidence of health ;
Choose for me, Lord, I know not what is best ;
Thou art too just to wrong—on Thee I rest.
3. What work for Thee to do ; where I shall go ;
O my Lord, order Thou ! I do not know ;
I fear to choose self-pleasing scenes and things ;
Choose for me, Lord, and give the peace it brings.
4. Or long, or short, or dark, or bright my way,
'Tis not, O gracious Lord, for me to say ;
Choose Thou for me, and make Thy choosing
mine,
Whate'er Thy Love may unto me assign.

5. Choose for me, Lord, O leave me not to choose !
I know not what to ask, or to refuse ;
O God, my God, Thou art too wise to err !
Choose Thou for me, I all to Thee refer.

CLIII. UNREST.

“ O that I had wings like a dove ; for then would I fly away and be at rest.”—Psalm lv. 6.

1. NOT wings of the eagle, great-feather'd and wide
That up on the tall cliff his eyrie doth hide ;
But O Thou my Saviour ! wilt in Thy great love
Bestow upon me as 'twere wings of a dove ?
2. Timorous and weak, Lord, am I at the best ;
Soon flutters this tremulous heart in my breast ;
Ah ! Then, gentle Saviour, my failings forgive ;
Like wing-weary dove, my lorn spirit revive.
3. All round me, O Lord, are sorrow and sin ;
Unfitted for striving, wilt Thou shut me in ?
All ruffled Faith's pinions as of rain-dabbled dove,
To Thy heart take me home that no longer I rove.
4. O Home of the blessed ! O mansions prepar'd !
For you I am panting ; all, for you I have dar'd ;
Fain, fain would I fly as a dove to her nest,
And enter, through grace, Lord, Thy haven of rest.
5. Not wings of the eagle, great-feather'd and wide
That up on the tall cliff his eyrie doth hide ;
But O Thou my Saviour ! wilt in Thy great love
Bestow upon me as 'twere wings of a dove ?

CLIV. CASTAWAY. Psalm lxxxix. 49.

1. LORD, In uttermost distress
 Thou did'st me bless,
As I unto Thee did cling;
 Yea mad'st me sing;
Wherefore, my God, in present ill,
I place me 'neath Thy gracious will.
2. Dark and strong the tempest rose,
 With blows on blows;
But Faith's eye beheld Thee nigh,
 And sent a cry
That brought me Thy tender "Fear not";
And lo! all peril was forgot.
3. So in this time of stormful grief
 I seek relief;
And will not my Hope-anchor lift,
 Nor from Thee drift;
What Thou hast been, O Lord, Thou art,
Still playing the true Keeper's part.
4. O God! my God! whate'er betide
 Be Thou my guide;
Nor suffer dark and cloudy day
 Me to affray;
Thou hast me kept, Thou wilt me keep;
So Thou giv'st "Thy beloved sleep."

CLV. DESPONDENCY. Ecclesiastes ii. 20.

1. LORD GOD, I walk in blankest gloom,
 Shadows of death lade my dim eyes ;
 O wilt Thou cause light to arise ?
 Pity me, and my path illumine !
 Hear Thou my broken words and cries !
2. Lord God, It was not thus of old ;
 My first love shone until it glowed ;
 Thy Cross revealed how much I owed ;
 Thy Gospel wondrous things me told,
 And more and more me debtor showed.
3. Lord God, search me I Thee entreat ;
 Whate'er 'tis that this darkness brings
 And peoples it with ghostly things ;
 I cast me groping at Thy feet—
 I must lie low ; I have no wings.
4. Lord God, Thy promises I plead ;
 In deepest gloom I still trust Thee ;
 I see not, but Thou Lord, dost see ;
 O wilt Thou for me intercede ?
 Wilt Thou give light and set me free ?

CLVI. REST. St Matthew xi. 28.

Requiescite in Eo, et quieti eritis.—St Augustine (Conf., lib. iv. xii.).

1. REST in Christ and be at rest ;
 Vain elsewhere will be your quest ;
 The heart is made for God alone
 And restless is as wave-washed stone
 Till it welcomes Him for guest—
 Then it enters His Own rest.

2. Rest in Christ and be at rest ;
When by doubt or fear opprest,
Telling to Him all thy fears ;
Weeping at His feet thy tears ;
By Himself thou wilt be blest,
From Him win His Own deep rest.
3. Rest in Christ and be at rest,
Of our faith the sweetest test ;
If thy days be grey and dreary,
If thy heart and feet be weary ;
Hie to Him, and all confest
He will give restoring rest.
4. Rest in Christ and be at rest,
E'en if anguish ring thy breast ;
Lean upon Him, whose heart was broken ;
He will give thee a secret token ;
With light blackest cloud invest ;
"It is I," bring peace and rest.
5. Rest in Christ and be at rest,
He is our "God manifest" ;
Sinners' Saviour, sinners' Friend,
He all needed help doth send ;
Hears each word to Him address,
Crowns all with heart-calming rest.
6. Rest in Christ and be at rest ;
Vain elsewhere will be your quest ;
The heart is made for God alone
And restless is as wave-washed stone
Till it welcomes Him for guest—
Then it enters His Own rest.

CLVII. HEAVENLY USE OF EARTHLY THINGS. I Corinthians vii. 31.

1. *GIVE heav'nly use of earthly things :*
Use, O my God, that leaves no stings ;
Use, that to Jesus ever brings.
2. *Give heav'nly use of earthly things :*
Use, that doth lift on sunny wings ;
Upsoaring to the King of Kings.
3. *Give heav'nly use of earthly things :*
That sings at toil and toiling sings ;
Unto the harp of thousand strings.
4. *Give heav'nly use of earthly things :*
Use, that still to the Cross firm-clings ;
And selfish idling from it flings.
5. *Give heav'nly use of earthly things :*
Ev'n when sore doubt my spirit wrings ;
And betwixt Hell and Heav'n it swings.
6. *Give heav'nly use of earthly things :*
From the great debt of Love that springs ;
Till Heaven with the music rings.
7. *Give heav'nly use of earthly thing s*
Use, O my God, that leaves no stings ;
Use, that to Jesus ever brings.

CLVIII. GOD'S CHOOSING FOR US.

"Thy way, not mine, O Lord!"—DR HORATIUS BONAR.

Psalm cx. 3.

1. "MY way, not Thine, O Lord!"
This, my rebellious word;
But Thou hast chang'd it quite,
"Thy way, not mine," is right.
2. "My way, not Thine": my heart
Loth was with this to part;
"Thy way, not mine" by grace
Now, Lord, has ta'en its place.
3. "My way, not Thine": alas!
Still thro' my mind will pass;
"Thy way, not mine," Lord, make
Too strong for aught to shake.
4. "My way, not Thine": O Lord,
It pierc'd me like a sword;
"Thy way, not mine," uplifts
And each temptation sifts.
5. "My way, not Thine," misleads
And brings forth all ill deeds;
"Thy way, not mine," brings peace
And all its sweet release.
6. "My way, not Thine": I mourn
It ever should return;
"Thy way, not mine"; all praise
I this refrain may raise.

CLIX. THE GOD OF PATIENCE.

(AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL.)

Romans xv. 5.

1. O GOD of Patience ! I extol
Thy long long patience with my soul :
Far back in childhood's sunny days
Thou guarded'st me in all my ways ;
Did'st give to me a Christian home,
Where I oft heard Thy sweet word "Come" ;
But still, alas ! delay'd, nor sought
To Thee, my Saviour, to be brought.
2. O God of Patience ! I extol
Thy long long patience with my soul :
As I grew up in days and years,
A father's and a mother's tears
I saw ; and heard them pray and speak
With silent drops upon their cheek ;
I promis'd ; but would not decide—
And on and on my years did glide.
3. O God of Patience ! I extol
Thy long long patience with my soul :
When thought awoke within my brain,
And I all knowledge sought to gain ;
In pride of intellect I laugh'd,
The "higher learning" as I quaff'd ;
Till, like unto a broken sword
I flung from me, O God, Thy Word.

4. O God of Patience ! I extol
 Thy long long patience with my soul :
 My mother's grave my Sinai was,
 But light, not lightning, was the cause,
 That won me from my unbelief,
 And staunch'd an aging father's grief ;
 Softly my childhood's prayer return'd
 And my old faith within me burn'd.

5. O God of Patience ! I extol
 Thy long long patience with my soul ;
 With a great love that never tires
 Thou Lord, hast cleans'd me in Thy fires ;
 Hast held me, led me, taught me still,
 And moulded me to Thy sweet will ;
 And now Thy peace within my breast
 Foretells " The Everlasting Rest."

CLX. DEADLY SWEET.

Nam tu semper aderas misericorditer saeviens, et amarissimis adspargens offensionibus omnes illicitas iocunditates meas, ut ita quaererem sine offensione iocundari.—St Augustine (Conf., lib. ii. ii.). Mortifera suavitate . . . dulces laqueos (*Ib.*, vi. xii.)

- I. BESPRINKLE, Lord, with bitterness
 Whate'er of sweet Thou canst not bless ;
 Let nothing pleasing be to me
 That is displeasing unto Thee :
 Do Thou me WHOLLY sanctify
 To love " with pure heart fervently."

2. Alas ! The tempter doth prevail !
Piercing with fiery darts my mail ;
Pressing me in sorest straits,
Snaring me with alluring baits :
Do Thou me WHOLLY sanctify,
To love "with pure heart fervently."
3. Besprinkle, Lord, with bitterness
Whate'er of sweet Thou canst not bless ;
Let nothing pleasing be to me
That is displeasing unto Thee :
Do Thou me WHOLLY sanctify
To love "with pure heart fervently."
4. The red wine quivers in the cup,
And I am urg'd to quaff it up ;
But ah ! I've drunk the bitter dregs
And so in vain now Pleasure begs :
Do Thou me WHOLLY sanctify
To love "with pure heart fervently."
5. Besprinkle, Lord, with bitterness
Whate'er of sweet Thou canst not bless ;
Let nothing pleasing be to me
That is displeasing unto Thee :
Do Thou me WHOLLY sanctify
To love "with pure heart fervently."
6. Beauty comes with passionate breath ;
Thou hast shewn me "way of death" :
Wounds deadlier than dagger's thrust
Slow-sure avengers of "former lust" :
Do Thou me WHOLLY sanctify
To love "with pure heart fervently."

7. Besprinkle, Lord, with bitterness
Whate'er of sweet Thou canst not bless ;
Let nothing pleasing be to me
That is displeasing unto Thee :
Do Thou me WHOLLY sanctify
To love "with pure heart fervently."
8. Gain by lying ! base success !
Profanity, ungodliness ;
Thou hast torn the fair-seeming veil
That idly now they me assail :
Do Thou me WHOLLY sanctify
To love "with pure heart fervently."
9. Besprinkle, Lord, with bitterness
Whate'er of sweet Thou canst not bless ;
Let nothing pleasing be to me
That is displeasing unto Thee :
Do Thou me WHOLLY sanctify
To love "with pure heart fervently."
10. O Saviour mine ! upon the Cross
Thy blood restores my awful loss ;
Now break my chain that I may be
Deliver'd from Sin's slavery ;
Do Thou me WHOLLY sanctify
To love "with pure heart fervently."

CLXI. DIVINE AND HUMAN LOVE.

Ephesians iii. 19.

1. I PANT—I long—I pine,
I seek One to be mine ;
Now in sweet ecstasy,
Anon I dread and sigh ;

Tumultuous my love,—
How unlike Thine Above !

2. E'en in best love to Thee
I lack tranquillity ;
To-day walk in delight,
To-morrow in black night ;
Stormy, changeful ever,
Calm as Thou art, never.
3. O for Thy "perfect peace" !
That never knows excess ;
Thy stillness as sea-deeps
Howe'er the tempest sweeps ;
Thy silence so serene
Whatever intervene.
4. Thou lovest in pure love,
No passion doth Thee move ;
Hush'd as that sea did show
When forth Thy word did go ;
Give me this love of Thine,
So placid, pure, divine.
5. Alas ! alas ! O Lord !
I must bring lowly word ;
Disorderly and tost
My love is at the most ;
O for Thy holy love !
Born of the Heavenly Dove !

CLXII. COMPENSATIONS. Romans viii. 28.

1. THERE are tears in many eyes
 But there are also bright'ning smiles ;
There are pleasures pain's disguise,
 But there are joys that are not guiles ;
Smiles or tears, or guiles or truth,
Keep us, Lord, in Thy sweet ruth.

2. There are hearts bow'd down in fear,
 But there are also hearts that bound ;
There are friendless, with none near,
 But friends too for friendless found.
Glad or sad, friendless or friended,
Lord, let us be still defended.

3. There are those who walk in gloom,
 But there are those who walk in light ;
'There are tempted overcome,
 But victors as well, in the fight.
Shine or shade, vanquish'd or winning,
By Thy grace shield us from sinning.

4. There are those who sigh for Death,
 But some to whom this life is great ;
Some alas ! count prayer but breath,
 There are others who on God wait ;
Death or life, prayerless or praying,
Keep us, dear Lord, from wrongly straying.

CLXIII. IMPATIENCE.

“I said in my haste, all men are liars.”—Psalm cxvi. 2. St Luke xxi, 19; Romans xv. 5; James i. 3; 2 Timothy ii. 24.

1. O LORD my God, I look to Thee;
Wilt Thou be pleas'd to look to me?
I mourn that I *impatient* am,
And dare Thy conqu'ring grace to claim:
O Lamb of God, how patient Thou!
Thy patience long, help me to show.
2. Like as the flint unto the tinder,
Or dull'd fire within the cinder;
This stony heart of mine, O Lord,
Is apt to flame up at a word;
Forgive—forgive, and me constrain
That I the vict'ry may obtain.
3. When Thou seest passion in me burn,
Upon me, Lord, Thy meek Face turn;
Such vision giving me of Faith;
So touching me with Thy soft breath;
That I shall not *impatient* be,
But find myself conform'd to Thee.
4. How long Thou borest my neglect!
Nor didst slow penitence reject;
How oft forgave as oft I ask'd!
How soon again Thy grace I task'd!
O Lord, bestow self-mastery,
That ruth not wrath on my lips lie.

5. I would not anger'd be but griev'd
When I do find myself deceiv'd ;
I would be kind to ignorance,
Rememb'ring Thy long-sufferance ;
I would Thy gentleness approach,
On Thy name never bring reproach.
6. Like Thee I would hate only sin,
But hating it, the sinner win ;
Not anger Lord, but Thine Own grace
Help me to show in voice and face ;
Impatient but with my own self ;
Impatience shunning as sunk shelf.

CLXIV. JOY BORN OF PAIN.

Acts of the Apostles xiv. 22.

Ubique maius gaudium molestia maiori praeceeditur.—St Augustine
(Conf., lib. viii. iii.).

1. JOY is oft the white flower of Pain,
Bursting from sere and rugged root ;
But comes the sunshine, comes the rain,
And lo ! at last hangs mellow fruit !
2. Joy is a red-tongu'd flame from fire,
Leaping out of a sheath of smoke ;
Anon it quivers, spire on spire,
And not without keen touch, yea stroke.
3. Joy is oft like to furnace gold,
Shifted and sifted, seven times seven ;
Till gazing on it we behold
All speckless by light of Heaven.

4. Joy oft times is like lightning flash,
Life's sky left darker than before ;
But by-and-bye through thunder's crash
Love's " still small voice " sounds midst the
 roar.
5. The greater pain the greater joy,
The greater joy the greater pain ;
All Earth's pleasures—how soon they cloy !
Ah ! Christ-sent loss is our best gain.

CLXV. RETURNS. Jeremiah xviii. 20.

1. I GIVE Thee hate for love,
 Thou love for hate ;
O sin all sins above,
 Heartless—ingrate ;
Reach hither, Lord, Thy crimson Hand,
That I, heart-chang'd, before Thee stand.
2. I give Thee pride for grace
 Thou grace for pride ;
I dare scarce lift my face,
 Yet would not hide ;
Reach hither, Lord, Thy crimson Hand,
That I, heart-chang'd, before Thee stand.
3. I give Thee wrath for ruth,
 Thou ruth for wrath ;
Yea falsehood for Thy truth,
 E'en in " the path " ;
Reach hither, Lord, Thy crimson Hand,
That I, heart-chang'd, before Thee stand.

4. I give Thee dross for gold,
 Thou gold for dross ;
 How may it all be told ?
 Lo ! Thy great cross !
 Reach hither, Lord, Thy crimson Hand,
 That I, heart-chang'd, before Thee stand.
5. I give at best my heart,
 Thou givest Thine ;
 O with Thy gracious art
 Thine mine combine ;
 Reach hither, Lord, Thy crimson Hand,
 That I, heart-chang'd, before Thee stand.

CLXVI. IT IS WELL. 2 Kings iv. 26.

1. TAK'ST Thou from us, Lord, what Thou hadst
 given ?
 " It is well."
 See'st how hardly put we are, and driven ?
 " It is well."
 Come crowns or crosses, come or bright or dark,
 " It is well."
 For, Lord, we know Thou all our way dost mark ;
 " It is well."
2. Once our home was brighten'd with child-faces ;
 It was well ;
 Thou taredst them from our love's embraces ;
 " It is well."
 This, Lord, our joy, that all the lambs are safe ;
 " It is well."
 Thou keep'st them for us, and we do not chafe ;
 " It is well."

When to hold bound and when to free :
O my thrice-loving God,
Shine Thou upon my road !

2. More and more
 My heart is sore
Because of sin that still enchains ;
 But I know
 'Midst my woe,
My Jesus loves and all ordains ;
 My Saviour, hear my cry,
 Behold my tear-drench'd eye !

3. In and out
 Evil rout
Of ghostly tempters me assail ;
 Lord, me take
 As I quake ;
Arm me with Thy heav'nly mail ;
 My Lord, let me not yield :
 Protect me with Thy shield.

4. Lord, I speak
 To Thee, meek ;
Forgive—forgive my wayward will ;
 Christ, my Lord,
 Deed and word
Tell me that Thou lovest still ;
 Yes Lord, Thou'lt give me ease
 And from sin's gyves release.

CLXVIII. MARY, SISTER OF LAZARUS.

St John xi. 2.

1. O TO weep as Mary wept,
And to keep where Mary kept !
Blessèd Jesus, at Thy feet
Let me make my sweet retreat !
2. O to weep as Mary wept,
And to keep where Mary kept !
Sorrowing for all my sin,
Yearning pard'ning love to win.
3. O to weep as Mary wept,
And to keep where Mary kept !
Drinking in Thy mighty words
E'en when they pierce as swords.
4. O to weep as Mary wept,
And to keep where Mary kept !
Hon'ring Thee with a full heart,
Gaining peace yet owning smart.
5. O to weep as Mary wept,
And to keep where Mary kept !
Ah ! Thou didst her softly bless ;
Cleanse me in Thy tenderness.
6. O to weep as Mary wept,
And to keep where Mary kept !
I seek no record grand as hers
Yet the name Thy grace confers.

7. O to weep as Mary wept,
 And to keep where Mary kept !
 Blessèd Jesus, at Thy feet
 Let me make my sweet retreat !

CLXIX. RUINS. Acts of the Apostles xv. 16.

1. I SAW a dove, white-wing'd, close sitting
 I' the broken altar of ruin grey ;
 That, save for sunshine green-sifted, flitting,
 Seemed personification of Decay ;
 Sweet dove ! white-wing'd, thou life wast 'midst
 dying
 And broughtest brightness in thy level-flying.
2. O Thou Dove Holy ! in my heart dwelling ;
 Methinks 'tis to a ruin Thou hast come ;
 And yet the peace and hope in me swelling
 Assure me Thou art making it Thy home ;
 Ah ! Holy Ghost, 'tis broken hearts Thou
 hauntest,
 Nor the most desolate or foul Thee dauntest.

CLXX. “*FAITH WITHOUT A PERHAPS.*”

—COUNT AGÉNOR DE GASPARIN.

I Timothy ii. 8.

1. WHAT makes a man sincere,
 Humble—devout ? *Soul* hear !
Faith without a perhaps :
 Whether good or ill haps

Still on and on he goes,
Dauntless 'gainst all his foes ;
Knightly weapons his arms,
THE CHRIST shields in all harms.

2. What makes a man sincere,
Humble—devout ? *Heart* hear !
Faith without a perhaps :
All his way THE WORD maps ;
Nor will he turn aside,
But still in Him abide ;
Still with a tranquil eye
Look to Jesus on High.
3. What makes a man sincere,
Humble—devout ? *Will* hear !
Faith without a perhaps,
That laughs at Death's lean chaps ;
Fears not his sting or grave ;
Is God's child and not slave ;
Knows that the Prince of Life
Is with him in the strife.
4. What makes a man sincere,
Humble—devout ? *Love* hear !
Faith without a perhaps :
God's Cov'nant has no gaps,
But from childhood to age
Thro' longest pilgrimage,
Standeth still firm and sure
And shall to th' end endure.
5. What makes a man sincere,
Humble—devout ? *Peace* hear !
Faith without a perhaps,
Nor mis-speaks when it laps :

—As they by Jordan old
In Bible-story told—
But clear as note of bell,
Of God's Own Israel.

CLXXI. THE BENDING BOUGH, OR SONG
AND WINGS. Psalm lvi. 3.

1. LO ! on the tree-top's topmost twig
A nightingale clear-singing ;
With passionate jug-jug and trig !
The while the bough is swinging ;
Bending—swaying ; swaying—bending
Yet the song is still unending ;
How is it so that thus it sings ?
Ah ! *It knows that it has wings.*
2. Heart of mine ! the sweet message take
Straight home from th' Hand of God ;
Let solid Earth beneath Thee shake,
Tread thee where He has trod ;
Thy duty aye with beauty blending,
Still a note of praise up-sending ;
Singing as the sweet bird sings,
Feeling thy soul, too, has wings.
3. O charming bird of trustful breast,
Singing thus on swaying bough,
Against the thorn thy brave heart prest ;
I would be deep-taught of thee now ;
Thy twig bending, downward tending,
But the root strong ; and defending
Is God's gift of our soaring wings ;
And so unfearing my soul sings.

CLXXII. MY CHOICE. Psalm ix. 14.

1. LORD, By grace I have made my choice,
In Thy salvation I rejoice ;
I as one of a fallen race
Have grasp'd Thy universal grace.
2. Lord, By grace I have made my choice,
In Thy salvation I rejoice ;
No price I brought, no price I bring,
Thy free salvation makes me sing.
3. Lord, By grace I have made my choice,
In Thy salvation I rejoice ;
I empty was, I'm empty still,
Thy full salvation doth me fill.
4. Lord, By grace I have made my choice,
In Thy salvation I rejoice ;
I doubted sore, doubts yet assail,
Thy strong salvation gives me mail.
5. Lord, By grace I have made my choice,
In Thy salvation I rejoice ;
Ah ! Transient are all things that move
But Thine is everlasting love.

CLXXIII. LONGINGS. Psalm cxix. 20.

1. WITH ev'ry wild'ring mist dispersed,
In great deeps of Thy Love immersed ;
Holding Thee as my heart's treasure,
In Love's measure without measure ;
O God, keep me a child of light,
Yea, ev'n with Thine Own brightness bright.

2. Not with my senses but with sense,
 Seek I to grow in excellence ;
 Make Thou my mind, make Thou my heart
 To conquer all Thy Will would thwart ;
 My cleansèd soul a temple be,
 Like Thine in speckless purity.
3. Alas ! alas ! the World hard tempts,
 Nor the most gracious heart exempts ;
 Alas ! how prone to "turn aside"
 Ev'n those who close to Thee abide :
 O for Thy thrice-controlling force,
 From sin, Lord Christ, me to divorce !
4. Thou seest, knowest me, my Saviour,
 O'erwatching daily my behaviour ;
 Wilt Thou me of Thy grace, forgive ?
 Wilt Thou to my dead heart say 'live' ?
 I mourn, I weep, that I should be,
 So easily led to stray from Thee.

CLXXIV. LOVELINESS.

Argument on such a subject is purely vexatious and barren, and wastes the time which should be spent in thankful hymns for the precious gift of loveliness.—WALTER BESANT ("Children of Gideon," Bk. I. c. i.).

1. O I HAVE seen a face so fair !
 Form—features—colours all so rare,
 That, charm'd by its pure loveliness,
 I did for it the dear Lord bless.
2. It was face of a five-year'd child
 That all unconscious as it smil'd
 Made me needs look for flash of wings
 Such as cherub to our dim Earth brings.

3. O the miracle of those eyes !
Radiant as hues of sun-set skies :
Rains—dews—thunders and the levin
Ah—Half of hell, if half of heaven !
4. As if 'neath the Ev'ning star's glow
Rises—mind full—a dome-like brow
With such a wealth of shimm'ring hair
As tho' sunbeams commingling were.
5. Her hands ! How wonderful are they !
Small—long-finger'd—shell-nail'd as Fay ;
And her voice in throat and tongue
Cunningest instrument of song.
6. Laud, O Christ, for the beautiful,
We would receive it dutiful ;
As Thou hast form'd wilt Thou it guard
That all hurt be from her debarr'd.
7. O I have seen a face so fair !
Form—features—colours all so rare,
That, charm'd by its pure loveliness,
I did for it the dear Lord bless.

CLXXV. A JUBILEE ROYAL SAYING.

. . . *deliciosas lassitudines*.—St Augustine (Conf., lib. x. xxxiv.).

2 Corinthians xi. 25-30.

A pleasing little episode was recorded in the public prints of her Majesty on alighting from her carriage after the THANKSGIVING SERVICE in Westminster Abbey. The lord in waiting who was assisting the Queen in getting out of her carriage, asked whether her Majesty did not feel very fatigued. "No," was the bright,

grateful and graceful reply, "I am too happy to feel tired." This is only one of a thousand human touches that knit our Queen to her subjects far beyond her sovereign dignities. Nehemiah had found this out when he gave the counsel—"This day is holy unto the Lord ; neither be ye sorry ; for *the joy of the Lord* is your *strength*" (Nehemiah iv. 10).

1. *I'm too happy to feel tired :*

Words of our beloved Queen,
As her human heart was fired
By the august sight just seen ;
When, in grey Westminster bowed,
Queen and subjects all re-vowed.

2. *I'm too happy to feel tired :*

Words of our beloved Queen ;
Merely to be read ? admired ?
Nay ; for " fine issues," I ween ;
Taken for impulse to bring
Glad service to our God and King.

3. *I'm too happy to feel tired :*

Words of our beloved Queen ;
Ye who serve God as if hired,
See how 'tis your work's so mean ;
All who, in love, The Master serve
Shall surely their first joy preserve.

4. *I'm too happy to feel tired :*

Words of our beloved Queen ;
May we all by them be inspired,
Catching something of Heav'n's sheen ;
Combining work with heart-fill'd zeal
We never tiredness shall feel.

5. *I'm too happy to feel tired :*
Words of our beloved Queen,
As her human heart was fired
By the august sight just seen ;
When in grey Westminster bowed,
Queen and subjects all re-vowed.

CLXXVI. CUP RUNNING OVER.

Psalm xxiii. 5.

1. I HAVE a home with Heav'n's own lustre bright ;
A wife and children, "walking in the light" ;
My means a happy mean, if 'tis not wealth,
And day by day strong in unbroken health ;
O Lord ! my heart-thanks forth I pour ;
For truly "my cup runneth o'er."
2. I have a LIBRARY of many books—
The spoil of long years searching i' hidden nooks ;
Choice knowledge gained on rare and elect days
From men and books, in many lands, in sunny
ways ;
O Lord ! my heart-thanks forth I pour ;
For truly "my cup runneth o'er."
3. I have inner circle of true friends I love,
Anchored not changeful,—ties are from Above ;
Trusted and trustful or in grief or joy,
Aye drawing nearer, if has come annoy ;
O Lord ! my heart-thanks forth I pour ;
For truly "my cup runneth o'er."

4. I have THE MASTER'S charter Him to serve
 (From line Christolical ne'er let me swerve) ;
 He uses me His Great Gospel to preach,
 Laud to His grace if I men's hearts do reach ;
 O Lord ! my heart-thanks forth I pour ;
 For truly " my cup runneth o'er."
5. I have received Thy chastening, dear Lord ;
 To me Thou hast fulfilled Thy tender word ;
 As son not servant, Thou hast with me dealt :
 Musing o'er all Thy way, O Lord ! I melt ;
 Yea Lord ! my heart-thanks forth I pour,
 In this too " my cup runneth o'er."
6. Full oft, O Lord ! has come to me and mine,
 Abounding blessing, such as seem'd divine ;
 Surchargèd so that I could hold no more—
 Ah !—David's great word—" My cup runneth
 o'er" ;
 O Lord ! my heart-thanks now I bring,
 Like him I would adoring sing.
7. If later, Lord, Thy heavy rod has come,
 I would not make complaint ; I would be dumb ;
 All things laid on me have co-worked for good,
 For sanctified have all been by " The Blood " ;
 O Lord ! my heart-thanks forth I pour
 Still—still my cup keeps " running o'er."

CLXXVII. THE BOW IN THE CLOUD.

Genesis ix. 13.

1. DARK without, within I go ;
 Fearful, faintful, weary, slow ;
 Groping through the broad'ning dark ;
 Prithee, Lord, my way to mark :

Look upon me in my woe,
Bend o'er me Thy cov'nant Bow;
As the dawn across the wold
Flash its brightness seven-fold.

2. Earth is black—I look Above;
Man is hard—Thou, pitying, Love!
Creeping, where I cannot see,
Weeping, where words my lips flee;
 Look upon me in my woe,
 Bend o'er me Thy cov'nant Bow;
 As the dawn across the wold
 Flash its brightness seven-fold.
3. Thanks, O Lord, for Thou hast heard;
Praise, my God, for Thy true word;
Lo! I see the yearn'd for sign;
Lo! I know that Thou art mine:
 Thou hast bent Thy cov'nant Bow,
 Whence no vengeful arrows go;
 As the dawn across the wold
 Bursts its brightness seven-fold.

CLXXVIII. WAKEFULNESS AND UNREST.

“Speak Lord! for Thy servant heareth.”—I Samuel iii. 9.

1. “SPEAK, Lord, for Thy servant heareth”:
 Let me catch Thy guiding word;
My heart waiting, watching, feareth;
 Thou alone can'st peace afford.

2. "Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth":
Tossing—wistful—languid—weak;
O my God, the morning neareth,
Wilt Thou not Thy silence break?
3. "Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth":
Thou my aching heart dost know;
Thy blest Spirit's witness cheereth;
Lord, that witness now bestow.
4. "Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth":
Rough the sea and dark the night;
But I know, O Lord, Who steereth;
Lift Thy face and all is light.
5. "Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth":
I am trembling like a reed;
Star! That in our need appeareth;
Shine on me in this my need.
6. "Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth":
By Thy "still small voice" release;
Then howe'er my poor heart veereth,
I shall enter into peace.

CLXXIX. THE CUP OF CONSOLATION.

Jeremiah xvi. 7.

"The God of consolation."—Romans xv. 5.

- I. THOU gavest me the "Cup of Consolation,"
When I was left in utter desolation;
Alone, upon the gaunt peak of Despair
I stood; but not alone, for Thou wast there.

2. Thou stooped'st over Thy bruised child, O Lord ;
And 'mid the dark, did'st breathe the healing
word ;
My heart, grief-laden, all life's light gone out ;
Thou wast not angry e'en with my wild doubt.
3. I strove—like him by Jabbok—heart of evil
Affirming that not God reign'd but the devil ;
Thou knewest all, and with mild mightiness
Granted'st a mother's kiss in my distress.
4. Thou gavest me the "Cup of Consolation,"
When I was left in utter desolation ;
Alone, upon the gaunt peak of Despair
I stood ; but not alone, for Thou wast there.
5. O Saviour ! Praise for Thy magnanimous grace,
That thus me follow'd to my hiding-place ;
I had forsaken Thee, yet was Thy child,
Nor would'st Thou of Thy lost one be beguil'd.
6. Wild words of anguish from my parch'd lips
broke ;
An atheist's heart invited vengeful stroke ;
Thou heardest all, and mightest me have smote ;
Thou heardest all but only all to blot.
7. Thou sound'st the deeps of a bewilder'd soul,
When all Thy billows over it do roll ;
And still rememb'rest Thy forsaken pang,
When Thou 'neath blank skies on Thy Cross
did'st hang.

8. Thou gavest me the "Cup of Consolation,"
When I was left in utter desolation ;
Alone, upon the gaunt peak of Despair
I stood ; but not alone, for Thou wast there.

CLXXX. THE ROD THAT BUDDED
AND BLOSSOMED. Numbers xvii.

1. IN the story of Israel,
The Word of God doth to us tell
How Aaron's rod, that was a wand,
Budded and blossomed in his hand ;
For God a great word had spoken,
And seal'd its truth by this token.
2. O Lord my God, Thou changest not,
Nor deed of kindness e'er doth blot :
I, too, through Thy so tender ruth
Have come to know this precious truth ;
Thy heaviest rod upon me laid,
To bud and blossom Thou hast made.
3. '*Thy rod and staff they comfort me*' :
'Tis David's sweetest melody ;
O Lord, I would catch up his song !
Affliction ne'er has done me wrong ;
For still Thy rod, like growing thing,
Fragrance and fruit from Thee did bring.
4. I bless Thee, Lord, that I can say
That light has come in darkest day ;
Sickness and grief transfigurèd,
Made me of my cross unafraid :
Praise be to Thee, "my Lord, my God,"
Thou sanctifiest every ROD.

CLXXXI. ROOTED BY THE RIVER.

(WRITTEN BY THE WELLS OF ELIM.)

Psalm i. 3.

1. TREES rooted by a river
Their fresh leaf fadeth never ;
Tho' sere and parch'd the earth
In long and rainless dearth ;
They put forth " living green "
Affording welcome screen.
2. Great Gardener ! look on me !
I would be such a tree ;
Rooted by gleaming river
That flows, still floweth ever ;
Nursed by Thy Spirit's breath
Redeemèd by Thy Death.
3. Sometimes we see an oak
Blasted by lightning's stroke ;
It stands a spectral thing,
Tho' 'tis life-breathing Spring :
Forbid such oak should be
Symbol of mine, or me.
4. Thy gracious word fulfil !
Work in me by Thy Will ;
Rooted in Thee, to grow
Where " living waters " flow ;
And so with fruit abound
Ev'n in Earth's sterile ground.

CLXXXII. “ WE ARE TIRED, MY HEART
AND I. ” — MRS E. B. BROWNING.

Galatians vi. 9 and 2 Thessalonians iii. 13.

1. THE way's long by which I hie ;
Flags my spirit wearily ;
Let Thy gracious Hand me grasp ;
Let my trembling hand Thine clasp ;
We are tir'd, my heart and I :
Ah ! But Jesus Thou art nigh.

2. Faith, once full, has ebb'd away ;
Hope, once bright, has turned to gray ;
Love, once warm, alas ! is chilled ;
Heart of peace, with tremor filled ;
We are tir'd, my heart and I :
Ah ! But Jesus Thou art nigh.

3. Might, seems winning 'gainst the right ;
Darkness, gaining on the light ;
Falsehood, putting down the Truth :
Heartlessness, mocking sweet Ruth ;
We are tir'd, my heart and I :
Ah ! But Jesus Thou art nigh.

4. Fools, still heaping up their wealth ;
Toilers, denied even health ;
Wickedness, o'erpowering good ;
And all this spite of Thy Rood ;
We are tir'd, my heart and I :
Ah ! But Jesus Thou art nigh.

5. Terror of God being dead,
And by Evil conquerèd ;
Life, o'er-ruled by circumstance ;
Destiny, a thing of chance ;
We are tir'd, my heart and I :
Ah ! But Jesus Thou art nigh.
6. Living Christ, anoint mine eyes,
Let not these things me surprise ;
All events Thou dost foreknow ;
Sure slow conquest Thou dost show ;
We are tir'd, my heart and I :
Ah ! But Jesus Thou art nigh.
7. Thy reign cometh, like the tide,
Ebbing, flowing, yet still wide ;
As it widens o'er the world
Sin shall from its seat be hurl'd ;
We are tir'd, my heart and I :
Ah ! But Jesus Thou art nigh.

CLXXXIII. SONS AND DAUGHTERS OF GOD.

“ Now are we the sons of God ” . . . —I John iii. 2. (Cf. 2 Corinthians vi. 17-18.)

1. *Now are we the sons of God :*
Spread the tidings far abroad ;
Sons of God in Jesus Christ,
Sons of God, by love unpric'd ;
Slaves of sin once, now set free,
Giv'n His “ glorious liberty ” ;
Now are we the sons of God :
Spread the tidings far abroad.

2. *Now are we the sons of God :*
Spread the tidings far abroad ;
If sons, heirs, joint-heirs with Him,
Far above even seraphim ;
Blessèd Saviour ! grace impart
That we yield up our whole heart ;
Now are we the sons of God :
Let us sing along the road.
3. *Now are we the sons of God :*
Spread the tidings far abroad ;
Here on Earth we may be poor,
But our treasure yet is sure ;
Here we may condemnèd be,
But are one in royalty ;
Now are we the sons of God :
Spread the tidings far abroad.
4. *Now are we the sons of God :*
Spread the tidings far abroad ;
Christ in us and we in Christ,
By His ever-holy tryst ;
Now it doth not yet appear ;
Yonder all shall be made clear :
Now are we the sons of God :
Heaven is our prepar'd abode.
5. *Now are we the sons of God :*
Spread the tidings far abroad ;
“ Abba Father ” ! be our song
As we joyous move along ;
Liker to Him daily grow,
Shewing what to him we owe ;
Now are we the sons of God :
Spread the tidings far abroad.

6. *Now are we the sons of God :*

Spread the tidings far abroad ;
Help us, Lord, Thee still to serve,
Never from Thy paths to swerve ;
Help us by thought, word, and deed
To commend Thy " holy seed " ;

Now are we the sons of God :

Soon to lay down Sin's sad load.

7. *Now are we the sons of God :*

Spread the tidings far abroad ;
Face to face we shall abide,
In Thy likeness satisfied ;
Knowing even as we are known ;
Manifested as Thine Own ;

Now are we the sons of God :

Spread the tidings far abroad.

CLXXXIV. IN THE FAR COUNTRY BY THE SWINE-TROUGHS.

" . . . able to save to the uttermost."—Hebrews vii. 25.

1. GOD, against Thee I have striven,
Hanging betwixt hell and heav'n ;
Conscious of Sin's driving stress ;
Conscious of my wilfulness ;
Conscious that, though knowing good,
I the paths of ill pursued :
Sinners' Saviour, hear my cry,
Look Thou on my misery.

2. Plung'd to-day in stinging grief,
Morn brings light-hearted relief ;
Climbing mountains of Despair,
Breathing atheist's thinnest air ;
Then, a rush—I bear my load
Unto Thee, Incarnate God :
Sinners' Saviour, hear my cry,
Look Thou on my misery.
3. Shudd'ring as temptation nears,
Lusts of flesh, that conscience sears ;
Ne'ertheless again I'm bound,
And by swine-troughs I am found,
Gored by Mem'ry's awful tusks,
Reft of even this World's husks :
Sinners' Saviour, here my cry,
Look Thou on my misery.
4. Tainted in my very blood, .
I betake me to Thy Rood ;
God, Thou know'st my poignant fears !
God, Thou see'st my seething tears !
Now delaying, now repenting,
Now heart-callous, now relenting :
Sinners' Saviour, hear my cry,
Look Thou on my misery.
5. God, Behold me very weary,
And my days forlorn and dreary ;
Wilt Thou hear as I still turn ?
Must Thy wrath for ever burn ?
God, O God, a castaway,
May I dare to pray to Thee ?
Sinners' Saviour, hear my cry,
Look Thou on my misery.

6. See my struggles ! O how vain !
Fast bound round as by a chain ;
See me set on fire of Hell,
Conscience tolls her portent-bell ;
But Thy Blood the flames can quench,
And my soul from ruin wrench :
Sinners' Saviour, hear my cry,
Look Thou on my misery.

CLXXXV. THE UPLIFTED SERPENT.

Numbers xxi. 4-9 ; St John iii. 14.

1. ISRAEL on plain lay dying,
Thro' the serpents fiery flying ;
But lo ! the serpent on the pole
Proclaimeth wide, 'Look, and be whole' !
'Whoever' was th' embracing word,
And Thou to it stoodst true, O Lord !
2. Gazer might crouch at the pole's foot—
Where up as palm shaft it did shoot ;
The 'look' direct ; or at far-off rim,
Pole and serpent 'minish'd and dim ;
Nearer, remoter, young or old,
Life for a look, of all was told.
3. The poison'd blood ebbèd no more,
But heal'd, re-flowèd as before ;
Glazing eye, relum'd like quench'd lamp,
Pallid brow lost its clammy damp ;
'Whoever' was th' embracing word,
And Thou to it stoodst true, O Lord !

4. Lo ! dying mother and dying child,
Clasp'd in uttermost anguish wild ;
But both up-looking to the pole
Again the red life-stream doth roll ;
And feeble Age by Faith's strong 'look,'
All weaknesses swiftly off-shook.
5. O joy to read the story true,
That no one look'd yet died in view ;
But grander is the uplifted ROOD,
Crimson'd with the all-priceless blood :
'Whoever' is th' embracing word,
And Thou to it standst true, O Lord.
6. Beyond Desert and Israel,
A fuller Gospel we've to tell ;
Life for a look to EVERY ONE,
By the great work on Calvary done ;
Life for a look—denial never ;
Life for a look—assurèd ever.
7. Rejoice, rejoice, O all the Earth ;
And break forth now with holy mirth ;
The serpent old is now death-wounded ;
Hell's kingdom lo ! Christ's cross confounded ;
'Whoever' is th' embracing word,
And Thou to it standst true, O Lord !

CLXXXVI. LITANY. St Matthew iii. 1-6.

1. O LORD, I hear the Baptist's cry,
"Repent ! The kingdom cometh nigh" ;
I catch it up ; nor would I seek
To thrust it from me, or to wreak
On olden Scribe or Pharisee,
The symbol'd woes of axe and tree.

2. Before Thee, Lord, I bow my head ;
Accept ev'n all the Baptist said ;
His loudest call, " Repent ! Repent !"
I feel as unto me 'twas sent ;
O the long patience of my God !
And doom still lingering on the road.
3. Alas ! O Lord, my penitence
Still follow'd is by fresh offence ;
Unfruitful is my life of good,
Tho' crimson'd by Thy sacred blood ;
O for a sharper sense of sin !
And high resolve the fight to win.
4. Thy Spirit, Lord, in me abide,
That I keep closer by Thy side ;
Or send me Thy sweet chastisement,
That lowlily I may " Repent " ;
I own, O God, my negligence,
I cast me on Thy love immense.
5. O, Lord, I hear the Baptist's cry
" Repent ! The kingdom cometh nigh !"
I catch it up, nor would I seek
To thrust it from me, or to wreak
On olden Scribe or Pharisee,
The symbol'd woes of axe and tree.

CLXXXVII. PENITENCE.

" Pricked to the heart."—Acts of the Apostles ii. 37.

" Cut to the heart."—Acts of the Apostles vii. 54.

1. *PRICK'D to the heart* : Lord, I would borrow
These blessed words to tell my sorrow ;
Responsive to Thy Spirit's touch,
I would to Thee my guilt avouch.

2. *Cut to the heart* : but savingly ;
Melted—not madden'd—tremblingly ;
Cut to the heart : like them of old,
But with a different meaning told.
3. *Prick'd to the heart* : as by an arrow
Shot through and through unto the marrow ;
O Lord my God, to Thee I turn ;
Heal Thou ! that I no longer mourn.
4. *Cut to the heart* : by Thy Love's token,
Thy heart, for me, on Calvary broken ;
Forgiving mercy, healing grace,
I magnify with beaming face.
5. *Prick'd to the heart* : yet Lord, believing
Thou workest in my keenest grieving ;
I place myself before Thee now,
Uplifting an unfearing brow.
6. *Cut to the heart* : but interblending
Strange happiness, from Thee descending ;
O gracious Saviour, hear my cry,
I live in Thee, for Thou didst die.
7. *Prick'd to the heart* : O words of brightness !
Prelude of the blood-wash'd whiteness ;
Give, Lord, Thy Pentecostal dower,
Make me a trophy of Thy power.
8. *Cut to the heart* : Lord, I would borrow,
The changèd words to sing my sorrow ;
My guilt I know, I mourn, I own,
Let Thy Blood shed for me atone !

CLXXXVIII. THE PENITENT.

“I will arise and go to my father.”—St Luke cxv. 18.

1. O FATHER mine, I look to Thee,
Wilt Thou, forgiving, look to me ?
In the “far country” which I sought
To utmost desolation brought ;
Bereft by those who shar’d my all,
As was Thy storied Prodigal.
2. I catch Thy call of pity “Come,”
When well to me Thou might’st be dumb ;
I feel Thy Spirit’s mighty touch
As by the swine-troughs here I crouch ;
Alas ! to Thee I turned my back,
But Thou to follow wast not slack.
3. Sick, sick at heart, and sick in brain,
Remorse accentuates the pain ;
For, O my God, I saw the light,
Yet plung’d into the foulest night ;
Thy Gospel heard, as child, and knew
From sainted mother’s lips ’twas true.
4. Alas ! How have I serv’d the devil !
Still lusting after all things evil ;
Hard is the bondage, and exacting ;
And all its pleasure, merest acting ;
What am I, that thus Thou hast borne ?
Immense the grace that bids return.

5. Bone-weary on my wretched quest,
An aching heart still longs for rest ;
Dark memories my soul appal,
And " old sins " like to fire-sleet fall :
I lay me, Lord, at Thy cross down ;
Guilty, hell-worthy—I all own.
6. Lo ! At Thy feet I prostrate lie,
Accepting Thy tender clemency ;
As now it quivers in my heart,
" Come ye, come unto Me, and rest " :
O Father mine, I look to Thee,
Wilt Thou, forgiving, look to me ?

CLXXXIX. PENITENT RETURN.

Genesis xviii. 27.

1. I GRASP Thy Hand, O God, in trust,
Tho' I be but a child of dust ;
For when Thou wast with us below
Children of dust to Thee did go ;
Nor ever one was bid depart
Bearing the same sin-laden heart.
2. I know my guilt, I own my shame ;
I take unto myself all blame ;
Askest Thou, did not I say " Come " ?
Before Thee, Lord, I must be dumb ;
For what long years alas ! in vain
Thou still hast sought my heart to gain.

3. Thanks, that I still am left alive ;
Thanks, that Thou still with me dost strive ;
Thanks, that in long sweet patience Thou,
Hast borne and borne with me till now ;
 Thy Love griev'd by my evil ways,
 Yet Mercy giving me more days.
4. O Lord my God, send forth Thy light,
Let it be lightning me to smite ;
O "make me willing," set me free ;
Help me surrender all to Thee :
 O Lord, forgive my late repenting !
 O pity my worn heart's lamenting !
5. I see, O Christ, "The Crucified,"
How my "hard thoughts" have Thee belied ;
My evil heart of unbelief
Too proud to seek blood-bought relief ;
 But Thou my Saviour reconciled,
 Hast at long last made me Thy child.

CXC. CONTRITION.

Psalm xxxiv. 18 ; li. 17 ; Isaiah lvii. 15.

1. O MY God, my heart is sore !
Wilt Thou heal me, I implore ?
Vain each remedy I seek ;
Thou the mighty word must speak ;
 Hear me, Lord, O hear me yet !
 Pardon, pardon, and forget.

2. Even my dim eyes perceive
More than enough Thee, Lord, to grieve ;
How much more by Thy keen glance
Mightest Thou 'gainst me advance !
Hear me, Lord, O hear me yet !
Pardon, pardon, and forget.
3. Contrite make me, contrite keep,
Look in ruth on Thy "lost" sheep ;
Ah ! Good Shepherd of the Fold,
See me wand'ring, tir'd and cold ;
Hear me, Lord, O hear me yet !
Pardon, pardon, and forget.
4. Patient, pitiful Thou art ;
Lord, Thou see'st my sin-pierc'd heart ;
Break its thralldom, and release,
Speaking Thy great word of "peace" ;
Hear me, Lord, O hear me yet !
Pardon, pardon, and forget.
5. Like pulse beating in the brain
Lord, Thou knowest this sharp pain ;
For Thy Name's sake, let me rest,
As child on its mother's breast ;
Hear me, Lord, O hear me yet !
Pardon, pardon, and forget.

CXCI. EACH DAY THE EVENING COMES
AT LAST. 2 Corinthians iv. 17-18.

1. TRIALS on trials come, but by-and-bye they go ;
Sorrows, but a soft hand o'er our wet eyes is
pass'd ;
Darkness, but in the dark, stars more in bright-
ness glow ;
It holdeth still, *Each day the ev'ning comes at
last.*
2. Life is a voyage strange on a tempestuous sea ;
Long, long have we to wait our anchor firm
to cast ;
But through the tempest fierce, Thou, gentle
Lord, dost see ;
And makest good, *Each day the ev'ning comes
at last.*
3. Life is a journey vague, leading through Wilder-
ness ;
Weary the way, and long, and rough, and sky
o'er cast ;
Pillar of cloud by day and fire by night still
bless ;
Fulfilling how *Each day the ev'ning comes at
last.*
4. Christ's own sometimes in the end speak with
weak falt'ring lips ;
Saviour ! " My God ! My God ! " that cry
made Heaven aghast !
But " It is finish'd " flash'd a grand apocalypse ;
Stablishing still, *Each day the ev'ning comes at
last.*

CXCII. GOD OF PEACE.

"Now the God of peace be with you all."—Romans xv. 33.

1. O LORD my God, look Thou into my breast,
As troubled 'tis and toss'd in wild unrest :
O wilt Thou of Thy pard'ning grace impart
To hush the tempest of a troubled heart ?
Thou, "God of Peace," calm my rebellious will,
Yea, speak Thy word of old, say "Peace! be
still!"
2. Alas! alas! O Lord, I must confess
Returns of my first conflict's deep distress ;
When sin was felt with no sight of the Rood ;
The Law accusing, but unseen "the Blood" ;
O "God of Peace," hear Thou my des'late cry,
That I may catch up Thy "Fear not, 'tis I."
3. Sorrows and worries, Lord, like wave on wave
Bring me to Thee, O Thou "mighty to save" !
Losses and crosses grieve and burden sore
And seem to say "peace, thou shalt know no
more" :
O "God of Peace," my old faith wilt Thou give ?
Then I shall see all these are fugitive.
4. O Lord my God, when trembling forth I look,
I find my "first love" chill'd, my first faith
shook ;
Old fears and doubts glide back and me assail,
Piercing with "fiery darts" my erewhile mail ;
O "God of Peace," reveal Thyself again,
Release me from this tumult and this pain.

CXCIII. THE SHINING FACE.

“The skin of his face did shine.”—Exodus xxiv. 29.

1. LORD, wilt Thou of Thy loving grace
Bestow on me the shining face?
O I would nearer and more near
Get me to Thee—more sure and clear;
Behold Thee as Thou art in Christ;
And, by Thy light be so rejoiced,
That lustre of my hiding-place
Will show its glow upon my face.
2. Of old Thy saint on Sinai's height
No mortal food, or drank, or ate;
Thou gav'st to him the heav'nly bread;
Thy Spirit, soul and body fed;
I may not seek such mighty grace,
But I would have the shining face,
That comes of closer holier walk
While with Thee as a Friend I talk.
3. If Sinai's terrors on me fall,
My God, upon Thee I will call:
O let Thy “still small voice” uphold
Whene'er Thy thunders loud are roll'd!
Be thou to me sure hiding-place
That still I shew the shining face;
Then come the dark, or come the bright,
I shall be seen a guiding light.

4. Yet "meek and lowly" would I be ;
Made like, O Jesus, unto Thee ;
The sweet attractive shining face
Unconscious all of its own grace ;
"A full assurance giv'n by looks ;
"The lineaments of Gospel books ;
"I trow that countenance cannot lie
"Whose thoughts are legible in the eye."
5. When I descend "the Mount" again
Witnessing, walking on "the plain" ;
From Tabor's radiance brought back
To grapple powers demoniac ;
O still, dear Lord, I seek that Thou
Would'st give to me Thy first love's glow ;
Yea, in the fulness of Thy grace,
Give and re-give the shining face.
6. Lord, wilt Thou of Thy loving grace
Bestow on me the shining face ?
O I would nearer and more near
Get me to Thee—more sure and clear ;
Behold Thee as Thou art in Christ ;
And, by Thy light be so rejoic'd,
That lustre of my hiding-place
Will shew its glow upon my face.

CXCIV. LILY AND CEDAR. Hosea xiv. 5-6.

1. FAIR as the LILY would I be,
But all my fairness owe to Thee ;
Like CEDAR strong, strike out my roots,
But only by Thy "dew" bear fruits ;

Fair, strong, and fruitful, Saviour mine,
As Thou bestowest grace divine.

2. The LILY'S crimson at Eve's shades
In bloom and leaf swift droops and fades ;
Not so, O Christ ! my blood-bought dress,
Thy crimson robe of righteousness ;
I wear it aye, and know no fears,
Unstain'd, unchang'd thro' all the years.
3. As 'neath the CEDAR on its mountain,
Deep-rooted by a cooling fountain ;
I would me shelter, Lord, for ever,
Beside Thy Cross, and see "the River" ;
Receiving still from Love's dear Hand
New strength, new life, as there I stand.
4. CEDAR and LILY'S freshening green
Catch up the sun's a-gold'ning sheen ;
So I—passed from Sin's darksome night—
Would walk as Thine Own child of Light ;
Fair, strong, and fruitful, Saviour mine,
As Thou bestowest grace divine.

CXCV. LAID ASIDE.

"My stroke is heavier than my groaning."—Job xxiii. 2.

1. LORD, I cannot speak *to* Thee ;
Wilt Thou, gracious, speak to me ?
Thou seest how with pain I'm wrung ;
How words falter on my tongue ;
O Thou mighty heart of Love,
Send me succour from Above !

2. Lord, I cannot speak *for* Thee ;
Wilt Thou from this silence free ?
Souls are lying on my heart,
I would warn ere I depart ;
If it please Thee, break my chain
That once more I speak again.
3. Lord, I cannot speak *with* Thee ;
For Thy Word is shut to me ;
As I languish on my bed,
I nor read nor can have read ;
Burden'd are my sleepless eyes ;
Thy Hand heavy on me lies.
4. Lord, Regard me in my grief ;
Lord, Bestow Thy sweet relief ;
Cause me, as I anguish'd lie,
Still to know that Thou art nigh ;
As to Thee my woe I bring,
O heal Thou my sorrowing !
5. Blot out my defectiveness ;
With Thy perfectness me bless ;
And that strange disturbing power
In the silent lonely hour
When Thy voice, like breaking wave,
Thunders on me—but to save.
6. Lord, I cannot speak *to* Thee ;
Wilt Thou, gracious, speak to me ?
Thou see'st how with pain I'm wrung ;
How words falter on my tongue ;
O Thou mighty heart of Love,
Send me succour from Above !

CXCVI. UNITY IN DIVERSITY.

“There shall be one Flock and one Shepherd.”—St John x. 16.
(Cf. St John xxii. 20-22.)

1. SHEPHERD-SAVIOUR, still beholding
Thy great Flock that Thou art folding
Down the far-successive ages—
Spite of man and Satan's rages ;
Hear, as on our knees we plead,
Hear us ! hear us ! intercede !
 Thy promise pass'd, Thy “sure word” giv'n,
 Fulfil, fulfil, O Christ, from Heav'n ;
 “One Shepherd only, and one Flock” ;
 One Church built upon Thee “the Rock.”
2. Shepherd-Saviour ! Thy watch keeping,
With Love's vigilance unsleeping ;
Alas ! alas ! how o'er all Lands
Thy ransom'd Church contending stands ;
Sect still fighting sect, opposing,
Schism by conscience deftly glozing.
 Thy promise pass'd, Thy “sure word” giv'n,
 Fulfil, fulfil, O Christ, from Heav'n ;
 “One Shepherd only, and one Flock” ;
 One Church built upon Thee “the Rock.”
3. Shepherd-Saviour ! by Thy merit
Pour in plenitude Thy Spirit ;
That all who hear Thy blessed Name
May feel the guilt and feel the shame,
That th' long-long promised unity
An unsolv'd problem still doth lie.

Thy promise pass'd, Thy "sure word" giv'n,
Fulfil, fulfil, O Christ, from Heav'n;
"One Shepherd only, and one Flock";
One Church built upon Thee "the Rock."

4. Shepherd-Saviour! not as one Fold
May we hope here to be enroll'd ;
Thy "chosen people" Israel
Into twelve banner'd armies fell ;
So, Lord, would we ; but with one heart
Loving and lov'd, take each his part.
Thy promise pass'd, Thy "sure word" giv'n,
Fulfil, fulfil, O Christ, from Heav'n ;
"One Shepherd only, and one Flock";
One Church built upon Thee "the Rock."

5. Shepherd-Saviour, hear Thou our cry
For larger, wider charity ;
Un-churching none, in-churching all
Who upon Thee as Saviour call ;
Diverse our creeds, and modes, and names,
But Christ supreme is o'er all claims :
Thy promise pass'd, Thy "sure word" giv'n,
Fulfil, fulfil, O Christ, from Heav'n;
"One Shepherd only, and one Flock" ;
One Church built upon Thee "the Rock."

6. Shepherd-Saviour, Thou knowest each
"Lost sheep" of Thine, all servants reach ;
Thou minist'rest Thy blood-bought gifts,
To whosoe'er Thy Cross up-lifts ;
And since 'tis thus, Lord, make us see
Unity in diversity.

Thy promise pass'd, Thy "sure word" giv'n,
Fulfil, fulfil, O Christ, from Heav'n ;
"One Shepherd only, and one Flock" ;
One Church built upon Thee "the Rock."

CXCVII. DIVINE TEACHING.

"Teach me Thy way, O Lord !"—Psalm xxviii. 11.

1. TEACH me, O my God, Thy way,
That I never more may stray ;
Ah ! How prone to "turn aside,"
If Lord, Thou wilt not me guide ;
As a little child I cry,
"Teach me, guide me, with Thine eye" ;
Teach me, O my God, Thy way,
That I never more may stray.
2. Teach me, O my God, Thy way,
And let nothing from Thee fray ;
Voices of the earth and air
Need Thy warning word, "Beware" ;
I would listen, and return
As my cheeks with red shame burn ;
Teach me, O my God, Thy way,
That I never more may stray.
3. Teach me, O my God, Thy way,
Never would I say Thee "Nay" ;
Shew to me the path of duty,
And of holiness the beauty ;
Shew me, Lord, Thy gracious Face
As each wrong step I retrace ;
Teach me, O my God, Thy way,
That I never more may stray.

4. Teach me, O my God, Thy way,
That I do not Thee betray;
Let Thy holy will be mine,
Take my heart and make it Thine;
That thus daily purified
I shew forth The Crucified;
Teach me, O my God, Thy way,
That I never more may stray.
5. Teach me, O my God, Thy way,
Pardon my long, cold delay;
Sinning now and now repenting;
Harden'd now and now relenting;
Make me see, and hear, and know
Thou hast but one way to show;
Teach me, O my God, Thy way,
That I never more may stray.

CXCVIII. THY WILL BE DONE.

St Matthew vi. 10.

1. CHANGEFUL is our earthly state,
Now depress'd and now elate:
Fainting now, now seeming strong,
Silent now, now loud in song:
Gracious Lord, *Thy will be done*,
Walk we or in cloud or sun.
2. Thou led'st thro' the wilderness:
Bread from Heav'n did them bless;
Thou Thy people led'st about
But '*the Land*' solved ev'ry doubt:
Thus 'tis still: *Thy will be done*,
Walk we or in cloud or sun.

3. Tabor's splendour Christ did see
Ere came dark Gethsemane ;
And when cup of wrath He held,
Strength'ning angel help did yield :
Thus to us : *Thy will be done,*
Walk we or in cloud or sun.
4. Long the way and drear the road,
Laden still with sin's great load ;
Now we sink, and now we soar,
One time rich, again we're poor :
Poor or rich, *Thy will be done,*
Walk we or in cloud or sun.
5. Give us faith, Lord, give us strength
Staying us thro' life's whole length ;
In a ' little while ' we stand
Safe, as sav'd, in that ' Good Land,'
Singing still, *Thy will be done,*
Clouds no more and Thou the sun.

CXCIX. FADING LEAF.

"We all do fade as a leaf."—Isaiah lxiv. 6.

1. DAY-LIGHT shortens, night draws nigh,
Shadows broaden in our sky ;
At the longest life is brief—
All do fade as doth a leaf.
2. We grow poor and sad at heart ;
One by one, dear ones depart,
Gather'd like Autumnal sheaf :
All do fade as doth a leaf.

3. Yet we would not faithless weep,
For the lov'd and lost who sleep ;
HE will one day end our grief,
Tho' *all fade as doth a leaf.*
4. Leaves and blooms drop in the mould,
Sleeping through the Winter's cold ;
But the Spring brings sweet relief
Whilst *we all fade as a leaf.*
5. Light of Hope engrandeurs life ;
Hope of light upbears in strife ;
Death ! Thine is a cancell'd brief,
Tho' *we all fade as a leaf.*
6. Touching are the signs around,
But we know where we are bound ;
The dread grave's no sunken reef ;
Yet *we all fade as a leaf.*
7. Watchful would we be, O Lord,
Staying us upon Thy Word ;
That the end come not as thief,
Whilst *we all fade as a leaf.*
8. Let us witness, work, and wait ;
Never in our zeal abate ;
As the longest life is brief ;
We must *all fade as a leaf.*

CC. THE BLESSING OF SADNESS.

“Blessed are they that mourn.”—St Matthew v. 4.

1. *BLESSÈD are they that mourn :*
Hard lesson, Lord, to learn ;
Yet lesson we beseech
Thou wouldest to us teach.
2. *Blessèd are they that mourn :*
Our hearts, Lord, in us burn ;
As Thou talk'st “by the way”
Our anguish to allay.
3. *Blessèd are they that mourn :*
E'en by the grave's sad bourn ;
There, Lord, Thou whisp'rest sweet,
“All dead in Christ shall meet.”
4. *Blessèd are they that mourn :*
Yet sharp, Lord, is the thorn ;
As we go with bent head,
And are not comfortèd.
5. *Blessèd are they that mourn :*
Lord, unto Thee we turn,
Whilst walking with sore heart,
And naught will ease impart.
6. *Blessèd are they that mourn :*
Thou hast, Lord, all grief borne ;
Thy secret let us know ;
Thy restfulness bestow.

7. *Blessèd are they that mourn :*
 Even when most forlorn ;
 Thou Lord, mak'st light arise,
 With strange and sweet surprize.

8. *Blessèd are they that mourn :*
 Weak, weary-soul'd and worn ;
 As it needs darkest night
 To shew stars' golden light.

9. *Blessèd are they that mourn :*
 Thou wilt not humblest spurn ;
 To Thine hast Thou not said,
Ye shall be comfortèd :

CCI. DIGNITY OF THE BODY.

I Corinthians iii. 16-17 ; Hebrews ii. 16.

“We leave our body behind ; that is done with. But we will not leave it behind without thanking God for the use of it. Touch it tenderly ; put it away carefully ; its work is done.”—T. T. LYNCH.

1. MY Lord, this mortal flesh I see,
 Thy vesture was, as 'tis to me ;
 Thou too, wast born a human child,
 But “ holy, harmless, undefiled ” ;
 Laud for the record meets my eye,
 Uplifting flesh to dignity ;
 Yea touching as with Heav'n's own light
 And a splendor infinite.

2. Alas ! O Jesus, I oft find
 This ‘ flesh ’ o’ermastering my ‘ mind ’ ;
 Alas ! hard oft the fight I wage
 Against its fierce tempestuous rage ;
 No sin in Thee but all sin on
 Wilt Thou not shew compassion ?

Wilt Thine own purity impart ?
Wilt give to me the gracious heart ?

3. I dare not mortal flesh malign ;
'Tis sacred e'er since it was Thine ;
But, Lord, I yearn to have expell'd
This sin by which I'm captive held ;
Take Thou my sin, O Christ ! for me ;
My body consecrate to Thee ;
A temple by Thy grace made meet,
Traversèd of Thy holy feet.
4. This body 'wonderfully' made,
Still needs Thy gracious Spirit's aid ;
That following Thee THE CRUCIFIED,
I may be wholly sanctified :
Bind soul and body into one
In a most perfect union ;
That I may shew in mortal clay
The 'glorious body' of that Day !

CCII. COMPUNCTION NOT CONVERSION.

Ezekiel xi. 19 ; Zechariah vii. 12 ; Romans vii. 9.

(COMPOSED IN THE QUARRY ABOVE PENMAENMAWR, N. WALES.)

- I. WHEN I look upon this stone,
Tremors in my heart I own ;
For though now the stone's so hard
As my heaviest blows to ward ;
Once in ages distant far,
Molten 'twas in fiery war :
Bethink thee, soul,
As bell did knoll.

2. Wrath of God may smite, amaze,
Kindling conscience to a blaze ;
Bowing in despairing fear,
Fetching moan and scalding tear ;
But the heart that has not died
Harder grows, unsanctified :
 Bethink thee, soul,
 As bell did knoll.
3. Heart of mine 'neath His great touch,
Faith in Christ thou did'st avouch ;
Thou did'st see His love, and melt,
His forgiving mercy felt ;
And now " first love " on the wane
ART THOU GROWING HARD AGAIN ?
 Bethink thee, soul,
 As bell did knoll.

CCIII. LIFE IS THE DAY OF GRACE.

" . . . and the door was shut."—St Matthew xxv. 10.

1. *LIFE is the day of grace :*
Our lives they fleet apace ;
O souls immortal wake !
Your all, your all's at stake ;
Christ standeth at your gate,
Not yet " too late ! too late ! "
2. *Life is the day of grace :*
O haste ye, haste your pace ;
Behold He calleth NOW,
Long-lingering and slow ;
Still patient He, to win,
You—you to enter in.

3. *Life is the day of grace :*

Death comes with iron mace ;
While yet ye live, take heed ;
See, see THE VICTIM bleed !
And hark ! the Gospel call,
Salvation free to all.

4. *Life is the day of grace :*

Up ! Strive to win the race !
Lo ! Grace and Truth have come ;
Turn, listen, be not dumb ;
Sweet is their voice and clear :
Oh ! e'er it passes hear !

5. *Life is the day of grace :*

Your downward steps retrace ;
While yet the Word appeals ;
While yet the Spirit seals ;
Awake ! awake ! to-day,
Oh ! hazard not delay !

6. *Life is the day of grace :*

Lift up a pleading face ;
Your Father sees you there,
Sin-laden howsoe'er ;
Oh ! cry a sinner's cry !
WHY SOULS, WHY WILL YE DIE ?

7. *Life is the day of grace :*

Think not PAST to efface ;
While yet 'tis call'd to-day
Up—up to Him ! away !
Eternity is near,
Oh ! hear the Saviour, hear !

278 *The Spent Bottle and the Well revealed.*

8. *Life is the day of grace :*

Our lives they fleet apace ;
O souls immortal wake !
Your all, your all's at stake ;
Christ standeth at your gate,
Not yet "too late ! too late !"

CCIV. THE SPENT BOTTLE AND THE
WELL REVEALED. Genesis xxi. 14-19.

1. HER bottle spent, the Well came into view :
Ev'n so, O Lord, Thy People find it true ;
Cast out, sin-laden, in the Wilderness,
Thou comest near and pitiest our distress.
2. O Saviour, see my bottle too is spent !
Vain human help ; be to my moan attent !
My lonely wretchedness how can I tell ?
O Lord ! anoint my eyes, shew me the Well.
3. Long, long alas ! I've wander'd far from Thee,
And now lie helpless in my misery ;
I have no strength ; just as I am I come ;
Do what Thou wilt, before Thee I am dumb.
4. O Saviour, haste to answer my faint prayer !
Grace hast Thou e'en for me enough to spare ;
Weary and worn beneath Sin's luring spell,
I turn, return : O Christ, shew me the Well !

5. Praise to Thy grace, Lord, Thou my cry hast heard;
Praise for free mercy, Thou hast sent the word;
Hast drawn me back, hast touch'd me by Thy Spirit;
And now in Him, I plead my Saviour's merit.
6. Alas! I dread I still may "turn aside";
O keep me, Jesus, that I ne'er backslide!
Grant that I may near Thee for ever dwell;
And when my bottle's spent, shew me the Well.

CCV. THERE'S A BRIGHT SIDE TO
DARKEST THINGS.

"Now men see not the bright light that is in the clouds;
but. . ."—Job xxxvii. 21.

1. O TROUBLED soul! Take thou whate'er is sent;
'Tis by thy Heav'nly Father kindly meant;
There's a bright side to darkest things.
O look thou through the mists that veil the sky;
The light *is* there to break forth by-and-bye;
Mount up then on Faith's shining wings.
2. O'erladen heart! One heart still knoweth thine;
Think not "He careth not"; fret not nor pine;
There's a bright side to darkest things.
Tell thou to Him confidingly thy care;
Have no concealments; to reveal ALL, dare;
Most strong is he the most who clings.

3. O lonely spirit ! All thou lov'd'st now gone ;
 No more than He was, art thou left alone ;
There's a bright side to darkest things.
 The Christ knows all about thee, and will give
 His company, by sweet prerogative :
 O try thou this ! it sure peace brings.
4. Conscience accusing lifts its burning eye :
 Ah ! But His precious blood will pacify ;
There's a bright side to darkest things.
 Place thy " old sins " and new thy God before
 And thou shalt hear His " Go ! and sin no more ! "
 Tho' grass be mown see how it springs.

CCVI. AIMLESSNESS. *Philippians iii. 14.*

1. AH, Lord, how aimlessly
 Day after day goes by !
 And yet Thou call'st for thought
 And service finely wrought ;
 Dost bid us each awake
 And for Thee some post take ;
 Shewing thro' op'nings rife,
Work is the salt of life.
2. Ah, Lord, how aimlessly
 Day after day goes by.
 O quicken me to serve !
 O grant me will and nerve !
 That by Thy grace e'en " driven "
 Some task of love be given ;
 Finding 'midst petty-strife
Work is the salt of life.

3. Ah, Lord, how aimlessly
Day after day goes by.
And yet Thou call'st for thought
And service finely wrought ;
Dost bid us each awake,
And for Thee some post take ;
Shewing thro' op'nings rife,
Work is the salt of life.
4. Ah, Lord, how aimlessly
Day after day goes by.
Tho' by Thy love embrac'd,
Tho' by Thy Spirit grac'd ;
Alas ! I show no shoot !
Alas ! I bear spare fruit !
Forth with Thy pruning knife !
Work is the salt of life.
5. Ah, Lord, how aimlessly
Day after day goes by !
The air is full of calls,
But ah ! how vainly falls
The summons on my ear.
O rouse me, Lord, to hear !
Melt me with Thine Own grief ;
Work is the salt of life.
6. Ah, Lord, how aimlessly
Day after day goes by !
And yet Thou call'st for thought
And service finely wrought ;
Dost bid us each awake
And find some post to take ;
Shewing thro' op'nings rife,
Work is the salt of life.

CCVII. LONGING. 2 Peter iii. 14-15.

1. How long, O Lord, how long
 Until shall burst the song
 That holy men of old
 With burning lips foretold !—
 Earth fillèd with Thy glory
 Won by “the old, old story” :
 How long, O Lord, how long
 Until shall burst the song !
2. How long, O Lord, how long
 Until shall burst the song,
 Of man no more beguil’d,
 By Thy love reconcil’d ;
 The crimson cross supreme,
 Prov’d mighty to redeem :
 How long, O Lord, how long,
 Until shall burst the song !
3. How long, O Lord, how long
 Until shall burst the song !
 The throne of Evil shattered,
 The hosts of hell all scattered,
 Heav’n here on Earth begun,
 Thy will by all men done :
 How long, O Lord, how long
 Until shall burst the song !
4. How long, O Lord, how long,
 Until shall burst the song ?
 That all who love the Lord
 Are walking in accord ;

No jealousy, no hate,
All in love consecrate;
How long, O Lord, how long
Until shall burst the song.

5. How long, O Lord, how long
Until shall burst the song !
Hear our united cry !
Hear, hear our plaintive sigh !
Fulfil Thy promise spoken ;
Let not Thy word be broken ;
Redeem'd, make good Thy claim ;
Take Earth in Thy Great Name :
How long, O Lord, how long
Until shall burst the song !

CCVIII. FRETTING.

“Fret not in any wise.”—Psalm xxxvii. 8.

1. *SAVE me, O my God, from Fretting :*
Sin of sins the most besetting ;
Make me know Thou livest still ;
To Thine Own ne'er meanest ill.
2. *Save me, O my God, from Fretting,*
Sin all other sins begetting ;
Grant that I may understand
All is 'neath Thy ruling Hand.
3. *Save me, O my God, from Fretting ;*
From all thankless, vain regretting ;
By Thy grace help me to see
That Thou ord'rest life for me.

4. *Save me, O my God, from Fretting ;*
Subtle weaver of Sin's netting ;
Others may be great, I low,
Grace give to Thy Will to bow.
5. *Save me, O my God, from Fretting ;*
Ne'er to World myself indebting ;
Others may be rich, I poor,
True riches I would prize more.
6. *Save me, O my God, from Fretting,*
Murmuring and envy whetting ;
Others may be strong, I weak,
Thy strength, Lord, I humbly seek.
7. *Save me, O my God, from Fretting,*
Still ungracious thoughts abetting ;
Others bright perchance, I dark,
To Thy sweet voice let me hark.
8. *Save me, O my God, from Fretting,*
On Earth's gifts false values setting ;
Unto Thee I lift my eye,
Ever know Thee, Lord, me nigh.

CCIX. PROGRESS AND FIDELITY.

Philippians iii. 12.

1. 'IN' the Way, Lord, Thy grace guiding,
Onward, upward would we go ;
Day by day Thy love providing
Armour 'gainst our ev'ry foe.

2. Let us not be found, Lord, standing
Idle in the market-place ;
With Thine Own redeem'd ones banding—
We would '*run*' the Christian race.
3. Looking unto Thee, Lord, pleading,
Where Thou art upon Thy Throne ;
From no service e'er receding,
Ev'ry day a something done.
4. Heeding not the mad World's scorning ;
Seeking more Thy '*will*' to know ;
And, "the way of life" adorning,
As Thy pilgrims forward go.
5. Voices right and left assailing,
Tempt us still to "turn aside" ;
But Thy mighty grace prevailing,
Keeps us near Thy spear-cleft side.
6. Thy great love our hearts enfolding,
'*In*' the Way, may we be led ;
Thy sweet Spirit us upholding ;
Patience, dew-like, on us shed.
7. We would "watch and pray," expecting
Rich fulfilment of Thy Word ;
Trusting to Thy great protecting,
And distrusting earthly sword.
8. '*In*' the Way, Lord, Thy grace guiding,
Onward, upward would we go ;
Day by day Thy love providing
Armour 'gainst our ev'ry foe.

CCX. CRADLE-SONGS. 2 Timothy i. 5 and iii. 15.

1. PRAISE, my God, for my cradle-songs :
That I am Christ's, to them belongs ;
Praise for a dear mother's soft speech
And look of love that did beseech ;
For the atmosphere of prayer
Unto which I was born heir.
2. Praise, my God, for my cradle-songs ;
That Christ is mine, to them belongs ;
Praise for a sweet untroubled faith
In all she taught me with " He saith " ;
Praise for words of Holy Child,
Still held fast and undefil'd.
3. Praise, my God, for my cradle-songs ;
That I believe, to them belongs ;
Praise for " Our Father " that I pray'd,
Then sweetly slept, all unafraid ;
Praise that with the waking morn,
My first words to Christ were borne.
4. Praise, my God, for my cradle-songs ;
That I have hope, to them belongs ;
Praise for sweet child-faith still abiding ;
Praise for strong child-love still confiding ;
For child-peace still deep as ever ;
For a Saviour fails me never.

5. Praise, my God, for my cradle-songs ;
That I love Christ, to them belongs ;
Praise for a child-heart me within,
Still sensitive to touch of sin ;
 Praise for rest on holy truth ;
 Praise that I know His soft ruth.
6. Praise, my God, for my cradle-songs ;
That I rejoice, to them belongs
Praise too, that in my whitening age
I still turn me to the same page ;
 Praise that truth of morning days
 Fills my bright ev'n-tide with praise.
7. Praise, my God, for my cradle-songs ;
That I trust on, to them belongs ;
Praise that His light is on my way
Leading me to Eternal Day ;
 Praise, if I as little child,
 Love and serve Thee unbeguiled.

CCXI. THE GARMENT OF PRAISE.

Isaiah lxi. 2-3.

1. I SEE around me sadden'd faces,
Bow'd down heads, heart-weary paces ;
I've felt it all, yet songs I'll raise ;
 The garment I'll put on of praise.
2. Burdens, griefs and troubles come,
Trials seem to strike us dumb ;
I've felt it all, yet songs I'll raise ;
 The garment I'll put on of praise.

3. Toiling, moiling, sparsely fed,
Out into the desert led ;
I've felt it all, yet songs I'll raise ;
The garment I'll put on of praise.
4. Pray'rs not answer'd, or with " NO " ;
Losses, crosses, blow on blow ;
I've felt it all, yet songs I'll raise ;
The garment I'll put on of praise.
5. Fiery darts against me hurl'd,
By the devil, flesh and world ;
I've felt it all, yet songs I'll raise ;
The garment I'll put on of praise.
6. Wave on wave, the heart appalling,
With no " Fear not " to us calling ;
I've felt it all, yet songs I'll raise ;
The garment I'll put on of praise.
7. Thou, O Christ, our way hast known ;
When alone we're not alone ;
I've felt it all, and songs I'll raise ;
The garment I'll put on of praise.
8. Help, Lord, help to hold the fort ;
Sharp the fight, it will be short ;
I've felt it all : so songs I'll raise ;
The garment I'll put on of praise.

CCXII. PRAISE.

“Whoso offereth praise glorifieth Me.”—Psalm. 1. 23.

1. O LORD our God, we trust Thee,
And we will sing Thy praise ;
Sin-stain'd at best it must be
Each note our voices raise ;
But Thou hast us invited
When to Thy courts we throng ;
With lips and hearts united,
To break forth into song.
2. We know Heav'n's praise excelleth ;
For pure alone are there ;
We know the “new song” telleth
Redeem'd no longer err ;
Yet, Lord, the songs of Glory
Forbid not songs of Earth ;
For still “the old old story”
Doth fill our mouths with mirth.
3. O hear our invocation !
That holier we may be ;
O give us consecration
Of ev'ry faculty ;
That body, soul, and spirit,
All vocal by Thy grace ;
We may, by Jesus' merit,
Be made Thy dwelling-place.
4. Thus, thus as Pilgrims lowly,
We'll go from strength to strength ;
Till in Thy City holy,
We each appear at length ;

Full well it us becometh
To sing thro' all the way ;
For blessings each life summeth,
And for Eternal Day.

CCXIII. MORNING HYMN OF PRAISE.

“ On Thee do I wait all the day.”—Psalm xxv. 5.

1. O LORD my God, Thou dost me keep,
I wake again from tranquil sleep ;
Refresh'd and brighten'd for the day,
Beneath Thine eyes I go my way ;
Less than the least, grant Thou that I
May ne'er the Name I bear belie ;
O Lord, to Thee mine eyes I raise ;
Accept, for Jesus' sake, my praise.
2. I think of those in pain last night,
Toss'd to and fro in weary fight ;
I think of those who rise from bed
In hunger, with no “ daily bread ” ;
I think of those who godless live
Despising their prerogative ;
O Lord, to Thee mine eyes I raise ;
Accept, for Jesus' sake, my praise.
3. I know not what this day may bring :
It may be honey, may be sting ;
But sweet, or sharp, or joy, or woe,
Thy Love and Wisdom will it so ;
The cup Thou mixest, I will drink
Nor from Thy bitterest potion shrink ;
O Lord, to Thee mine eyes I raise ;
Accept, for Jesus' sake, my praise.

4. Tempted my God, to Thee I'll turn ;
O let not fiery darts me burn !
And if the World's allurements press
Ensnaringly, and with keen stress ;
Break Thou its power ! anoint mine eyes
To see the world above the skies ;
O Lord, to Thee mine eyes I raise ;
Accept, for Jesus' sake, my praise.
5. And Lord, grant opportunity
To speak for Thee, nor e'er deny ;
As the day runs, O let it shine
With Thy benignity divine ;
So that some small good do I may,
Or feel that I have lost a day ;
O Lord, to Thee mine eyes I raise ;
Accept, for Jesus' sake, my praise.
6. O keep me gentle, make me wise,
And let no passion me surprize ;
Give me to live persuasively,
Both how to live and how to die ;
Forgiving as myself forgiven ;
Alluring men to Thy bright Heaven ;
O Lord, to Thee mine eyes I raise ;
Accept, for Jesus' sake, my praise.

CCXIV. WITHIN AND WITHOUT.

“Looking unto Jesus, the author and perfecter of our faith.”—
Hebrews xii. 2.

1. O LORD, long long I look'd within,
And strove, myself, to conquer sin ;
But ah ! Sin was too strong for me,
Until I look'd away to Thee.

2. Thy finish'd "work" upon the Rood
The purple covering of Thy blood ;
Oh ! How the vision of it calms
And fills weak hands with conqu'ring palms.
3. Then, O my Saviour, I beheld,
As Sin's dark current in me swell'd,
That Thou alone can'st speak the word
That doth deliverance afford.
4. And speak the word Thou dost, and, lo !
Sweet peace and joy together flow !
O heart of mine, beyond the veil
He lives Whose power will never fail.
5. My part, Lord, is to look without
When urg'd by sin, or toss'd with doubt ;
Thine, Thine alone, to look within
And "put away" my deepest sin.
6. Give me, Thou Holy One, to know
Thy holiness—its peace and glow ;
My spirit by Thy Spirit seal,
In all I think, and say, and feel.
7. O Lord, long long I look'd within,
And strove myself to conquer sin ;
But ah ! Sin was too strong for me
Until I look'd away to Thee.

CCXV. EXPERIENCE SANCTIFIED.

“Perfect through sufferings.”—Hebrews ii. 10.

1. I HAD not known, O “Man of Sorrows,”
What sorrows Thou did'st bear;
Had I not borne a grief that borrows
An accent from Despair.
2. I had not known the richest words
Of Thy Word, O my God,
If treacheries, that pierce like swords,
Had not increas'd my load.
3. I had not known to sympathize
With others in their woe;
Had not tears burning fill'd my eyes,
And made me quivering go.
4. I had not known how to speak peace,
To hearts by anguish riven;
Had I not, hopeless, sought release
From Thee, O Christ, in Heaven.
5. I had not known, O “Man of Sorrows,”
What sorrows Thou did'st bear;
Had I not borne a grief that borrows
An accent from Despair.

CCXVI. DARKNESS. Isaiah i. 10.

“Wherefore should I fear in the days of evil?”—Psalm xlix. 5.

1. MY “first love's” hopes all fade like flowers
'neath hail;
Even the “Bright and Morning Star” grows pale;
O Lord my God, compassionate my wail!

2. I thought Thou had'st giv'n me Thy sweet
release ;
I thought I held, by grace, Thy "perfect peace" ;
Must I my name of Christian now surcease ?
3. Or are these doubtings born of baseless fears
Forgetful of Thy sympathy, Thy tears ?
And that Thou art He Who knows all and cheers.
4. Alas ! alas ! I walk in darkness now ;
Alas ! alas ! my love has lost its glow ;
The peace and joy I knew, I do not know.
5. The groaning, the faint sigh Thou hearest, Lord,
So is it written in Thy Holy Word ;
Fulfil it, Lord, to me, and light afford.
6. O God ! I hold up pleading hands to Thee,
Will Thou, O wilt Thou guide and succour me ?
Remember, Saviour mine, Gethsemane !

CCXVII. SLEEP—GOD'S GIFT. Psalm cxxvii. 2.

1. UNTO Thee, we give thanks, O Lord,
For the sweet phrase found in Thy Word ;
That telleth how Thou givest sleep
To Thy belovèd ; and them dost keep ;
Faithful still, O our God, art Thou ;
As night by night we softly know.
2. Mighty the force, yet in Thy Hand
It droppeth on our eyelids bland ;
Girds us with Thine omnipotence,
Yet with no pressure felt by sense ;
Faithful still, O our God, art Thou,
As night by night we softly know.

3. Through the dark night Thou watch dost set,
Nor lowliest toiler dost forget;
And when the morn illumes the skies
Tranquilly Thou openest our eyes :
Faithful still, O our God, art Thou,
As night by night we softly know.
4. O Thou Good Shepherd, grant that we
Thus still refresh'd, may wake with Thee ;
Remembering that we are Thy sheep ;
And that Thou giv'st Thy belovèd sleep ;
Faithful still, O our God, art Thou,
As night by night we softly know.
5. And if, O Lord, I sleepless lie :
O raise my thoughts from Earth to sky ;
Yea give me, Lord, "songs in the night"
To mitigate Time's laggard flight ;
Faithful still, O our God, art Thou,
As night by night we softly know.

CCXVIII. A BRIGHT CHRISTIAN.

"Whatsoever things are *lovely* . . . and of *good report*."—Philippians iv. 8.

1. A BRIGHT Christian I would be ;
So to shine, all men shall see ;
Free from care by His release ;
Fill'd with joy thro' His Own peace.
2. A bright Christian I would be ;
Thro' His "glorious liberty" ;
Gentle and tender, not austere ;
Winning love, not starting fear.

3. A bright Christian I would be ;
From all gloom by grace set free ;
My path like "the shining light"
By His gracious oversight.
4. A bright Christian I would be ;
Singing with un-sinning glee ;
Winsome deed and winsome word,
Creed and life both in accord.
5. A bright Christian I would be ;
Made strong by the bended knee ;
Going forth from morn to eve
Drawing others to believe.
6. A bright Christian I would be ;
Shewing clear my pedigree ;
Born from Above ; soon to be there,
Grand inheritance to share.
7. A bright Christian I would be ;
Not afraid of pleasantry ;
Brave, courteous, affable ;
Thus upon the world to tell.
8. A bright Christian I would be ;
So to shine, all men shall see ;
Free from care by His release ;
Fill'd with joy thro' His Own peace.

CCXIX. SUNSET LONGINGS. Psalm lv. 6.

1. WHEN I gaze on the setting sun,
The evening clouds in splendor spun,
A glory of crimson and of gold
Like curtains of God's tent of old,
I seem to catch a glimpse of Heaven,
Such as to seer of Patmos given ;
And there comes a stirring in my breast
To fly away and be at rest.
2. If these mortal skies be so fair,
That but the outer hangings are ;
If all these golden stars of light
Are candles of our earthly night ;
What must "the many mansions" be,
Domèd by vast Eternity !
There comes a stirring in my breast
To fly away and be at rest.
3. One by one Earth's ties are broken ;
Of my own end the foretoken ;
One by one to our Home Above
Pass up those of our deepest love ;
Life grows poorer ; Heaven richer ;
Lord, Thou art my tender Teacher !
There comes a stirring in my breast
To fly away and be at rest.
4. And Thou, O Jesus, Thou art there,
Drawing me upward howsoe'er
The stress and strain of this Earth's life
Engross thought and compel keen strife ;

O lift me up, Lord, more and more,
At last Thyself and mine restore :
There comes a stirring in my breast
To fly away and be at rest.

CCXX. BARRENNESS. 2 Peter i. 8.

1. O GRACIOUS Lord, when Thou did'st give
By Thy divine prerogative,
Warning that men bear fruit for Thee,
I bless Thee it was thro' a tree ;
Thou mightest choice, O Lord, have made
Of agèd Rabbi, and him dead laid ;
But in Thy compassion most benign,
Thou gav'st a portent, and a sign.
2. Give me, O Lord, to read and mark,
And to Thy tender warning hark ;
Forbid that I in Thy Church be,
Barren as that road-side fig tree ;
FOR EVER USELESS ! What a doom !
Lord, let it not upon me come !
But graff'd in Thee, the living Vine,
To bear "more fruit" each day be mine.
3. O gracious Lord, when Thou did'st give
By Thy divine prerogative,
Warning that men bear fruit for Thee,
I bless Thee it was thro' a tree ;
Thou mightest choice, O Lord, have made
Of agèd Rabbi, and him dead laid ;
But in Thy compassion most benign,
Thou gav'st a portent, and a sign.

4. Praise, O Lord, for grace bestow'd,
If fair graces in me have shew'd ;
Praise for growth as of leaf and flower,
By Thy Spirit's quickening power ;
But fruit, " much fruit," O Lord, I ask,
As 'neath Thy sweet shining I bask ;
Enrich me as I urge my suit ;
With nothing less than plenteous fruit.

CCXXI. MIZPAH. Genesis xxxi. 44-45.

1. *THE Lord will watch 'twixt me and thee :*
He seeth tho' we do not see ;
MIZPAH—the word, the covenant word ;
May it be ours, O gracious Lord !
2. *The Lord will watch 'twixt me and thee :*
As we bow on bended knee ;
Parted—there is one meeting-place :
Lord, Thy mighty throne of grace.
3. *The Lord will watch 'twixt me and thee :*
He seeth tho' we do not see ;
MIZPAH—the word, the covenant word ;
May it be ours, O gracious Lord !
4. *The Lord will watch 'twixt me and thee :*
Absent or present we agree
Still to be true, and still to love ;
Fellow-heirs of the Home Above.
5. *The Lord will watch 'twixt me and thee :*
He seeth tho' we do not see ;
MIZPAH—the word, the covenant word ;
May it be ours, O gracious Lord !

6. *The Lord will watch 'twixt me and thee :*
 The "living God" our watchword be ;
 That each in thought, and word, and deed,
 May copy Him for us did bleed.
7. *The Lord will watch 'twixt me and thee :*
 He seeth tho' we do not see ;
 MIZPAH—the word, the covenant word ;
 May it be ours, O gracious Lord !

CCXXII. TREMBLING. Isaiah lxvi. 2; Ezra ix. 4; x. 3.

1. I LOOK at the trembling string
 As the player forth doth bring
 Very passion of sweet sounds—
 Such as deepest speech confounds.
 And I mark the trembling most
 When the player's hands are crossed,
 Up and down in cunning skill,
 To move listeners at his will :
 Ah ! Even so, O gracious Lord,
 Would I tremble at Thy Word.
2. Shrinking from its purity,
 Low-abas'd, I trembling lie ;
 But Thou tak'st me by the hand
 And o'er me in love dost stand ;
 Touching "harp of thousand strings"
 Giving me the Faith that sings,
 E'en while trembling lowlily ;
 And thinking of Thee holily :
 Ah ! 'Tis so, O gracious Lord ;
 Thus I tremble at Thy Word.

3. O Saviour ! when I tremble
(Thy child need not dissemble)
I feel that retreat I must ;
I, a simple worm of dust,
“Tremble,” and am ill at ease ;
“Tremble,” ay, when on my knees ;
“Tremble,” e’en in praise and prayer ;
“Tremble” because Thou art there :
Ah ! But thou dost “look,” dear Lord ;
To him who trembles at Thy Word.

CCXXIII. DISCIPLINE. 2 Corinthians iv. 17-18.

1. O MY Lord Christ, I needs must own,—
As tho’ mine still were heart of stone,—
Sore is the strife, without, within,
Thy GRACE entrapp’d, coerc’d by Sin :
Insidious, subtle, wearing masks
That all my utmost effort tasks.
2. Vain-glory, honours, and earth’s treasures,
Unsatisfying painted pleasures,
I have o’ercome ; but, like a flood,
Lo ! bursting banks, comes SEEMING GOOD,
Most deftly winning my consent
As tho’ ’twere by the Lord Christ sent.
3. Then follows, Lord, sharp discipline
From Thee, O Christ, as I am Thine ;
Sweet chastisements me to abase,
Ah ! even proud heart to amaze ;
But humbling, not humiliating :
O sweet rest born of perturbating.

4. Help me, O Lord ! that I may seek
Thy gracious word unto " the meek " ;
Help me to choose " the lower place,"
If only I may see Thy Face ;
Yea, teach me, Lord, to know my nature,
And show me lowness of my stature.
5. To know myself and Thee unknown,
Ah, Lord, should cause me only moan ;
But howe'er sinful, Christ, I be,
Myself full safe in Thee I see ;
Thus I am kept from blank despair,
For I on Thee cast all my care.
6. My God, all guilt and stains remove
In plenitude of pard'ning love ;
O fill my mouth with wond'ring praise,
That hallelujahs I may raise ;
Yea unto Thee with glad heart bring
Such songs as Thy redeem'd ones sing.
7. Thou askest the impossible,
Not that my failure Thou may'st tell ;
Nay, but to keep me very lowly
That I to grace be debtor wholly ;
Sav'd not by my own righteousness,
But as in mercy Thou dost bless.
8. I'll welcome then " my Lord, my God,"
Thy heaviest, sharpest, sorest rod ;
Tender refusals, sweet delays,
Enriching, brightening my days ;
Warning regards in gentlest ruth
Lest I aside turn from THE TRUTH.

VIII.

CHRISTIAN GRACES.

CONSCIENCE; OR, SHIRT WORK WITH UNBELIEF.

"This is John the Baptist: he is risen from the dead."—Herod the Sadducee (St Matthew xiv. 2 and St Mark xii.; and Acts of the Apostles xxiii.).

1. WHAT—what is this that me startles so?

I thought old beliefs I had let go:
Lifting anchor and sailing far off
Where I might more freely think—
and scoff!

But lo! a strange terror on me lies
As tho' a ghost stood before my eyes;
My sin of old I find is not gone
Or buried as dead beneath a stone:
There it flames! ha! I feel as if
haunted,

Nay, I must e'en own it, I am
daunted;

In spite of myself pierc'd is my mail
And an awful something doth me ail:
What—what is this that me startles
so?

I thought old beliefs I had let go.

2. So long as 'tis only intellect That the great truths of God doth reject,

There may be a quiet—call it ease—
There may be a kind of pseudo-
peace;

But when the deep moral nature rises
It stirs the soul—ah! with dread sur-
prises;

Conscience clanging like a wave-
swung bell,

Low-ton'd, yet searchingly audible;
Calling up the long-forgotten Past
So that the man is bow'd aghast
Before himself; and beneath the
stress

Wakes up and affirms his humanness:
"What—what is this that me startles
so?

I thought old beliefs I had let go."

3. Thus was it with base Herod of old Who, while the murder'd John still lay a-cold

In his lowly Samaritan grave;
Cower'd like a hound or a beaten
slave;

When tidings ran thro' his public hall
That the Lord Christ held high
festival;

Proclaiming His kingdom from Above
And working His miracles of love;

Mutter'd as between his clench'd
teeth—

As sabre bright-flashing from its
sheath—

"'Tis beheaded John! ha! I put in
prison,

The murder'd John again up-risen!"
What—what is this that me startles
so?

I thought old beliefs I had let go.

4. Ev'n as with the erewhile Sadducee Who conscience-conquer'd, the truth did see;

His disbeliefs fell off like spray
And not a beast but a man stood at
bay.

So in the present far-on time
There throbbeth within us, clear,
sublime,

That life of life which no creed can
bind,

That something deeper than even
mind;

The moral firm-asserting itself
Unbribable by logic as by pelf;

Ah! the soul in presence of a sin
Breaks all nets Unbelief can spin!
What—what is this that me startles
so?

I thought old beliefs I had let go.

5. I've seen it oft—with a sweet re- lief—

What short work is made of unbelief,
When conscience awakens, and with
a cry

Penitentially owns its agony;
By the grave of the lov'd I've seen it
wake

And atheist to his centre shake;
Until with whisper'd, 'It may be true'
He has been led his creed to review;
I've heard as the tempest swept the
sea

Your atheist sob "God have mercy
on me!"

And thus 'tis ever. Conscience will
live,

Ruling by deathless prerogative;
What—What is this that me startles
so?

I thought old beliefs I had let go.

CCXXIV. HOLINESS.

“Ye know not what ye ask.”—St Matthew xx. 22 (Cf. St Augustine: “De Civitate Dei,” lib. xiv., cxxvii. for st. 5).

Tune—“Stella.”

1. O LORD, I bear an aching heart ;
Ease me of sin, whate'er the smart ;
Within, without, I would be pure ;
Lord, hear my cry ! Lord, work my cure !
I know not all I ask in this,
But give, O give me holiness !
2. Wild is the tumult in my breast ;
Oh ! how I long for Thy deep rest ;
Behind thick clouds is hid Thy Face ;
Thy Face reveal of Thy great grace ;
I know not all I ask in this,
But give, O give me holiness !
3. O Lord, to dust my faint soul cleaves ;
Rich is Thy sowing, few my sheaves ;
I own Thy bounteous gifts, but mourn
My scanty and perverse return ;
I know not all I ask in this,
But give, O give me holiness !
4. O Lord, accept my stammering pray'r ;
Work in me by what means soe'er
The change I need ; to sin I'd die
That I may live with Thee on high ;
I know not all I ask in this,
But give, O give me holiness !

5. Break ev'ry earthly tie that binds ;
Disperse each wildering mist that blinds ;
Search me, and try, and clean remove
Whatever shares with Thee my love ;
 I know not all I ask in this,
 But give, O give me holiness !
6. O Lord, I bear an aching heart,
All pierc'd with sin's empoison'd dart ;
Thou, Good Physician, work the cure,
Me purify as Thou art pure ;
 I know not all I ask in this,
 But give, O give me holiness !

CCXXV. HATRED OF SIN.

Psalm xcvi. 10 ; cxxxix. 22.

1. O FOR God's Own hatred of sin !
As it stings and tainteth within ;
Seen of no human eyes but mine,
Search'd thro' and thro', O God of Thine ;
Bow me, Lord, down in lowliness,
That all to Thee I may confess.
2. Thy pure hatred of sin impart,
O God mostly in my own heart ;
That I may guilt feel more than woe,
Sin's sinfulness seeking to know ;
Not as it damns, but as it stains,
And Thy forgiving grace disdains.
3. Thine Own hatred of sin, O Lord,
Wilt Thou in grace to me afford !

That whilst it in others I see
I may see it pityingly—
The sinner severing from his sin—
Covetous, erring sinner to win.

4. Thy pure hatred of sin, that grieves,
Whilst still against hope it believes ;
O give me this, Lord, as I cry,
A deeper human sympathy ;
That lifts no supercilious glance
Or ignores excusing circumstance.
5. Thine Own hatred of sin, with sense
Of my own needed penitence ;
Untouch'd of wrong or injury ;
Holding it mere folly to be,
To hate sin only as we find
It some burden upon us bind.
6. Thy pure hatred of sin, that moves
Along Incarnate Love's great grooves ;
Nor angry burns, but striveth still
To enfranchise a shackled will ;
Yea by the Gospel's tender art
Draw to choosing "the better part."
7. O for God's Own hatred of sin !
As it stings and tainteth within ;
Seen of no human eyes but mine,
Search'd thro' and thro', O God, by Thine ;
Bow me, Lord, down in lowliness,
That all to Thee I may confess.

CCXXVI. GOD OF HOPE. Romans xv. 13.

1. "GOD of Hope!" O golden word!
But with gleam as of a sword
Unto those, who unbelieving
Still walk faint and ever grieving;
Still go in perplexity
Tho' the lamp of Love be nigh;
Not a star in all Heav'n's cope,
Yet Thou, God, art "God of Hope."
2. "God of Hope!" O winsome name!
Fitted to put us to shame;
Who e'en with the light clear-shining
Will abide wayward and repining;
By Despair in darkness led,
Distraught and uncomforted;
Deeming it not fact but trope,
That Thou art the "God of Hope."
3. "God of Hope!" O dulcet note!
Sweet as that from Heav'n did float,
When to shepherds erst appointed
Came the song of "The Anointed":
Why, O why will men not hear?
Why still live in doubt and fear?
Why not see but dimly grope?
When Thou art the "God of Hope."
4. "God of Hope!" O quick'ning phrase!
Worthy of adoring praise;
Finding our hearts pierc'd by sin
That still victory doth win;

Throbbing—aching—restless—sad—
How are we once more made glad ?
As to the drowning comes a rope
This rescues me, the “God of Hope.”

5. “God of Hope !” for Jesus died :
Ah ! Was He not The Crucified ?
“God of Hope ” ! for Christ is risen,
The grave now no more a prison ;
“God of Hope !” Behold He stands
Holding up High-priestly hands ;
Up, up my soul, no longer mope,
God is still thy “God of Hope.”

CCXXVII. PEACE. St John xiv.

1. O JESUS, Fill us with Thy Peace—
The peace that knows no change ;
The peace that guarded by Thy strength,
Counts trials nothing strange.
2. O Jesus, Fill us with Thy Peace—
The peace that looks without,
And sees a heav’nly Father’s smile,
Nor ever knows a doubt.
3. O Jesus, Fill us with Thy Peace—
The peace that lives Above ;
And running in the Christian path,
Wins the great prize of love.
4. O Jesus, Fill us with Thy Peace—
The peace that turns to rest ;
The peace that with a John-like trust,
Leans on Thy beating breast.

5. O Jesus, Fill us with Thy Peace—
The peace that changeth never;
The peace that sanctified of Thee,
Still floweth as a river.

CCXXVIII. FAITH. Ephesians vi. 10-18.

1. O FAITH, which Christ bestowest
On the heart-changed breast!
O Faith, which inly glowest
To reach the heavenly rest!
Lord, make it still more strong;
All hindrances subduing;
The "narrow way" pursuing:
At most, not very long.
2. O Faith—a shield quick-shifted,
'Gainst ev'ry fiery dart!
O Faith, that, bold uplifted,
Fencest the tempted heart!
Lord, Thou dost give this shield,
And be it struck or dinted
By weapons in hell minted,
God's children do not yield.
3. O Faith, thou sword that smitest,
With more than mortal blow;
O Faith, that naught affrightest
Howsoe'er deadly foe.
Lord, this Thy sword who takes,
The grimpest fight advancing,
He feareth no mischancing;
Hell's fortress, lo! he shakes.

4. O Faith—a lamp that shinest
On pathway lone and dark ;
O Faith, that ne'er repinest,
But sing'st like soaring lark :
Lord, Thou wilt guard our light,
When dim, "fresh oil" inpouring,
Attent to our imploring ;
And guide thro' darkest night.
5. O Faith, to end still daring,
E'en in the vale of Death !
May I, Thy courage sharing,
Yield to my God my breath !
'Mid deep'ning broad'ning gloom
May I, still forward going,
Whither I go, well knowing,
Find Thee, Christ, not the tomb.

CCXXIX. PATIENT WAITING.

"Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for Him."—Psalm xxxvii. 7.

1. LORD, wilt Thou Thine Own patience give,
Since thus Thou askest us to live ?
That wrong'd, or fainting 'neath our cross
We still bear on, nor "suffer loss" :
Rest in the Lord ; wait patiently.
2. Still Thou dost whisper, to restrain
On bed of languor or of pain ;
When weary, or when low and weak,
And half-complainingly we speak :
Rest in the Lord ; wait patiently.

3. Alas ! alas ! 'tis hard to bide
 When toss'd and sleepless and sore tried :
 Look on us, Lord, in our unrest ;
 Calm with one word our troubled breast :
Rest in the Lord ; wait patiently.
4. Long—silent—sweet—Thy patience is ;
 When Thou might'st smite, bestowing bliss,
 Lord, may we still in Thee abide
 Aye looking to THE CRUCIFIED :
Rest in the Lord ; wait patiently.

CCXXX. FORGIVINGNESS.

“Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who have trespassed against us.”—St Matthew vi. 12.

1. THANKS, O God of Earth and Heaven,
 For Thy mighty word—Forgiven ;
 All thanks and praise, Thy “still small voice”
 In early years made me rejoice ;
 Softly it came, like breathing wind,
 When me Thy “lost sheep” Thou did'st find.
2. Thanks, O God of Earth and Heaven,
 For Thy tender word—Forgiven ;
 And do Thou make me so to live
 Through all the years Thou mayest give ;
 That I shew forth from day to day,
 Thy rich forgivingness away.
3. Thanks, O God of Earth and Heaven,
 For Thy gracious word—Forgiven ;
 This—this I ever, Lord, would keep
 In heart of hearts, ev'n when I weep ;
 Wrong'd and belied—betray'd—forsaken :
 Their sting from all, Thy grace has taken.

4. Thanks, O God of Earth and Heaven,
For Thy loving word—Forgiven ;
And when at times my heart has swell'd
And 'gainst hard usage has rebell'd ;
I have myself conquer'd through Thee,
Forgiving as Thou forgivest me.
5. Thanks, O God of Earth and Heaven,
For Thy holy word—Forgiven ;
Alas ! O God, I must confess
But for Thy grace, my helplessness ;
Ingratitude—it stings me sore ;
Thy clemency give more and more.
6. Thanks, O God of Earth and Heaven,
For Thy mighty word—Forgiven ;
All thanks and praise, Thy “still small voice”
In early years made me rejoice ;
Softly it came, like breathing wind
When me, Thy “lost sheep” Thou did'st find.

CCXXXI. THE MEEK. St Matthew v. 5.

1. BLESSED Jesus, We would seek
To be made, and still kept, “meek” ;
Wilt Thou take our sin-thrall'd will
And us with Thy meekness fill ?
2. Slow to anger, we would be ;
Ever Thine example see ;
Smitten, turn the other cheek
By Thy tender grace held “meek.”

3. Never loud and harshly speak,
But softly, as becomes the "meek" ;
Patient as Thou patient wast,
Ev'n with insult on us cast.
4. Kindness, met with base return,
Let not passion in me burn ;
Never vengeance try to wreak ;
Knowing "blessed are the meek."
5. Lord, alas ! We are but weak,
Apt to shrink from being "meek" ;
Hold it manly to be strong ;
Never deign to suffer wrong.
6. Change, O Lord, our thought and feeling,
Thine Own meekness still revealing ;
Blessed Jesus, we would seek
To be made, and still kept, "meek."

CCXXXII. SONG OF JOY.

Tune—Sigismund.

1. LORD, We would not only seek Thee,
When our souls are dark and sad ;
We would come and sing before Thee,
For the light that makes us glad.
2. Lord, We would not ever grieve Thee,
With our anguish and annoy ;
We would bound and sing before Thee,
For the fulness of our joy.

3. Lord, We would not always bring Thee,
 Plaints, and wails, and sobs, and sighs;
We would eager sing before Thee,
 Of our Cross-drawn ecstasies.
4. Lord, We would not ever lift Thee
 Eyes all swimming with hot tears ;
We would thankful sing before Thee,
 For the hushing of our fears.
5. Lord, We would not wait upon Thee,
 As in some confessional ;
Thou art ours, we sing before Thee,
 We no longer are in thrall.
6. Lord, We would not only seek Thee
 In our dull and lonely days ;
We would joyous sing before Thee ;
 We would fill our mouths with praise.

CCXXXIII. PURITY. St Matthew v. 8.

1. THOU tell'st us, Lord, "blest are the pure in
 heart" ;
We would be blest: Wilt Thou Thy grace impart ?
Alas, thick falls on us as falls the dust,
The thought that stains, desire that taints our
 trust ;
O ! undertake Thou, Lord for us, and cure ;
Whate'er it cost, make us and keep us pure.
2. Thou tell'st us, Lord, "blest are the pure in
 heart" ;
To purify ourselves, we have no art ;

The secret, Lord, is Thine : Wilt whisper low
That by Thy "still small voice" we may it know ;
O Christ, unworthy we this to procure ;
Yet gracious, Lord, we would, we would be pure.

3. Thou tell'st us, Lord, "blest are the pure in heart" ;

But when we long for it, sin will us thwart ;
Again and yet again we quiv'ring feel
How that we would not do will on us steal ;
O Lord, how can Thy patience thus endure !
Forgive—forgive—and Thyself make us pure.

4. Thou tell'st us, Lord, "blest are the pure in heart" ;

But hard it is our grace and sin to part ;
Thou know'st the tumult and the conflict sore ;
Thou seest how passions like chain'd lions roar ;
O Lord, stand by us as we all sin abjure ;
By Thy grace conquering, we shall be pure.

5. Thou tell'st us, Lord, "blest are the pure in heart" ;

Behold us in the home and in the mart ;
Where'er we go, whate'er we do, this sin
Still us besets and victory seems to win ;
But Thou, O Lord, the conquest dost assure ;
That we may see, O do Thou keep us pure.

CCXXXIV. TO-DAY NOT TO-MORROW.

“I have not had a to-morrow for very many years.”—JAMES ROBERTSON, of Newington, Edinburgh.

1. *I'VE not had a to-morrow for many years :*
Bless my God, I live from day to day ;
I'm often in weakness, often in fears,
But I know Jesus knows all my way.
2. *I've not had a to-morrow for many years :*
How should I ? To-morrow is wholly His ;
Through all my life's voyage I sail as He steers ;
He's at the helm and guides me to bliss.
3. *I've not had a to-morrow for many years :*
No choosing, no willing, save only His will ;
Be it loss, be it gain, be it joy or tears,
He leads me, and feeds me, and helps me still.
4. *I've not had a to-morrow for many years :*
Dark at times, but light gleams by-and-bye ;
Temptation and trouble come, yet as each nears
He is still nearer with “ Fear not, it is I ! ”
5. *I've not had a to-morrow for many years :*
His lovingest answer has sometimes been
‘ No ’ ;
I've seen it and felt it, spite of men's sneers :
He orders well, where my feet shall go.
6. *I've not had a to-morrow for many years :*
O Saviour ! grant it may always be ;
While Faith still clings and Hope perseveres,
And in Thine Own time, I shall be with Thee.

CCXXXV. CONTENT.

“I have learned in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be *content*.”
—Philippians iv. 11.

1. *I HAVE learn'd to be content ;*
But, my Lord, 'twas He that taught ;
Rebel was my temperament ;
O ! the conquest in me wrought !
2. *I have learn'd to be content ;*
Placing me in Thy dear will ;
Holding all I have as lent ;
Trusting Thee not mine own skill.
3. *I have learn'd to be content ;*
But, my Lord, 'twas He that taught ;
Whatsoe'er to me is sent,
I accept it, much or naught.
4. *I have learn'd to be content ;*
Working as and where I may ;
Spending now and being spent ;
Singing thro' the longest day.
5. *I have learn'd to be content ;*
But, my Lord, 'twas He that taught ;
Joyous or in languishment ;
Yet no choice have I in aught.
6. *I have learn'd to be content ;*
E'en when walking without light ;
Groping, troubled, diffident,
Stars have risen in the night.

7. *I have learn'd to be content :*

But, my Lord, 'twas He that taught ;
Gentle yet omnipotent,
In His net of grace me caught.

8. *I have learn'd to be content ;*

But, my Lord, 'twas He that taught,
Rebel was my temperament :
O ! the conquest in me wrought !

CCXXXVI. PLEASING.

“ Let every one of us *please* his neighbour for his good to edification.”—Romans xv. 2.

“ Give none offence . . . even as I *please* all men in all things.”
—I Corinthians x. 32-33.

“ Walk worthy of the Lord unto all *pleasing*.”—Colossians i. 10.

“ Adorn the doctrine.”—Titus ii. 10.

1. SEEK to be pleasant, seek to be winning ;
Rudeness and sourness are kin to sinning ;
Seek to bring sunshine wherever you go ;
Have faith in a bright word more than a blow.
2. Seek to be gladsome as 'mongst men ye move ;
Ungracious integrity quencheth love ;
Seek to be hopeful, and patient, and sweet ;
Chill gravity falls on sad hearts like sleet.
3. Seek to be human to tempted and driven,
Grasp the Lord's words, “to seventy times seven” ;
Seek to be gentle e'en with vice and woe ;
O one look of love will cause tears to flow.

4. Seek to be "*care* full" for nothing at all,
Receiving buoyant whatever befall ;
Seek still to shew that He healeth your scars ;
That trials bring joy as Night bringeth stars.
5. Seek to know more how much you yourself need
The pardoning mercy of Him Who did bleed ;
Seek no false perfection—old Pharisees' art—
Loveable weaknesses knit heart to heart.
6. Seek to be pleasant, seek to be winning ;
Rudeness and sourness are kin to sinning ;
Seek to bring sunshine wherever you go ;
Have faith in a bright word more than a blow.

CCXXXVII. BE COURTEOUS. I Peter iii. 8.

1. "Be courteous"—such, Lord, is Thy will ;
And with Thy gentleness Thou'lt fill
In Thy benignity divine,
The heart that seeks to copy Thine.
2. "Be courteous"—or to rich or poor,
To either, neither less nor more ;
Soft answer anger turns away
More than when passion holdeth sway.
3. "Be courteous" : even to the rude,
And evil overcome with good ;
While some will bless thee, some will ban,
Through all, be thou Christ's gentleman.

4. "Be courteous" too, when fighting sin ;
 'Tis thus most sure wilt vict'ry win ;
 Ne'er smite as lightning, shine as light ;
 For truth be strong and brave for right.

CCXXXVIII. UNFEARING.

"I will trust and not be afraid."—Isaiah xii. 2.

1. *I WILL trust and not be afraid :*
 Be it in light, be it in shade ;
 The enemy visible and strong
 Or creeping stealthily along ;
 O ! by Thy grace I shall be bold,
 If that Thy grace doth me enfold.
2. *I will trust and not be afraid :*
 With Thy great Hand upon me laid ;
 And my poor hand enclasping Thine,
 And holding it in truth for mine ;
 Dangers may threaten me and lour,
 I am in no enemy's power.
3. *I will trust and not be afraid :*
 By Thine up-holding Spirit stay'd ;
 Beside thee, Lord, I cannot fail ;
 Thou girdest me with Thine Own mail ;
 Dost give to me for conqu'ring sword,
 The almightiness of Thy Word.
4. *I will trust and not be afraid :*
 Thou my whole life-path hast survey'd ;
 Ordering all my steps aright,
 And enclosing me with Thy might ;
 O grant, Lord, that in Thy strength
 I may attain my home at length.

5. *I will trust and not be afraid :*

But, ah ! I need Thy grace to aid ;
 Show to me, Lord, Thy salvation
 From my sin's erst degradation ;
 And fill my mouth with that glad song
 Which in Heav'n I shall prolong.

CCXXXIX. SYMPATHY. St Matthew xii. 17-22.

1. O LORD, how hard and harsh we are ! too oft
 Speaking the sharp word rather than the soft ;
 How well may we in Holy Scripture read,
 Of "smoking flax" of Thine, and "bruised
 reed" !
2. The timorous heart that kindness only lacks
 To rise in flame of faith, like "smoking flax,"
 Breath'd on but gently ; we too often quench,
 And where we ought to fan we only drench.
3. The weary soul that toils along the way,
 We chafe not soothe, exasperate not allay ;
 Ah ! Lord, how different Thou, to human need !
 How true, Thou "breakest not the bruised reed."
4. O give Thy patience, Lord, Thy gentleness,
 And with Thy lowliness our spirits bless ;
 That we in wounded hearts may drop Thy balm,
 Till e'en in midnight dark they sing their psalm.
5. If we ourselves have found, many still seek ;
 If we ourselves be strong, many are weak ;
 If we ourselves rejoice, many hearts bleed ;
 Still "smoking flax" Thou seest and "bruised
 reed."

6. Tempted, men fall ; Lord, let not us be proud,
Judging in passion and with accent loud ;
Forbid that on our lips aught else be found,
Than "sav'd by grace" and grace that did
abound.
7. The best man, Lord, but man is at the best ;
O may this lowly thought high thoughts arrest !
Knowing for chief of sinners Thou dost plead ;
E'en for the "smoking flax" and "bruised
reed."

CCLX. THE THREE SISTERS—FAITH,
HOPE, AND LOVE. 1 Corinthians xiii. 13.

1. YE linkèd three—Faith, Hope, and Love,
Fairest of Graces from Above !
O that I might within me find
Your heavenly trinity enshrined !
Faith ! That clings unto the Cross ;
Hope ! That looks beyond the sky ;
Love ! That counts all things but loss,
To win the rest that is on High.
2. Anoint our eyes, that we below,
The walk of Faith, not sight, may know ;
Midst fiercest storms Hope's anchor cast,
And still in Love our Lord hold fast ;
Faith ! That clings unto the Cross ;
Hope ! That looks beyond the sky ;
Love ! That counts all things but loss,
To win the rest that is on High.

3. If we must bend beneath our load,
Think on Thy Covenant, O God !
Help that we ne'er from Thee remove,
Sustained by Faith, and Hope, and Love ;
Faith ! That clings unto the Cross ;
Hope ! That looks beyond the sky ;
Love ! That counts all things but loss,
To win the rest that is on High.
4. Guard us, we pray, once-tempted One,
That Satan boast no conquest won ;
Thou who upon Thy Cross did'st bleed,
Knowest all graces that we need ;
Faith ! That clings unto the Cross ;
Hope ! That looks beyond the sky ;
Love ! That counts all things but loss,
To win the rest that is on High.
5. And Thou, O Spirit, who dost strive !
To keep our death-drawn souls alive ;
Grace with Thy greatest gifts impart,
Faith, Hope, and Love in ev'ry heart :
Faith ! That clings unto the Cross ;
Hope ! That looks beyond the sky ;
Love ! that counts all things but loss,
To win the rest that is on High.

CCXLI. FAITH, HOPE, AND LOVE.

I Corinthians xiii. 13.

- I. I BLESS Thee, Lord, for FAITH,
That rests upon " He saith " ;
I bless Thee, Lord, for HOPE,
Strong with all fears to cope ;

I bless Thee, Lord, for LOVE,
In globe of light doth move.

2. I bless Thee, Lord, for FAITH,
Sustained by Thy breath ;
I bless Thee, Lord, for Hope,
Which sees, where others grope ;
I bless Thee, Lord, for LOVE,
Grace every grace above.

3. I bless Thee, Lord, for FAITH,
Winner of many a wreath ;
I bless Thee, Lord, for HOPE,
Reality not trope ;
I bless Thee, Lord, for LOVE,
May my life still approve !

4. I bless Thee, Lord, for FAITH,
That sings in vale of Death ;
I bless Thee, Lord, for HOPE,
Heav'n's own helioscope ;
I bless Thee, Lord, for LOVE,
Make holy, Holy Dove !

5. O Saviour, give Thy tove,
That I shew FAITH, HOPE, LOVE ;
Yea, may the gracious Three
Ever be found in me ;
Meeting for heav'nly Rest ;
Of the " white robe " possessed.

CCXLII. LOVE.

“The greatest of these is *love*.”—I Corinthians xiii. 33.

“Let brotherly *love* continue.”—Hebrews xiii. 1.

1. O LORD, grant that we may shew
As we 'mongst our fellows go :
That like Thee, we sympathize
Where'er on any sorrow lies ;
Whose and what, Lord, we would prove
By still more “brotherly love.”
2. Sign, sweet and infallible,
May it in our bosom dwell !
And as perfume, day by day,
In word and deed heart-change bewray ;
Whose and what, Lord, we would prove
By still more “brotherly love.”
3. Poor—we would compassionate,
Give a hand, not hold high state ;
Weak—we would gently shield,
Even when to sin they yield ;
Whose and what, Lord, we would prove
By still more “brotherly love.”
4. Sad hearts—in their sorrowing
We would have their story bring ;
Lost—ay, tho' as Prodigal,
Back to their Father, we would call ;
Whose and what, Lord, we would prove
By still more “brotherly love.”

5. Vile—we would touch resolute,
Unafraid touch will pollute ;
Guiltiest—lead to the Rood,
Pleading still the mighty blood :
Whose and what, Lord, we would prove
By still more “brotherly love.”
6. In ev’ry man we would see
A human soul dear to Thee ;
Fellow-sinner, and no worse,
Like grace freeing from “the curse” :
Whose and what, Lord, we would prove
By still more “brotherly love.”
7. Build up, Lord, the mystic wall,
With stones large and with stones small ;
One temple that all combine,
Each with each and all as Thine ;
Whose and what, Lord, we would prove
By still more “brotherly love.”

CCXLIII. SEEN THOUGH UNSEEN.

“When I see the blood.”—Exodus xii. 13.

1. O GOD, Too often I am weak
Alas ! so weak I cannot speak
The thought that like a shadow falls
Upon my soul and me appals,
And even hides the mighty Rood ;
But Thou dost say ‘*I see the blood.*’
2. O God, Too often I of Thee
Lose sight ; but never Thou of me ;
Yea, when I walk in deepest fears
Thou dost draw nigh and light appears ;

Though from my heart is hid the Rood,
Yet Thou dost say '*I see the blood.*'

3. O God, Too often I confess
I mourn in lightless loneliness ;
Fearful and faint because that I
Cannot my Saviour's face descry ;
No vision of the up-lifted Rood ;
But Thou dost say '*I see the blood.*'
4. O God, Too often I do doubt
Finding no way from Sin's maze out ;
Ah ! then Thou placest in my hand
The "scarlet thread," and dost command ;
Seen or unseen I trust the Rood,
Guided by this, '*I see the blood.*'

CCXLIV. CHARACTER.

Acts of the Apostles xx. 32 ; 1 Corinthians iii. 10.

1. BUILD thee up CHARACTER, young man—
Society may bless or ban ;
Lay thy foundations strong and deep,
For tempests over thee will sweep ;
Begin with Christ—give Him thy heart,
To fashion by His gracious art.
2. Thy Christianhood be no mere creed
By Calvin, or by man decreed ;
"Your life be hid with Christ in God" :
On that lay no dogmatic load ;
But be it thine to "grow in grace"
By walk of Faith beneath His Face.

3. In homely moral qualities
Lie grandest possibilities ;
At all costs and whate'er befall
Stand by THE VIRTUES one and all ;
Be accurate, punctual, brave,
But aye a man—no abject slave.
4. Build thee up CHARACTER, young man,—
Society may bless or ban ;
Falsehood abounds and all chicane ;
Conscience is oft put on the strain ;
Be thou still "faithful unto death"
And Thou shalt win th' unfading wreath.

CCXLV. THE HEART AN ALABASTER
CRUSE OF OINTMENT FOR JESUS.

St Matthew xxvi. 7.

1. CRUSE of alabaster broken—
Mary's gift, and Love's sweet token ;
Fragrant ointment on His Head ;
Fragrant more, the tears she shed.
2. Lord Christ, my heart be Thou filling
With sweet grace 'bove flowers' distilling ;
By Thy gentle might then break,
And a Mary's "cruse" it make.
3. Unto Thee, by Faith, still clinging,
Lord, my broken heart I'm bringing ;
My "ointment," poor cries and tears,
Born of mingled hopes and fears.
4. Soft the words by Jesus spoken
Of the "cruse" of ointment broken ;
O Lord ! o'er my broken heart
Whisper peace and heal its smart.

HOST AND GUEST. Revelation iii. 20.

1. I WALK within myself with awe,
The HOUSE for me so spacious built ;
Statelier than e'er Zion saw :
The awful blood on its gates spilt ;
This is Love's gracious mystery,
That I, Christ's dwelling-place should be.
2. That I, Christ's dwelling-place should be,
Not as of hewn and carven stone,
Or beams of Leb'non's mighty tree,
Or gold for which men's hearts so groan ;
But wrought of BODY and of SOUL,
God's Spirit ruling o'er the whole.
3. God's Spirit ruling o'er the whole,
Yea ent'ring my heart's shrine again,
To minister in sweet control,
Still seeking HOLINESS to gain ;
How stilly patient, lo ! He waits,
Nor of His tender love abates.
4. Nor of His tender love abates,
But my poor straitness all enlarging
Fills with the grace that consecrates,
Until me hush'd, amaz'd, surcharging,
I cry out '*glorious is this place,*'
As I behold His awful Face.
5. As I behold His awful Face,
Who deigns to stoop 'neath my heart's door ;
A-trembling and bow'd down, I trace
His constant PRESENCE, and adore ;
Supremest wonder ! God in me ;
Yet is it no rapt ecstasy.
6. Yet is it no rapt ecstasy ;
Possessing and of Him possest ;
Walking in "glorious liberty" ;
Thee blessing Lord, and of Thee blest ;
'Tis Heav'n on Earth, Earth sunn'd of Heav'n,
Fulfilment of His promise given.
7. Fulfilment of His promise giv'n ;
Foretaste of the great HOUSE above ;
O how with me my God has striven !
And how magnanimous His love !
I sing, I shout, I praise His Name ;
O join all saints to spread His fame.

IX.

WORK AND WORKERS FOR
CHRIST.

1. A green lane hedged with milk-white May,
Fragrant with breath of fresh-mown hay ;
Rosy children amongst the mows ;
A field dotted over with cows ;
Far, far up in the blinding sky
Larks—specks of mystic melody ;
An old woman in old red cloak,
Gleaning faggots 'neath woodman's stroke ;
Pair'd lovers half-hid by a stile
In loving chat with winsome smile ;
A mile off, the grey church spire—
Vane burnish'd like flame of fire :
 Thanks, Lord, for such pleasant scene,
 English of English, I ween.
2. Foxgloves with pink and pendant bells,
Fairy music hid in their cells ;
Ferns that their crosiers uplift
Where soft the dim green light doth sift ;
Blue hyacinths on wavy banks
That with all garden-beauty ranks ;
Tangled amidst the beetling rocks,
Dog-roses—safe even from the flocks ;
A beck glinting past the sedges,
With pebbled streaks by the edges ;
Wee white clouds in an azure sky—
Like flock o' sheep charmingly :
 Thanks, Lord, for this nook of Thine,
 Inviolat by care divine.
3. Ev'n so, O Lord, in hidden nooks,
Where the World's hard eye ne'er looks ;
Away behind the rush and roar
Of the great City's throngs that pour
Day by day in their mad pursuit
O' pleasures—oft as Dead-Sea fruit ;
I come upon pure Youth and Beauty
Sweet-following in Christly duty ;
Now caring for Thy sick and old,
Now speaking words richer than gold ;
Praise and prayer and uplifting spell,
Of tireless love unspeakable :
 Thanks, Lord, for bright lives like these ;
 O to stir up hearts at ease !

CCXLVI. WORK WHILE IT IS DAY.

I Kings xx. 39-40 ; St John ix. 4.

1. THE iron is hot for the striking ;
Do, man of God, thy part ;
O weigh not disliking or liking,
Speak from a burning heart.
2. Speak ; for the Harvest now whitens,
In, man of God, and reap ;
For he, who dark souls enlightens,
Is gath'ring Christ's "lost sheep."
3. Speak ; men around thee are dying ;
Forth, man of God, to save ;
Hark, captive spirits are sighing,
For rest, this side the grave.
4. Speak out the old Gospel story,
Steep'd, man of God, in pray'r ;
And thou shalt, one day, in glory,
Find Christ was with thee there.
5. The iron is hot for the striking,
Do, man of God, thy part ;
O weigh not disliking or liking,
Speak from a burning heart.

CCXLVII. ANGELS.

“ Are they not all ministering spirits ? ”—Hebrews i. 14.

1. AS I read ev'rywhere in the Holy Evangelis,
Golden words writ of God's blessèd angels ;
I find myself humbled that I should be
So far short of their burning agility ;
So far short of their sweet humility.
2. When the mission of love was laid on them
To publish the great news of Bethlehem ;
How swiftly they stretch'd out their wings
for Earth !
And burst into song o'er the mighty Birth ;
Kindling hope, and filling with brightest mirth.
3. When a starved beggar by the wayside died :
A beggar ! yet dear to THE CRUCIFIED ;
While no one on Earth for his poor corpse
cared ;
For his blood-wash'd soul the angels were
guard ;
To bear him on their lustrous wings prepar'd.
4. When the dead Redeemer in tomb was laid ;
Who willing doorkeepers for Him were made ?
The angels of God, all shining with light ;
Watching till the “ Third Day ” broke from
the night ;
To tell the story of His risen might.

5. When a servant of Christ was bound with chains;
And left in a prison to endure all pains ;
The word being given, a great angel came
And quick set him free from his suffering
and shame ;
That the "glad tidings" he might re-proclaim.
6. When came to St John the Apocalypse,
What glorious words fell from angel lips !
Exultant revealing their enthronèd King
To triumph and glory, shall all things bring ;
Conquering the grave, robbing Death of its
sting.
7. I too would seek the angels to follow :
Lord of all angels, wilt Thou me hallow ?
I fain would emulate their holy zeal ;
I fain would their glad obedience feel :
My forehead, like theirs, Thy holiness seal.

CCXLVIII. COUNT ONE FOR CHRIST.

"Here am I, send me."—Isaiah vi. 8.

1. NEVER speak a hard word, if you can speak a
soft ;
The soft word goes farthest, as you will find oft ;
Never give a cold look, when you may give a
warm ;
E'en kind thing done unkindly, loses half its
charm.

2. Never turn your back on an old friend made poor ;
Thy friend remains, whate'er has come of his store ;
Never scant coppers dole, when you might spare a pound ;
A generous gift may cause some faint hearts to bound.
3. Never " take up ill report " but still let it lie :
By lifting, wings you give it, round and round to fly ;
Never receive whisper'd secret, whoe'er it brings ;
Whisper'd honey'd words oft sheath deadliest stings.
4. Never shrink from duty, if duty it be ;
Go yourself and do it, seek not yourself to free ;
Never shun the brave speech, that shews you a man,
Come praise or come blame, blessing come or ban.
5. Never tell a lie, whatever be the bribe ;
Truth will always pay—soon pass off jest and jibe ;
Ne'er use profane words—most senseless of sins ;
Pure lips and true lips, that is what aye wins.
6. Ever scorn to be a coward, who stands silent by,
When ill tongues our Lord seek to crucify ;
Never be asham'd to count one for Him,
Or the lustre of the name of " Christian " dim.

CCXLIX. EVERY CHRISTIAN BOUND
TO BE A WORKER.

“ Let him that heareth say Come.”—Revelation xxii. 17.

1. O LORD, Whome'er Thy grace has blessed,
Causing Thy Name to be confessed ;
Wilt Thou now quicken them to see
That each one service owes to Thee.
2. O Thou Who on the Cross did'st die,
On Whom the whole world's sin did lie ;
Renew in all its tenderness
How Thy redeeming love doth bless.
3. Enkindle in our hearts such flame
As shall consume all coward shame ;
And send us forth with burning love
The might of Thy red cross to prove.
4. Hast Thou not laid on one and all
Still to say “ Come ” ? and still to call
On “ whosoever will,” to find
Pardon and purity combin'd.
5. O Lord, Inspire us with fresh zeal,
To think and do, to know and feel ;
To rally to Thy servants' aid,
Of the World's “ loud laugh ” unafraid.
6. The time is short, and life is flying,
And all around us souls are dying ;
Stir up, O Lord, each heart and will,
And with Thine Own compassion fill.

7. O Lord, Whome'er Thy grace has bless'd,
 Causing Thy Name to be confess'd ;
 Wilt Thou now quicken them to see
 That each one service owes to Thee.

CCL. KINDNESS IN GIVING.

2 Corinthians viii. 4.

“Gifts without the giver are bare.”—J. D. LOWELL.

1. *GIFTS without the giver are bare:*
 As—wanting sunshine—is the air ;
 Alas ! for the sad rarity
 Of even Christian charity,
 Transfigurèd with sympathy
 Forth-beaming from warm lip and eye ;
 With a bright look and a kind word ;
 And all “for the sake of” the Lord.
2. Seeking selfish immunity
 From Despair's importunity,
 You may fling to thin clutching palms
 Your silver or gold for an alms ;
 But a copper, with pleasant smile,
 Will drop as a soft fragrant oil ;
 The common air sweet-perfuming ;
 Hope's dim dying lamp reluming.
3. *Gifts without the giver are bare:*
 You will The Christ's own blessing share ;
 If amid the suffering and lowly
 You will walk in His footsteps holy ;
 Counting no house however mean
 A place where you may not be seen ;
 It is not for us to stand aloof,
 Since He is found 'neath poorest roof.

4. O do not in your dignity stand ;
Forth, and grasp you a brother's hand ;
Recognizing our common kin,
Ay, and our common human sin ;
Feeling the possibility
That in the most errant soul may lie ;
'Twill bring you blessing and not snare :
Gifts without the giver are bare.

CCLI. “GOD BLESS YOU!”

2 Corinthians iv. 15.

1. EARN “God bless you!” my Brother :
Had you not once a mother ?
Know that however defil'd
He—she—is somebody's child.
2. Earn “God bless you!” my Brother ;
Flame of ruth do not smother :
Your heart-promptings quick obey ;
Chill may come if you delay.
3. Earn “God bless you!” my Brother ;
Reckon it not for bother ;
Kind deed do or kind word speak ;
You may heal heart like to break.
4. Earn “God bless you!” my Brother ;
Act you not by the weather ;
Forth, e'en on the bleak wet night
To bear some poor dark heart light.

340 “ *If we can't all Gather a Sheaf,*

5. Earn “God bless you !” my Brother,
In one way or another ;
Brighten a white face of woe ;
You'll do good beyond you know.
6. Earn “God bless you !” my Brother,
Ev'n amid worldly cares' pother ;
Hie you on with willing feet ;
Than music it is more sweet.
7. Earn “God bless you !” my Brother :
Had you not once a mother ?
Know that however defil'd,
He—she—is somebody's child.

CCLII. “IF WE CAN'T ALL GATHER A
SHEAF, LET US ALL GLEAN AN
EAR.”—ELIZA FLETCHER.

St Matthew xxv. 15-28.

1. *If we can't all gather a sheaf,*
 Let us all seek to glean an ear ;
It is not for all to be chief,
Or to hope for a great career ;
Some higher, some lower ;
You reaper, I sower.
2. *If we can't all gather a sheaf,*
 Let us all seek to glean an ear ;
Life is made up of joy and grief,
Of the blooming and the sere ;

Some higher, some lower ;
You reaper, I sower.

3. *If we can't all gather a sheaf,*
Let us all seek to glean an ear ;
Life fades like the fading leaf ;
To-day as He calls, let us hear ;
Some higher, some lower ;
You reaper, I sower.
4. *If we can't all gather a sheaf,*
Let us all seek to glean an ear ;
Opportunity, like a thief,
Slips away, and leaves us in rear ;
Some higher, some lower ;
You reaper, I sower.
5. *If we can't all gather a sheaf,*
Let us all seek to glean an ear ;
Our abiding on Earth is brief,
Let us all work in holy fear ;
Some higher, some lower ;
You reaper, I sower.
6. *If we can't all gather a sheaf,*
Let us all seek to glean an ear ;
It is not for all to be chief,
Or to hope for a great career ;
Some higher, some lower ;
You reaper, I sower.

CCLIII. GO, NOT SEND.

“Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, to *visit* the fatherless and widows in their affliction.”—St James i. 27.

1. WITH thy kindness go, not send ;
Going doth fresh kindness lend ;
Howe'er kindly it be meant
There's a dull chill in what is sent :
Kind word dipp'd in a kind smile
Will pain'd heart of pain beguile ;
And thy “visit” in poor room
Scatter—light-like—gath'ring gloom.
2. Hearest thou of widow, left,
Of her strong bread-winner 'reft ;
Of her children fatherless ;
Of her former little made less ;
Hie thee thither now, my brother,
Thy gift send not by another ;
“Visit” pay—and not in haste :
Time thus hallow'd is no waste.
3. Hearest thou of fellow-man
For the right, plac'd under ban ;
And there riseth in thy heart
A desire to take his part ;
Get thee to him, and thy hand
Plac'd in his, there by him stand ;
Thus thou shalt indeed befriend
Far beyond aught thou can'st SEND.

4. With thy kindness go, not send ;
Going doth fresh kindness lend ;
For wrong'd, suffering and poor,
Look of love is half their cure ;
One true throb of human feeling
All a brother's heart unsealing ;
So you will reach that within :
High and low are thus made kin.
5. How transfiguring is a look !
Heart leaps up to heart ; and shook
Are a hundred prejudices
By the light within our eyes ;
And there dieth out the rage
Born of heartless patronage ;
That flings kindness as an alms
Careless of a proud heart's qualms.

CCLIV. LIBERALITY.

1 Corinthians vi. 19-20 ; Philemon 19 ; 2 Corinthians viii. 2.

1. BLUSH, O my soul, that thou should'st be
Not yet from love of lucre free ;
That Christ's all-reasonable demands
Find thee still holding back thy hands ;
What did "the World" cost thee, my soul,
Ere thou on Him thy sins didst roll ?
2. How oft hast thou in prayer and song,
Avouch'd thou dost to Christ belong !
Hast thou not, feeling thy heart burn,
Said, thou can'st ne'er give meet return ?
What did "the Flesh" cost thee, my soul,
E'er thou on Him thy sins did'st roll ?

3. The blood-red flag shall ne'er be furl'd
Until the Gospel fill the world ;
Choose thou thy part, nor from it move,
Thou ow'st it to redeeming love ;
What did "the Devil" cost thee, soul,
Ere thou on Him thy sins did'st roll ?
4. How scant and measur'd are our gifts !
Each on the other duty shifts ;
Upon ourselves we lavish, spend,
And paltry nothings His cause send :
What cost it Him to save thy soul
Ere thou on Him thy sins did'st roll ?
5. Blush, O my soul, that thou should'st be
Not yet from love of lucre free ;
That Christ's all-reasonable demands
Find thee still holding back thy hands ;
"Things liberal devise" my soul,
As thou on Him dost thy sins roll.

CCLV. KNOWN AND UNKNOWN.

2 Corinthians vi. 9.

1. THERE are flowers that grow in sunniest light,
And there are flowers that grow in deepest
shade ;
There are flowers that are ever in men's sight,
And there are flowers that hide, as tho' afraid ;
But in light or in shade, seen or concealed,
To the Great Gardener all are revealed.

2. Ev'n so, O my God, dost Thou deal with men ;
 Placing some in forefront and light of day ;
 Placing some back, outside the world's ken ;
 But each so placed that Thou hast Thy way ;
 This I would see, Lord, and my post fill,
 Known or unknown : bring it or good or ill.
3. Thy servant of old in poignant self-blame,
 Tho' wearing a crown and in purple clad ;
 Saw in meanest post not a touch of shame,
 But 'door-keeper' would be, and that right
 glad :
 Give me, O my God, thus lowly to be,
 Yea, give me Thine Own sweet humility.
4. Gracious art Thou to deign use us at all ;
 Unworthy the best in Thy Name to speak ;
 Yet in Thy gracious love us Thou dost call,
 And service of each one of us dost seek ;
 Grant that, self-emptied and fill'd with Thee,
 We may work as Thou send'st—contentedly.

CCLVI. SIMULATION.

Quid est nisi miserabilis insania? Nam eo magis eis movetur quisque, quo minus a talibus affectibus sanus est; quamquam cum ipse patitur, miseria, cum aliis compatitur, misericordia dici solet. Sed qualis tandem misericordia in rebus fictis et scenicis? Non enim ad subveniendum provocatur auditor, sed tantum ad dolendum invitatur; et actori earum imaginum amplius favet, cum amplius dolet.—ST AUGUSTINE (Conf., lib. iii. ii.).

1. I WOULD not merely grieve,
 I also would relieve ;
 For 'tis a per'lous art
 That seeks to act a part ;

All playing with our tears
Enervates, yea, and sears.

2. Emotion deftly stealing,
Luxury of feeling
As drawn from scenes on stage,
Or found on Fiction's page ;
Tempestuous or still,
Sure subjugates the will.
3. I would not merely grieve,
I also would relieve ;
For 'tis a per'lous art
That seeks to act a part ;
All playing with our tears
Enervates, yea, and sears.
4. Lord, hear me as I plead ;
All feeling change to deed ;
Let not mere scenic woes
Be all my conscience knows ;
Send me with Christly feet
Real suffering to meet.
5. I would not merely grieve,
I also would relieve ;
For 'tis a per'lous art
That seeks to act a part ;
All playing with our tears
Enervates, yea, and sears.
6. ' Real suffering ' of men
Ay tho' in vilest den ;
' Real suffering ' where'er found,
Nor let aught me astound ;

‘ Real suffering,’ that I
Shew active sympathy.

7. I would not merely grieve,
I also would relieve ;
For 'tis a per'lous art
That seeks to act a part ;
All playing with our tears
Enervates, yea, and sears.

CCLVII. NEVER DESPAIR.

“ We are perplexed but not in despair.”—2 Corinthians iv. 8.

1. *NEVER despair* : whilst there's life there is hope :
God's mighty love with the vilest can cope ;
Tell the “ old story ” in love and in prayer ;
Tell it believingly—*never despair*.
2. *Never despair* : whilst there's life there is hope ;
Rescue the perishing e'en on Doom's slope ;
Lift up the Cross and in Christ's Name dare ;
Praying and working, thou'lt *never despair*.
3. *Never despair* : whilst there's life there is hope ;
God's love in Christ is a truth not a trope ;
Forth and proclaim—His great mercy to share,—
Pardon for all men, and *never despair*.
4. *Never despair* : whilst there's life there is hope ;
Seek out the “ lost ” as in darkness they grope,
Shout the glad tidings, to all, everywhere ;
Jesus has died ; therefore *never despair*.

CCLVIII. ERRING. Titus iii. 2.

1. SPEAK gently to an erring one,
E'en if a deed of shame be done ;
For else you but exasperate,
Perchance turn anger into hate.
2. We see the deed and instant blame
But not how hard it is to tame
A heart to sin that has not died,
A rebel will unsanctified.
3. Be ours in love to sympathise,
Nor stare with hard self-righteous eyes ;
Forgiven ourselves, let us forgive,
Knowing 'tis thro' His death we live.
4. The softer word has deeper power,
The smile's sunshine than looks that lour ;
To draw, not drive ; not scourge, but melt ;
Ah ! We must shew that we have felt.
5. Have felt of sin the fearful stress ;
A guilty heart's sad loneliness ;
Have felt the anguish and relenting,
Stopping short of true repenting.
6. O Brothers ! Sisters ! on our guilt
We need the awful blood once spilt ;
Let us feel that, and ne'er will we
To guiltiest, vilest, austere be.

CCLIX. UNSHARED PLEASURE.

I John iii. 17.

1. PLEASURE is only half-pleasure unshared ;
O forth then, my brother, share thine ;
Pleasure when shared is as treasure prepared
Excelling aught drawn from the mine.
2. Pleasure is only half-pleasure unshared ;
Earthly or heav'nly 'tis so ;
Those who for Christ most nobly have dared,
This passion unselfish forth-shew.
3. Thro' His grace I would not know joy alone ;
I would not receive to retain ;
O to o'erflow to those who are sad and moan,
Such o'erflow is ne'er loss but gain.
4. I place me, Lord, 'neath Thy touch that thrills ;
Wilt Thou, O wilt Thou me melt ?
Give me the power Thine Own arm fills,
To impart whate'er of grace I have felt.

CCLX. MISSED. Psalm xlv. 17.

"I should not like to die and never be missed."—(Bella Cooke
in "Rifted Clouds.")

- 1 I WOULD be miss'd when gone,
I would not—my life done—
Have no eyes wet for me,
No hearts touch'd tenderly ;
No good of me confest,
Dead—and yet never miss'd.
2. For self to live and die,
Our home our boundary ;

To do no kindly act
 Seeking to break Sin's pact ;
 To lead no soul to Christ :
 So—we shall not be miss'd.

3. To care for the Lord's poor,
 Pleading His promise sure ;
 To win the wandering back,
 To His foot-printed track ;
 To patiently keep tryst ;
 Ah ! thus we shall be miss'd.

4. Pleasure-seeking only
 Tho' others be lonely ;
 Dressing—drinking—eating,
 The soul madly cheating ;
 Scorning the love unpric'd,
 So—we shall not be miss'd.

5. The grace of God infus'd,
 And we of Him still us'd ;
 Found true in word and deed ;
 Like Him to intercede ;
 Nor till the end desist,
 Then, then we shall be miss'd.

CCLXI. HUMBLE USEFULNESS.

“ Arise, shine ! ”—Isaiah lx. 1. (Cf. St Bernard De Gradibus humilitatis, c. i.)

I. LORD ! Not as lightning but as light,
 Seek I to be ;

To shine serenely, Lord, not smite,
 Constrain Thou me ;
 Hear me, O Lord,
 I plead Thy Word.

2. My Lord, I covet not the breath ;
 Of grand renown
But rather that which lies beneath
 A blood-bought crown ;
 Hear me, O Lord,
 I plead Thy Word.

3. I'd wear such, Lord, in simpleness ;
 Not great, but good ;
I'd do good in all silentness,
 E'en to the rude ;
 Hear me, O Lord,
 I plead Thy Word.

4. Fain would I hold, if but small cup,
 To thirsty lips ;
Fain would I shine but to light up
 Some soul's eclipse ;
 Hear me, O Lord,
 I plead Thy Word.

5. Lord, I would lead one soul to Thee,
 Make one rejoice ;
Fain Lord, I'd fain have one set free
 By my low voice ;
 Hear me, O Lord,
 I plead Thy Word.

CCLXII. “FORGIVE HER, AND DON'T
GIVE OVER TRYING.”—WALTER BESANT
 (“Children of Gibeon,” B. ii. c).

“Until seventy times seven.”—St Matthew xviii. 22.

1. ‘*FORGIVE, and don't give over trying*’ :
In spite of thanklessness and lying ;
In spite of promise madly broken—
Broken almost as soon as spoken ;
 ‘*Forgive, and don't give over trying.*’
2. ‘*Forgive, and don't give over trying*’ :
Think of God's patience, not thy sighing ;
Forgiv'n thyself, how much thou owest !
But ‘sev'n times ’—is it this thou shewest ?
 ‘*Forgive, and don't give over trying.*’
3. ‘*Forgive, and don't give over trying*’ :
Remember souls all round are dying ;
O welcome shame and penitence !
Be not harsh ev'n to insolence ;
 ‘*Forgive, and don't give over trying.*’
4. ‘*Forgive, and don't give over trying*’ :
Sore-aching hearts aloud are crying ;
Backsliding follows close, repenting,
But e'en in hardest comes relenting ;
 ‘*Forgive, and don't give over trying.*’
5. ‘*Forgive, and don't give over trying*’ :
His lures the Tempter's ever plying ;
Like Christ embrace them in your pity
And weep as He wept o'er ‘*the CITY*’ ;
 ‘*Forgive, and don't give over trying.*’

6. *'Forgive, and don't give over trying' :*
Let not your scrutiny be prying ;
Be generous, sympathetic, tender,
"Rejoice in hope" however slender ;
'Forgive, and don't give over trying.'
7. *'Forgive, and don't give over trying' :*
Time—life—how they are flying, flying !
Still grasp soil'd hands eyes upward casting ;
This word 'Forgive' is everlasting ;
'Forgive, and don't give over trying.'

CCLXIII. "GOD BURIES HIS WORKMEN
BUT CARRIES ON HIS WORK."

1. WORKMAN after workman dies,
And unfinished their work lies ;
Our hearts fail, our hopes suspire
Yea in Thy sweet service tire ;
Fainting in our weaken'd way,
Scarcely able ev'n to pray.
O God, wilt fresh FAITH us give ?
Workmen die, but Thou dost live ;
In darkest desolation
Thou Thy work dost carry on.
2. Workman after workman dies,
This Thy Church, Lord, sorely tries ;
As in tears she stricken stands
Sadly missing "vanished hands,"
Wills strenuous, and brave hearts
Ever ready to take their parts ;

O God, wilt fresh TRUST us give ?
Workmen die, but Thou dost live ;
In deepest desolation,
Thou Thy work dost carry on.

3. Workman after workman dies,
Often in extremities ;
Just when at their very best,
Consecrate to Thy behest :
And their hallow'd ministry
Binding hearts in unity :
O God, wilt fresh HOPE us give ?
Workmen die, but Thou dost live :
In dreaded desolation,
Thou Thy work dost carry on.
4. Workman after workman dies,
Passing from Earth to the skies ;
Leaving their fellow-workers weak,
Other workers far to seek ;
Motive, inspiration chill'd,
The Future with black clouds fill'd :
O God, wilt fresh LOVE us give ?
Workmen die, but Thou dost live ;
In saddest desolation,
Thou Thy work dost carry on.
5. Workman after workman dies
'Midst our anguish, 'midst our sighs ;
And as when a fell'd tree falls
The vast vacancy appals ;
Dumb-smitten, we can but look
To Thee, Lord, searching Thy Book ;

O God, wilt fresh STRENGTH us give?
Workmen die, but Thou dost live;
In blankest desolation,
Thou Thy work dost carry on.

6. Workman after workman dies,
And unfinish'd their work lies!
But their work is Thine, O Christ;
Thou wilt keep Thy pledgèd tryst;
Still Thy promise-words observe
To send workers Thee to serve:
O God, wilt fresh ARDOUR give?
Workmen die, but Thou dost live;
In utmost desolation,
Thou Thy work dost carry on.

7. Workman after workman dies:
Whence do come these mysteries?
Living Jesus, Thou know'st all,
By no chances these befall;
Earth below as Heav'n above
Compass'd round is with Thy love;
O God, wilt fresh GRACE us give?
Workmen die, but Thou dost live:
In bleakest desolation,
Thou Thy work dost carry on.

CCLXIV. "IF YOU WANT A THING WELL
DONE YOU MUST DO IT YOURSELF."

—LONGFELLOW—"Courtship of Miles Standish."

1. 'If you want thing well done
You must do it yourself;
A good cause is half-won,
And, shunn'd many a shelf,

When, your heart all a-flame,
You go forth in Christ's name.

2. Mere giving of money
 To those that you command ;
 With voice sweet as honey
 Whilst 'tis dropp'd in their hand,
 Is not that which He did ;
 Be your cry " God forbid " !
3. If you want thing well done
 You must do it yourself ;
 A good cause is half-won,
 And, shunn'd many a shelf,
 When, your heart all a-flame,
 You go forth in Christ's name.
4. Let the ' Easy Way ' smile ;
 Easy, oft is the ' Broad ' ;
 ' Narrow ' choose 'gainst all guile ;
 'Tis *the* Way The Christ trod ;
 Let Society mock,
 'Tis but foam on the rock.
5. If you want thing well done
 You must do it yourself ;
 A good cause is half-won,
 And, shunn'd many a shelf,
 When, your heart all a-flame,
 You go forth in Christ's name.
6. ' Go ' not ' send,' is His word ;
 Forth then, Brother, thyself ;
 Hohenzollern, or Guelph,
 Well may gird on his sword ;
 Fight with your own right hand,
 One for Christ, with Christ stand.

CCLXV. ENDURING TO THE END.

“To him that overcometh will I give . . .”—Revelation ii. 7.

1. LO ! We read in Gospel story
That the FIGHT precedes the GLORY ;
Glory none, without the fight ;
And no right like conquer'd right.
2. Ah ! The error's old, yea hoary,
That without THE FIGHT seeks glory ;
So to seek you seek to wrest ;
By 'enduring' only blest.
3. Look ! how the great sea is froary :
Symbol of divinest glory ;
Tempest-toss'd, and then the calm :
E'en so conflict ere the palm.
4. Not the Fight madd'ning and gory,
As is won the world's poor glory ;
But strong Faith and a strong Will
The Lord's purpose to fulfil.

WORK AND REST.

1. *HE resteth best who worketh best.*

Lord ! Be this in me manifest ;
Give grace that I may work for Thee
By Thine Own "glorious liberty" ;
Yea toil—nor ever, Lord, be tir'd,
By Thy thrice-holy love inspir'd.

2. *He resteth best who worketh best :*

O Christ ! give me this gracious rest !
The rest of conscience and of faith,
Sustained by Thy quick'ning breath :
The rest that comes of each day done
A-witnessing some victory won.

3. *He resteth best who worketh best :*

Lord ! Wilt send more this to attest ?
Alas ! alas ! only the FEW
Seek Thy example to renew ;
Alas ! alas ! fitful and weak
All the work that we do or seek.

4. *He resteth best who worketh best :*

Lo ! Thine Own dearest thus are blest ;
Thou the Great Worker on Thy Throne
Who Labor's dignity didst own ;
Help us to see, and know, and feel
Rest, without work, is not our weal.

5. *He resteth best who worketh best :*

From North to South, from East to West ;
Lord ! Thou art calling us to fear,
Lest the World's cries we do not hear ;
Ah ! aching hearts and wilder'd brains
Longing for the Gospel's strains.

6. *He resteth best who worketh best :*

O Christ, come swift ! be my heart's guest ;
Yea, make all hearts Thy dwelling-place ;
And into deeds transmute Thy grace ;
Lift Thou us up and send us forth
Still—still to tell THY CROSS's worth.

X.

CHRISTIAN VIEWS OF DEATH.

OUR DEAD FIRST-BORN AND OTHER TWO "LITTLE ONES."

1. THE Lord gave us a FIRST-BORN child :
'Twas as if Christ had on us smil'd
In His sweet holy infancy :
When beneath his young mother's eye
He lay in purest innocence :
Creature almost too fair for sense.
2. How His coming knit our two hearts
Into one, that now nothing parts !
How our love leapt to new being,
Deeper, finer than all seeing !
As before the GIVER we knelt,
Brokenly utt'ring what we felt.
3. O ! day by day the little thing
Caus'd to us hourly wondering ;
Day by day life's strange mysteries
Flash'd on us from his azure eyes ;
Rose-red lips, and a rippling smile
That austerest might well beguile.
4. By- and- bye came — not without awe—
His first word, naming his "mam ma" ;
And sure signs of the dawning mind
With winsomeness of feeling join'd ;
Quick responses to word or look,
Clear as any printed book.
5. Thus still our FIRST-BORN grew and grew
Till almost Heav'n on Earth we knew ;
Crept enticingly on the floor :
Chas'd a bright sunbeam o'er and o'er :
Little new words added daily,
That his mother knew right gaily.
6. Tokens that a live soul was there,
Enrich'd of faculty, and rare
Fore-gleamings of intelligence,
From Thee Above, and not from hence :
And O the tricksome pretty ways
That forming character bewrays.
7. Ah ! It was too too bright to last !
Soon our sunshine was o'er-cast ;
More sudden than the fading flower
Bedrabbled by the chilly shower ;
Sickening, our sweet darling lay,
Life—how swiftly !—ebbing away.
8. O the sad mystery of pain
Binding an infant in its chain ;
With subtleties inscrutable
As might have been contriv'd in hell ;
I own it, my poor faith was shook
'Fore my child's suffering, pleading look.
9. How fears rose ! and how fears fell !
The wearying struggle who may tell ?
He tost on his bruised mother's knee
In anguish that 'twas hard to see ;
Moan, and thirst, and O burning hands !
With words e'en Love not understands.
10. It came at last : the wee wan face
Chang'd as by celestial grace ;
A shadow pass'd across his brow,
One long last look, and now and now
Our FIRST-BORN lay before us dead,
Our hopes united, shattered.
11. Long years have come ! long years have gone !
Since that day of desolation ;
And still our hearts are left forlorn,
And others followed our FIRST-BORN.
Yet sweet light on their mem'ry lies :
Parents of children in the skies.
12. *Parents of children in the skies :*
This turns discords to harmonies ;
Tho' here by darkness we are tried,
Luminous is the other side ;
Less of Earth, the more of Heaven
Christ's Own consolation given.

CCLXVI. SORROWFUL YET REJOICING.

2 Corinthians vi. 10.

1. SING Believer, and rejoice ;
Listen to His conquering voice ;
He His mighty work has done,
And abides "The Living One" ;
Death hath no dominion now ;
See all crowns upon Christ's brow.
2. Having died, He dies no more ;
Sing Believer, and implore
That He will anoint thine eyes
To behold, beyond the skies,
All thy lov'd ones with Him blest
In the "Everlasting Rest."
3. *Earth to earth and dust to dust*
Luminous stands by Hope's trust ;
O Believer, child, not slave,
Tremble not before the grave ;
He has pass'd it and return'd ;
He keeps safe all thou hast mourn'd.
4. Sing, Believer, and rejoice,
Listen to His conquering voice ;
He His mighty work has done,
And abides "The Living One" ;
Death hath no dominion now ;
See all crowns on Jesus' brow.

CCLXVII. A CHRISTIAN'S DEATH-BED.

Philippians i. 23 and Psalm xxiii. 4.

1. WHEN I upon my death-bed lie,
And mystic film bedims my eye ;
Lord Jesus, wilt Thou by me stand,
And place in mine Thy guiding Hand ?
That walking thro' the gathering dark
I may to Thy "still, small voice" hark :
O my God ! me not forsake,
But let me with Thee awake.
2. If Memory "old sins" re-charge,
Thy Mercy wilt Thou not enlarge ?
If conscience presses on me guilt,
Wilt Thou not shew me Thy blood spilt ?
If the Great Tempter me assail
Lord ! let me be clad in Thy mail ;
O my God ! me not forsake,
But let me with Thee awake.
3. Thou knowest, Lord, the vale of Death ;
Thou knowest the pain of lab'ring breath ;
Thou knowest the sinking heart's alarms ;
Thou knowest how frail all mortal arms ;
Be Thou near by in that dread hour,
And keep me by Thy gracious power :
O my God ! me not forsake,
But let me with Thee awake.

4. So shall I place me in Thy care ;
Vouchsafe that I may ne'er despair ;
Serene and peaceful be my sleep
As those whom Thou in love dost keep ;
O give me glimpse of th' open door,—
The life of joy for evermore :
O my God ! me not forsake,
But let me with Thee awake.

CCLXVIII. THE DYING CONQUEROR.

2 Timothy iv. 7.

1. I AM going from dimness to light ;
I am going to daybreak not night ;
I am exchanging Faith's walk for sight ;
Laud ! Holy Saviour !
2. I do not find it, Lord, a hard fight ;
Thou hast giv'n the victory and the right ;
Thou dost me to Thy Right Hand invite ;
Laud ! Holy Saviour !
3. I am in "perfect peace," not in fright ;
I am girded, O God, by Thy might ;
Thou the Last En'my on cross didst smite ;
Laud ! Holy Saviour !
4. Praise, O God, Thou gav'st the heart contrite ;
Praise, to Thy life mine Thou didst unite ;
Praise, for blood-bought crown and robe of white ;
Laud ! Holy Saviour

5. Breaks on my spirit Hope's vision bright ;
All my fears and doubts are put to flight ;
Ah ! Death, I triumph in thy despatch ;
Laud ! Holy Saviour !
6. I am going from dimness to light ;
I am going to daybreak not night ;
I am exchanging Faith's walk for sight ;
Laud ! Holy Saviour !

CCLXIX. CROSSING TO THE OTHER SIDE.

“ Let us pass over unto the other side.”—St Mark iv. 35.

1. *LET us pass to the other side :*

I hear, O Lord, be Thou my guide,
Thou bidst me go, and go with Thee ;
Lord, I believe, but keep Thou me ;
I list Thy call, I grasp Thy Hand,
Me safe on “ the other side ” to land.

2. *Let us pass to the other side :*

I would give it meaning more wide ;
’Twas but to pass across the Sea,
Holy, transfigur’d Galilee—
But Thou seek’st we should decide
Ever with Thee, Lord, to abide.

3. *Let us pass to the other side :*

Yea, Lord, whatever me betide ;
Ne’er would I go or come alone ;
Go with me, Lord, or I go none ;
“ Lo ! I am with you ” let me hear ;
So shall I cast away all fear.

4. *Let us pass to the other side :*

O Lord, in Thee I do confide ;
And as when Thou the call did'st give
By Thy divine prerogative ;
With Thee "little ships" also went,
Grant all I love be with us sent.

5. *Let us pass to the other side :*

And "safe into the haven glide"
The haven on the sunny shore ;
To know or toil or storm no more ;
This, dear Lord, the hope we cherish ;
None of Thy redeem'd can perish.

CCLXX. LONGINGS FOR DEPARTURE.

Deuteronomy iii. 23-25 (Cf. xxxiv. 1-4.) ; Philippians i. 23.

1. O "LET me go over," Lord,

To Thy "goodly Land" on high ;
'Twas Thy servant's pleading word ;
Lord, wilt Thou again deny ?
O I weary am, and weak ;
All the "outward man" decaying ;
Suffer me, that I may speak,
Send me Death, long long delaying.

2. Lo ! I see the Jordan flowing,

Down the over-shadow'd dale ;
And beyond are Heav'n's walls glowing,
As Faith's hand draws back the veil :
O, blest Lord, my heart is aching,
For Thine Everlasting Rest ;
Life-strings one by one are breaking ;
Help, help, Lord, I am opprest !

3. O my Lord, "let me go over"
To Thy "goodly Land" on high ;
See my fainting spirit hover
Spreading forth its wings to fly ;
Hold me not, O King anointed,
With soft kiss call me away ;
I have liv'd the time appointed ;
"If thou wilt" O say me "yea."
4. Lord, forgive if 'tis unruly
Thus to yearn for going home ;
Thou, dear Saviour, knowest truly
How such longings o'er us come ;
For Thine Own Name's sake release me ;
From this languor and sharp pain ;
Thou my only Lord, can'st ease me ;
I plead, that "to die is gain."
5. O "let me go over," Lord,
To Thy "goodly Land" on high ;
Thy kind touch to me accord,
That shall shut my glazing eye ;
By the Cross I make my dwelling ;
Lord on Thee I place my sin.
Take me over Jordan's swelling ;
Blood-bought crown and robe to win.
6. O "let me go over," Lord,
To Thy "goodly Land" on high ;
'Twas Thy servant's pleading word ;
Lord, wilt Thou again deny ?
O I weary am, and weak ;
All the "outward man" decaying ;
Suffer me, that I may speak ;
Kind Death come, long long delaying !

CCLXXI. MI DISSE :—"NON CERCAR,
L'HO SOTTERATO!" (Tuscany : Disperati.)

I Corinthians xv.

1. *SEEK him no more ; I've laid him 'neath the earth :*
Nay, Nay, O Death, surcease thy mocking mirth ;
Not 'him ' but his—the poor worn robe of clay,—
That only thou hast marr'd and put away.
2. I look not on Earth's level low, but heav'n ;
I know Whom I believe, by His grace given ;
I know that thou, O Death, discrownèd art ;
Fear not thy scoffing ; no, nor yet thy dart.
3. *Seek him no more ; I've laid him 'neath the earth :*
A lie it is—of unbelieving birth ;
Last Enemy ! Thy sword put in its sheath,
Thou touchest—since Christ died—but mortal breath.
4. Thou, Living Christ, Whom lowliest may trust,
The soul is Thine, not Death's ; and ev'n our dust :
Death ! Where's thy sting ? where Grave thy victory ?
Our lov'd are not 'neath earth but pass'd to sky.
5. *Seek him no more ; I've laid him 'neath the earth :*
Nay, nay, O Death, surcease thy mocking mirth ;
Not 'him ' but his—the poor worn robe of clay,—
That only thou hast marr'd and put away.

CCLXXII. THE GOOD DIE NOT.

"Mortality swallowed up of life."—2 Corinthians v. 4.

"Passed from death unto life."—St John v. 24.

"Your life is hid with Christ in God."—Colossians iii. 3.

1. THE good die not ; they but undress
 And lay them down to sleep ;
They wake anon in blessedness ;
 Ev'n whilst for them we weep ;
Let Faith ascend within the veil,
Nor as disconsolate still wail.
2. The good die not ; HE went before
 A mansion to prepare ;
And if we only could thus soar,
 We should not shed a tear ;
Laying aside their chrysalis
The bless'd are in that Day of His.
3. The good die not ; but disappear
 For the Lord's " little while : "
Let us now watch ; the day draws near
 Shall close the brief exile ;
In hope and patience let us wait ;
Soon will unclothe the Golden Gate.
4. The good die not ; an ampler life
 Is theirs where they have gone ;
No more of sin, or grief, or strife,
 Can vex His haven'd one ;
" Life more abundant " their reward :
Not lying dead 'neath daisied sward.

5. The good die not ; they but undress
And lay them down to sleep ;
They wake anon in blessedness,
Ev'n whilst for them we weep ;
Let Faith ascend within the vail,
Nor as disconsolate still wail.

CCLXXIII. DEATH DETHRONED.

I Corinthians xv. 55-57.

1. DEATH ! Men to thee no longer bow,
Nor as thy abjects stand ;
There is no crown upon thy brow,
No sceptre in thy hand.
2. Thou art dethron'd two thousand years,
By Him THE CRUCIFIED ;
Thou, born of sin ! Thou King of fears !
Didst die when Jesus died.
3. Thou touchest now but mortal breath ;
The soul Thou dost not touch ;
And, e'en a little child, O Death !
Before thee need not crouch.
4. For He, the Prince of life, bids sing,
" No evil will I fear ;
Thy rod and staff will comfort bring,
When Death me draweth near."
5. We needs must grieve, we needs must weep,
For lov'd ones gone before ;
But ah ! in Christ, they do but sleep,
The Day will them restore.

6. O praise and thanks unto the Lord,
Who having died arose ;
We rest upon His mighty word ;
Our heart no terror knows.
7. Death ! Men to thee no longer bow,
Nor as thy objects stand ;
There is no crown upon thy brow,
No sceptre in thy hand.

CCLXXIV. NO MORE DEATH NOR PAIN.

Revelation xxi. 4.

1. ACHING heads and aching hearts,
In Earth's homes and in Earth's marts ;
Wasted ones, ah ! slowly dying ;
Unknown ones in anguish lying ;
Shatter'd frames in hospitals ;
Sick ones shelter'd by white walls ;
Sweet as song to these the strain,
In heaven no more death, nor pain.
2. Aching heads and aching hearts,
In Earth's homes and in Earth's marts ;
Grave's corruption ante-dated,
Death in life-time e'en instated ;
Labor'd breathing, sleepless nights ;
The ashen colour that affrights ;
To these the soft words pertain,
In heaven no more death, nor pain.
3. Aching heads and aching hearts,
In Earth's homes and in Earth's marts ;

Mothers wistful and heart-broken,
By hope-quenching word, just spoken ;
Sons and daughters nigh distraught,
That for dearest can do naught ;
To these comes like " latter rain,"
In heaven no more death, nor pain.

4. Aching heads and aching hearts,
In Earth's homes and in Earth's marts ;
Nerves unstrung and quivering,
Burning pain and shivering ;
Human skill, a mockery ;
Yet, for long they do not die ;
Ah ! What cheer to these, and gain,
In heaven no more death, nor pain.

5. Aching heads and aching hearts,
In Earth's homes and in Earth's marts ;
Lord ! Bestow on us we pray
Thine Own tenderness, to stay
With the sufferer, and with heart,
And with hand and patient art,
Bear with us for sweet refrain
In heaven no more death, nor pain.

6. Aching heads and aching hearts,
In Earth's homes and in Earth's marts ;
How shall we sufficient show
What for years of health we owe ?
Grant us, Lord, our strength to give,
To Thee, and for Thee to live ;
Nor the lowliest task disdain :
In heaven no more death, nor pain.

CCLXXV. NO MORE PAIN.

. . . “neither shall there be any more *pain*.”—Revelation xxi. 4.

1. THERE came to me, as o’er the late-mown grass
 Heav’n’s tender rain ;
 A “still small voice,” that from Above did pass—
 “THERE—no more pain” :
 Then, as I woke, it seem’d an angel-note
 Of heavenly song ;
 That in His pity great, He caus’d to float,
 My way along.

2. “THERE—no more pain”: O Saviour, soft and
 sweet,
 The holy phrase !
 And now I come to Thee with tired feet
 Full thanks to raise ;
 That thus Thou tell’st I shall not always lie
 Pained and weak ;
 But that, Thy purpose wrought, I by-and-bye
 My chain shall break.

3. Thou know’st the suff’rings of this weary frame,
 My sleeplessness ;
 Thou knowest through long years the searching
 flame
 Of my distress ;
 Lord, give me patience still to watch and wait,
 Or long or short ;
 Be it for Thee, not me, to fix the date
 To enter port.

4. There came to me as o'er the late-mown grass
Heav'n's tender rain ;
A "still small voice," that from Above did pass—
"There—no more pain" :
Then, as I woke, it seem'd an angel-note
Of heavenly song ;
That in His pity great, He caus'd to float,
My way along.

CCLXXVI. THE CHRISTIAN'S GAIN BY
DEATH.

"To die is *gain*."—Philippians i. 21.

1. A NOBLE life hath noble end,
Its sunset glory Heav'n doth lend ;
And the saint dying, doth attain
Assurance, that *to die is gain*.
2. Wondrous the privilege to know,
The "closer walk" with Christ below ;
But soft and sweet as Summer rain,
The gracious word, *to die is gain*.
3. Growing in knowledge and in grace,
Still running in the Christian race ;
The child of God runs not in vain,
The prize awaits, *to die is gain*.
4. Using all "talents" to him given ;
Forgiving, as himself forgiven ;
Blood-wash'd by Love from ev'ry stain,—
This is his joy, *to die is gain*.

374 *Christ with me or I with Christ.*

5. Precious to live and work for Christ ;
For transient toil reward unpric'd ;
But grander far with Him to "reign,"
Approving that *to die is gain.*
6. Increase, not decrease, Death will bring ;
The ransom'd soul shall upward wing ;
No longer girt with galling chain ;
To find in truth, *to die is gain.*
7. To sinless air, effulgent skies,
Expansion of all faculties ;
To re-clasp loving hands again ;
Praise to the Lord ! *to die is gain.*
8. For ever pure, for ever blest,
How may the rapture be exprest !
O this shall be our glad refrain,
To die is gain ! to die is gain !

CCLXXVII. CHRIST WITH ME OR I WITH
CHRIST.

1. *If I am spar'd, then Christ will be with me ;
If I am not spar'd, I shall be with Christ ;*
I bless thee, saint of God, for thy sweet words ;
I place them in my treasury unpric'd.
2. Feeble and worn, how often do I feel,
That my poor life may end at any day ;
Strangely it lengthens out, and I remain ;
Ready, please God, either to go or stay.

3. How many who began life's march with me,
Have long long since gone to the other side!
How many, who still live, live without God!
Whilst I do know Him and in Him abide.
4. White flakes are fallen on my aging head,
And deepen'd lines cross and recross my brow;
I cannot think to-day as once I thought;
But ne'er lov'd Jesus more than I do now.
5. The ties that bind me to this Earth are few;
My heart ascends where my best treasures lie
I wait His final summons full of hope;
Yet fain would be at rest with Him on high.
6. *If I am spar'd, then Christ will be with me;
If I am not spar'd, I shall be with Christ;*
I bless thee, saint of God, for thy sweet words;
I place them in my treasury unpric'd.

CCLXXVIII. "NOT DEAD, BUT JUST
BEGINNING TO LIVE."

Billy Bray (*secundus*): Haslam's "Life from Death."

1. 'DEATH'? "Nay, beginning now to live!"
Thanks, O my God, that Thou did'st give
This word of cheer by dying saint
Resting on Thee, when low and faint.
2. 'Death'? "Nay," he said, with glazing eye,—
They thought that he had gone on high—
"Beginning now to live," he sigh'd,
"Henceforth to live"—and then he died.

3. O glorious truth of holy faith !
O blessed triumph over death !
To die's to live, and die no more,
With Christ, safe on the shining shore.
4. Be mine, Lord,—for 'tis Thine to give—
This word, "beginning now to live" ;
When worn and weak I dying lie,
Let no film hide Thee from my eye.
5. "Death?" "Nay, beginning now to live" !
Thanks, O my God, that Thou did'st give
This word of cheer, by dying saint
Resting on Thee, when low and faint.

CCLXXIX. THE TEAR-DIMMED LAMP.

"There shall be . . . boys and girls playing about the streets."
—Zechariah vii. 5.

1. I HAD a dream that wafted me far up to the
CITY OF GOLD :
Before me walls of jasper flashed and a crystal
river rolled :
And O most real dream it was ! For all I saw,
as plain
As when I look on the landscape green, thro'
my trellis'd window pane.
2. Most glorious was this heav'nly sight, most
wondrous was the throng ;
Lo ! myriads on myriads walked the shining
streets along ;
I yearning, gazed, until there came a sweet soft
mist of tears,—
But not of sorrow, for the scene still'd all my
anxious fears :

3. Lo ! lo ! I saw in one radiant square, marching
in song-led tramp,
Ten thousand bright young children, each hold-
ing a slender lamp.
O fair were their sweet faces ! O winsome was
the sight !
O wondrous was the vision from the holy Land
of Light !
4. Far, far on gleam'd the twinkling line, and I
gazed upon each one ;
At length, with start of wonder, I beheld my
own dear son :
Amaz'd, heart-bruis'd, I looked and looked—*his*
lamp seemed going out ;
I cried a cry of anguish keen—of agonizing
doubt :
5. “ O Willie dear, my own lov'd child ! oh, tell me
what means this !
Each lamp but yours burns brilliantly. O are
not you in bliss ? ”
He met my eye, he heard my cry, he named me
by my name :
“ O mother ! how can *my* lamp shine, since *your*
tears dim its flame ? ”
6. Then I awoke, but ne'er again for my lost boy
to weep :
I praised the Lord, Who thus lit up with joy
my weary sleep :
'Twas but a dream of the night, I knew ; yet
blessing it brought to me,
For thoughts of the *tear-dimmed lamp* keep my
heart from murmuring free.

7. O mothers all, I tell you my dream, to reach
out a helping hand,
As wistful, childless, desolate, in your great
grief ye stand ;
Ev'n now look up to the CITY OF GOLD, and
in the line of light,
By faith see there your dear ones playing, nor
dim their lamps so bright.

CCLXXX. TEARS BUT HOPE.

“She goeth unto the grave to weep there.”—St John xi. 31
(Cf. xi. 26).

1. WE weep amidst our graves,
But fear thee not, O Death ;
We are not now thy slaves,
To speak with bated breath :
Here, even here, we sing ;
Our loss to Christ we bring.
2. Our hearts thou bruise still,
And plungest us in grief ;
But 'tis our Father's will,
And thus we seek relief ;
We look beyond the skies,
Not where the poor dust lies.
3. We miss, we muse, we mourn,
And shall unto the end ;
Lord, unto Thee we turn ;
Thy consolation send !
We know Thee, Living One,
And all that Thou hast done.

4. The ties of Earth grow less,
As lov'd ones from us go ;
But ties of Heav'n increase
By increase of our woe ;
O, Thou Incarnate Love,
Lift us to Thee Above !

CCLXXXI. TYPES OF RESURRECTION.

Acts of the Apostles iv. 2.

1. ALL around are types of Resurrection
To meditative and anointed eyes ;
Lord, give to me Thy heav'nly direction,
That I thus look on green Earth and blue skies.
2. Behold ! awaking from dead Winter's arms
The Spring is with us, all a-thrill with life ;
Trees—seeds—roots now deliver'd from all harms
With numbness and darkness and cold at strife.
3. Behold ! from death to life rises the seed,
Or early sown in the Spring-furrow'd field,
Or drawn forth from ages' held sere-cloth weed,
When the grey pyramids their dead upyield.
4. Behold ! upon a rose a butterfly,
Bursting from chrysalis with rich-stain'd wings ;
Like creature not of Earth but of the sky
In the dower of beauty that it brings.
5. Behold ! the chemist with subtlest cunning
From impurity fetches purity ;
Foul it goes in :—a touch ! and swift running
All is celestial white and clarity.

6. All around are types of Resurrection
To meditative and anointed eyes ;
Lord, give to me Thy heavenly direction,
That I thus look on green Earth and blue skies.

CCLXXXII. GONE BEFORE. St Luke viii. 42.

(Willie, James, John, and Grandpapa.)

1. THOU camest, Death, to our home again and
again,
Filling our eyes with tears, our hearts with pain ;
As out of cradles and "the old arm chair,"
Thou ledst our lov'd ones down thy unseen stair.
2. But ah ! Thou wast the ambassador of Love ;
Didst not lead down but up to realms above ;
Thou stoppedst but their faint and labouring
breath ;
The Lord of Life over-matchèd thee, O Death !
3. Thou camest, Death, to our home again and
again,
Filling our eyes with tears, our hearts with pain ;
As out of cradles and "the old arm chair,"
Thou ledst our lov'd ones down thy unseen stair.
4. Away ! Away ! on mighty gleaming wings
Each soul redeem'd his angel to God brings ;
Thou marredst no more, O Death, than the poor
dust,
And that the Soul will claim again we trust.
5. Thou camest, Death, to our home again and again,
Filling our eyes with tears, our hearts with pain ;
As out of cradles and "the old arm chair,"
Thou ledst our lov'd ones down thy unseen stair.

6. They are but gone a few days' journey on ;
Lord, we'll o'ertake them by Thy grace anon :
We have no fears e'en while we reaven weep,
For so Thou givest Thy belovèd sleep.

CCLXXXIII. THANKFULNESS.

“Be ye thankful.”—Colossians iii. 15.

1. WERE I more thankful, Lord,
Methinks more joy I'd find ;
Wilt Thou fulfil Thy Word,
And thus to Thee me bind ?
Lo ! Thankfulness and Joy are twins ;
Whoso seeks to divide them, sins.
2. Were I more thankful, Lord,
More bright my life should be ;
No day but doth afford
Proofs of Thy grace to me ;
Lo ! Thankfulness and Joy are twins ;
Whoso seeks to divide them, sins.
3. Were I more thankful, Lord,
I should discern Thy love,
And Thou be still ador'd
Tho' 'neath dark clouds I move.
Lo ! Thankfulness and Joy are twins ;
Whoso seeks to divide them, sins.
4. Were I more thankful, Lord,
“Walk” should I nearer Thee ;
Thus “walking,” ev'ry chord
Yield grateful melody ;
Lo ! Thankfulness and Joy are twins ;
Whoso seeks to divide them, sins.

SANCTIFIED ILLS.

1. As the sunshine in the clouds ;
As the foam-bells on the floods ;
As the fragrance in the flower ;
As the dew-mown grass's dower ;
Thou dost, Lord, in love assuage
Troubles' sorest, keenest rage.
2. Clouds distil the "tender rain,"
Foam-bells beautify the main ;
Fragrance glorifieth shape ;
Dew from hurt gives sweet escape :
Thou dost, Lord, in love assuage
Troubles' sorest, keenest rage,
3. Flood cometh on ebb anon :
Storms bring not harms alone ;
Lightnings do not merely smite ;
Stars enrich the darker night :
Thou dost, Lord, in love assuage
Troubles' sorest, keenest rage.
4. Sickness is not always loss ;
Oft it brings us to the Cross ;
Nor is weakness, if at length
It send us to Christ for strength :
Thou dost, Lord, in love assuage
Troubles' sorest, keenest rage.
5. Loss of riches may enrich
If upward our thoughts we pitch ;
Sorrow may be discipline
That shall make us nigh divine :
Thou dost, Lord, in love assuage
Troubles' sorest, keenest rage.
6. As the sunshine in the clouds ;
As the foam-bells on the floods ;
As the fragrance in the flower ;
As the dew-mown grass's dower ;
Thou dost, Lord, in love assuage
Troubles' sorest, keenest rage.

XI.

PRAYER AND PRAISE,
AND
THANKSGIVINGS.

PRAYER—A godly peasant home in Scotland : 1824 onward.

Our home consisted of a “but” and a “ben” and a “mid room,” or chamber, called the “closet.” The one end was my mother’s domain, and served all the purposes of dining-room and kitchen and parlour, besides containing two large wooden erections, called by our Scotch peasantry “box beds”; not holes in the wall, as in cities, but grand, big, airy beds, adorned with many-coloured counterpanes, and hung with natty curtains, showing the skill of the mistress of the house. The other end was my father’s workshop, filled with five or six “stocking frames,” whirring with the constant action of five or six pairs of busy hands and feet; and producing right genuine hosiery for the merchants at Hawick and Dumfries. The “closet” was a very small apartment betwixt the other two, having room only for a bed, a little table, and a chair, with a diminutive window shedding diminutive light on the scene. This was the SANCTUARY of that cottage home. Thither daily, and oftentimes a day, generally after each meal, we saw our father retire, and “shut to the door”; and we children got to understand by a sort of spiritual instinct (for the thing was too sacred to be talked about) that prayers were being poured out there for us, as of old by the High Priest within the veil, in the Most Holy Place. We occasionally heard the pathetic echoes of a trembling voice pleading as if for life, and we learned to slip out and in past that door on tip-toe, not to disturb the holy colloquy. The outside world might not know, but we knew, whence came that happy light as of a new-born smile, that always was dawning on my father’s face: it was a reflection from the Divine Presence, in the consciousness of which he lived. Never in temple or cathedral, on mountain or in glen, can I hope to feel that the Lord God is more near, more visibly walking and talking with men, than under that humble cottage roof of thatch and oaken wattle. Though everything else in religion were by some unthinkable catastrophe to be swept out of memory, or blotted from my understanding, my soul would wander back to those early scenes, and shut itself up once again in that Sanctuary Closet, and, hearing still the echoes of those cries to God, would hurl back all doubt with the victorious appeal, ‘He walked with God, why may not I?’—JOHN G. PATON, *Missionary to the New Hebrides: an Autobiography* (1889), pp. 10-12.

CCLXXXIV. PRAYER.

“Praying always.”—Ephesians vi. 18. “Pray without ceasing.”—1 Thessalonians v. 17.

1. FOR the Praise that we may bring,
For the Thanks that we may sing ;
Lord, we bless Thy gracious Name,
And the privilege would claim ;
Making “grave sweet melody,”
Like to the redeem’d on High ;
But, Lord, threefold thanks for Prayer—
The heart’s white-wing’d messenger.
2. Joy—must sing, with a full heart ;
Peace—its deepest rest impart ;
Love—rejoices most in praise ;
Hope—basks in its sunny rays ;
Faith—is valiant and is strong
As it sets its fears to song ;
Yet, Lord, threefold thanks for Prayer—
Loving Saviour’s minister.
3. When the heart is bruis’d and sore,
Sin prevailing more and more ;
When the waves of sorrow dash
And all things we trusted crash ;
When help needed, none is there,
O how priceless then is Prayer !
Yea, Lord, threefold thanks for Prayer—
Of all blessings harbinger.

4. When the mystery of things
 Leaden darkness o'er us flings ;
When the tempter doth assail,
And his darts have pierced our mail ;
When in helplessness we lie,
And can only moan, or sigh ;
 Then, Lord, threefold thanks for Prayer—
 Darkest things interpreter.
5. When the body sick and low
 Makes the soul like sickness know ;
When with a weak wav'ring will
Unrest doth the bosom fill ;
Thou Who break'st not bruised reed,
How doth prayer our succour speed !
 O Lord, threefold thanks for Prayer—
 'Twixt both worlds, blest traveller.
6. When some testing crisis comes,
 That our destiny up-sums ;
When upon us there doth lour
Our whole life's decisive hour ;
When to choose right, we must dare,
O how luminous is prayer !
 Therefore threefold thanks for Prayer—
 In Faith's battles arbiter.
7. When the world is like to win,
 Conscience heard not 'midst its din ;
When Earth's joys with syren spell
Seek our graver thoughts to quell ;
And we yearn to burst the chain,
Flee to prayer we must amain ;
 Dear, Lord, threefold thanks for Prayer—
 Strong 'gainst ev'ry sophister.

8. When on this side, we would know
How in holiness to grow ;
And upon this sinful Earth
Reach full stature of " new birth " ;
Holy Ghost, our hearts possess ;
Fill us with all Righteousness ;
And, Lord, threefold thanks for Prayer,
Free—always—and everywhere.
9. Prayer—that lifts to serene air ;
Prayer—that lightens every care ;
Prayer—that strengthens when in pain ;
Prayer—that snaps our strongest chain ;
Prayer—that comforts when we sigh ;
Prayer—that brings home by-and-bye ;
Thanks, Lord, threefold thanks for Prayer,
Of our soul's life register.

CCLXXXV. THE WRESTLING AT
JABBOK. Genesis xxxii.

1. THY saint, Lord, by Jabbok wrestled ;
Wrestled until break of day ;
While men in their calm sleep nestled,
God ! He met Thee in the way ;
He, the power of prayer must prove,
Wrestling with Incarnate Love.
2. Half of Earth, Lord, half of Heaven ;
Was the wrestling of that night ;
Strangest conflict ere was given,
Man—to put his God to flight ;
" Let me go "—Thy pleading word ;
Vain, till Thou had'st blest him, Lord !

3. Thy saint, Lord, by Jabbok wrestled ;
 Wrestled until break of day ;
While men in their calm sleep nestled,
 God ! He met Thee in the way ;
He, the power of prayer must prove,
Wrestling with Incarnate Love.
4. Victor in the mystic striving,
 Ne'ertheless he wounded was ;
His importunance forgiving,
 Yet Thy hand did o'er him pass ;
Touching sinew till he halts,
Lest too high his triumph vaults.
5. Thy saint, Lord, by Jabbok wrestled ;
 Wrestled until break of day ;
While men in their calm sleep nestled,
 God ! He met Thee in the way ;
He, the power of prayer must prove,
Wrestling with Incarnate Love.
6. Thou, soul, to Thy Jabbok led,
 Would this wrestling thou would'st dare !
Leaving, yearningly, thy bed,
 To spend night in anguish'd prayer ;
"Lay hold of my strength," saith God,
Ev'n as when this Earth He trod.

CCLXXXVI. SUSTAINED PRAYER.

St Luke vi. 12.

- I. O LORD, I read with prickèd heart,
 How Thou did'st through the long night pray ;
And how Thy saints let nothing thwart,
 Their sacred prayer-hours, day by day.

2. Alas ! O Lord, I find it hard
Truly to pray for one half-hour ;
'Gainst wand'ring I keep watch and ward,
But soon—too soon—temptations lour.
3. O Lord, I read with prickèd heart,
How Thou did'st through the long night pray ;
And how Thy saints let nothing thwart,
Their holy prayer-hours, day by day.
4. Teach me to pray, Lord ! and bestow
Thy Holy Spirit's chastity ;
Control my thoughts, make my heart glow,
Yea hold me in Thy sanctity.
5. O Lord, I read with prickèd heart,
How Thou did'st through the long night pray ;
And how Thy saints let nothing thwart,
Their sacred prayer-hours, day by day.
6. Shew me myself, and all I need ;
Shew me Thyself, and all Thou hast ;
"Thou wilt not break the bruised reed" ;
Thy mercy as Thy love is vast.
7. O Lord, I read with prickèd heart,
How Thou did'st through the long night pray ;
And how Thy saints let nothing thwart,
Their sacred prayer-hours, day by day.
8. Shew me the riches of Thy Book ;
Shew me each promise faithful kept ;
Turn on me Thy heart-melting look,
That I may weep as Peter wept.

9. O Lord, I read with prickèd heart,
How Thou did'st through the long night pray ;
And how Thy saints let nothing thwart,
Their sacred prayer-hours, day by day.
10. Give me to know of Pray'r the joy ;
Give me to know its holy strength ;
O let not aught my heart decoy,
That prayer-possessed I be at length.

CCLXXXVII. RESTRAINT IN PRAYER.

Proverbs iv. 12 ; Micah ii. 7 ; Job xv. 4.

1. I FIND it hard, O Lord, to pray ;
This hardness fills me with dismay ;
For, O my God, were I Thy Child
Within Thy Fold, not on the wild ;
Sure " Abba Father," swift would come ;
Not earthly thoughts or thoughts that roam.
2. I find it hard, O Lord, to pray ;
Scarce have my poor words died away,
Than steals o'er me a strange forgetting ;
Some worldly care my heart besetting ;
Till 'tis as if I had not pray'd,
Or all I have pray'd, were unsaid.
3. I find it hard, O Lord, to pray ;
Idle and vain this to gainsay ;
Alas ! my God, 'twere counterfeiting !
My own benumbèd conscience cheating ;
To go to Thee wearing a mask,
And not desiring what I ask.

4. I find it hard, O Lord, to pray ;
 My weary care 'fore Thee I lay ;
 O wilt Thou touch me with Thy fire,
 E'en if it be in holy ire ;
 That quick'ned by Thy Spirit's might,
 I may o'ercome in this sore fight.
5. I find it hard, O Lord, to pray ;
 My nay is yea, my yea is nay ;
 I cannot steady heart or eye ,
 Know not the sweet pain of a "cry" ;
 Feel as tho' all were words, words, words,
 Less prayerful than the notes of birds.
6. I find it hard, O Lord, to pray ;
 Satan and sin still me waylay ;
 I throw myself upon my knees,
 But a cold heart my prayers will freeze ;
 Forgive, and give, O Gentle One,
 The "spirit of adoption."
7. I find it hard, O Lord, to pray ;
 I lack the graces that up-stay ;
 Alas ! there come world, flesh, and devil,
 All the distracting powers of evil ;
 O gracious Saviour, of Thy power
 Pour out on me Thy Spirit's dower.
8. I find it hard, O Lord, to pray ;
 Wilt Thou send forth Thy quick'ning ray ?
 That shining on Thy Holy Word,
 Thy promises may me afford
 Fuel to feed my Love's low flame,
 And bow me low in penitent shame.

9. I find it hard, O Lord, to pray ;
 Before myself I stand at bay ;
I know, I feel how much I need ;
How all I owe to Thee did'st bleed ;
For a brief moment comes a glow,
The next as 'twere a fall of snow.
10. I find it hard, O Lord, to pray ;
 O God, my God, Thy power display !
Thou Who Thyself on mountain's heights,
Pray'dst on and on through the long nights,
Bestow Thy staying grace on me,
To prove Prayer's blessed agony.
11. I find it hard, O Lord, to pray ;
 Wilt Thou my tempters far affray ?
Be they within, be they without ;
Born of my fears, or born of doubt ;
Control my will, lift up my heart,
Thine Own sweet secret, Lord, impart.
12. I find it hard, O Lord, to pray ;
 For ever I do lose my way ;
Lo ! darkness comes, distrust, distress ;
Yea comes distracting wilfulness ;
Lord Christ, take Thou my heart of stone,
Subdue, and make it all Thine own.
13. I find it hard, O Lord, to pray ;
 This hardness fills me with dismay ;
For, O my God, were I Thy Child
Within Thy Fold, not on the wild ;
Sure " Abba Father," swift would come ;
Not earthly thoughts or thoughts that roam.

CCLXXXVIII. PRAYER.

“Spake the same words.”—St Matthew xiv. 39.

1. *PRAYED, and spake the same words :*

O the cheer that this affords !
 To the soul that may be
 In its Gethsemane—
 All wordless, as though dumb,
 For no more words will come—
 Or come but brokenly,
 Chok'd with moaning and “cry.”

2. Thus, O Christ, Satan's hour
 O'er Thy soul once did lour
 When in Gethsemane,
 Prone in Thine agony ;
 Thou cup trembling held,
 While Thy weak flesh rebell'd ;
Prayed, and spake the same words,
 O the cheer that this affords !

3. Even so, Lord, to-day,
 When more still we would pray ;
 When storm-tost and driven,
 We lift sad eyes to Heaven ;
 And alone sadly moan,
 As tearless as a stone ;
 O the cheer that this affords !
Prayed, and spake the same words.

4. Lord, pity us and see
 In our Gethsemane !
When some looming event
Fills with astonishment ;
And we can only cry
‘ Lord, let it pass by ! ’
Prayed, and spake the same words :
O the cheer that this affords.
5. In our Gethsemane,
 We cry, Lord, unto Thee ;
Again and still again,
Comes back our poor refrain ;
Of oft supplication
With no variation :
O the cheer that this affords !
Prayed, and spake the same words.
6. At Thy feet I lay me,
 Ev’n if Thou do slay me ;
My sin I cannot tell :
It is unspeakable ;
I moan, O Lord, to Thee,
O mercy have on me !
Prayed, and spake the same words !
O the cheer that this affords !
7. Yet, Lord, wilt Thou give me,
 In my Gethsemane ;
When some great trouble near,
I ask succour with fear ;
Thine Own grace give to bless,
And add “ Nevertheless ; ”
O the cheer that this affords !
Prayed, and spake the same words.

CCLXXXIX. THE "SHUT DOOR."

St Matthew vi. 6.

1. WHEN worldly cares and troubles press
And head and heart feel sore distress ;
O God, my God ! my "shut door" brings
Such calm as taketh out their stings ;
Thy Hand—like mother's on my brow,—
Blesses me even as I bow.
2. When path of duty hidden is,
And I know not or that or this ;
When—as the Night without its stars—
Darkness my going on debars ;
Lord, to my "shut door" I retreat ;
Light beameth from the Mercy-seat.
3. When in the fierce strain of the world,
Sharp, fiery darts at me are hurl'd ;
Which tempt me still to acquiesce
In ways I dare not ask Thee bless ;
Ah ! In my "shut door" I get power
To stand firm in the evil hour.
4. When by long sickness "ta'en aside,"
I, worn and weary, must abide ;
The bread-winner for many mouths,
Ev'n the one pillar of the house ;
But for my "shut door" I should be,
Plung'd darkly in despondency.

5. When by the stress of circumstance
I can see no deliverance ;
When Faith's lamp burneth dim and low,
That I a doubter almost go ;
Cometh to me Thy "still small voice"
And in my "shut door" I rejoice.
6. When Thy Face, Lord, upon me shines,
And my heart on Thy heart reclines ;
When I, within, have "perfect peace"
And from all turmoil sweet release ;
In "shut door" mine, without alloy
I find me singing out my joy.
7. I thank Thee for the House of Prayer ;
By grace, I will "forsake" it ne'er ;
I thank Thee, too, for Family-prayer
That sanctifies Home's daily care ;
Thrice thanks for "shut door," where alone
Each his own secrets maketh known.

CCXC. PRAYER IS THE DEW OF
FAITH.—MRS L. H. SIGOURNEY.

I Thessalonians v. 17.

1. *PRAYER is the dew of Faith :*
'Tis true what this sweet Singer saith ;
Only thus shall we keep strong :
Only thus sing Faith's bright song.
2. *Prayer is the dew of Faith :*
That gently falls on parchèd heath ;
Brightening the scere and green
With touch of beauty shewn between.

3. *Prayer is the dew of Faith :*

Bringing oft sweet after-math ;
Freshening, yea vivifying ;
Quickening e'en what is dying.

4. *Prayer is the dew of Faith :*

Coming by the Spirit's breath ;
God of grace, Thy grace bestow
To seek this dew yet moe and moe.

5. *Prayer is the dew of Faith :*

'Tis true what this sweet Singer saith ;
Only thus shall we keep strong ;
Only thus sing Faith's bright song.

CCXCI. FAMILY-PRAYER. Jeremiah x. 25.

1. HOMES of Britain ! Stately, lowly,
As any in the wide world—PURE ;
Kept of Thee, O God, Most Holy,
By Thy covenant strong and sure ;
That Thy full blessing still commands,
Where a Family-altar stands.
2. Homes of Britain ! Stately, lowly,
As any in the wide world—BRIGHT ;
Kept of Thee, O God, Most Holy,
Luminous thro' Thy shining light ;
For to shine Thou giv'st commands
Where a Family-altar stands.

3. Homes of Britain ! Stately, lowly,
As any in the wide world—GLAD ;
Kept of Thee, O God, Most Holy,
Sanctifying ev'n the sad ;
For Thy joy Thou dost command
Where doth Family-altar stand.
4. Homes of Britain ! Stately, lowly,
As any in the wide world—BLEST ;
Kept of Thee, O God, Most Holy,
As on Thy promises we rest ;
For Thy blessing Thou dost command
Where doth Family-altar stand.
5. Homes of Britain ! Christian homes !
May Prayer still in you abound !
Day by day as the sweet call comes,
May all on their knees be found !
Foremost nation 'midst all Lands,
Where the Family-altar stands.

CCXCII. WINTER. Genesis viii. 22.

1. TEMPESTS of wind and rain are here,
Cold is the air, yea cold is all ;
Darkest, saddest time o' the year ;
Winter reigns in wild carnival.
2. The days are short, the nights are long,
The ways are rough, the skies are dim ;
Save Robin Red-breast, the birds' song
Is hush'd : stars shine as seraphim.

3. Far over street, and field, and hill,
Oft falleth the snow's ghostly white ;
The East-wind, keen-tooth'd, works its will
And Earth's manifold life doth smite.
4. Rich folks sit by their fire-side blaze,
Shielded from harms others befall ;
The poor their plaintive voices raise,
And Thou, O God, doth hear their call.
5. For " God o'er all " 'tis not by chance
Cometh successive Seasons four ;
Thou rul'st o'er all circumstance,
Thou carest or for rich or poor.
6. Tempests and winds, and snows and cold,
Thou sendest in unchanging love ;
Thy goodness cannot half be told,
As Thou dost onward all things move.

CCXCIII. SPRING. Genesis viii. 22 ; i. 14.

1. THE clouds are passing from the sky
O'er East and West gray turn'd to blue ;
Save for white spots that tenderly,
Like flocks of sheep, come into view.
2. Like flocks of sheep, come into view
Holding the treasure of soft rains ;
The Earth is quickening anew,
Life pulsating in all her veins.

3. Life pulsating in all her veins,
 Shewing in field and wood and wold ;
Daisies are wearing their red-tipt stains,
 And butter-cups their shining gold.
4. And butter-cups their shining gold,
 Amid the grass where couch the cows ;
The shepherds lead their flocks to fold,
 And active all within the house.
5. And active all within the house
 For, lo ! the *SPRING* bright dances in ;
And none may laggard be or drowze
 But the Year's tasks of love begin.
6. But the Year's tasks of love begin,
 Giv'n, Lord, by Thee, to each and all ;
Keep us we pray from ev'ry sin ;
 Month in, month out, nought ill befall.
7. Month in, month out, nought ill befall :
 The Winter past the green Earth smiles,
And seems on all of us to call,
 Strength'ning for duty, sweet'ning toils.
8. Strength'ning for duty, sweet'ning toils ;
 God of the Cov'nant, cov'nant keep !
Protect us 'mid the World's soft guiles,
 Be near us waking or asleep.
9. Be near us waking or asleep ;
 With Thine Own "perfect peace" us fill ;
It is the *SPRING* ! mild South winds sweep,
 And hark ! the cuckoo on the hill !

CCXCIV. SUMMER—A METRICAL
MEDLEY. Psalm lxxiv. 17.

1. THE early trees are leafing ;
The birds their nests are reeving ;
The fragrant flowers are blowing,
For bees full honey stowing ;
The hay's green waves are swaying,
The South Wind o'er them playing ;
Brooks 'neath the greenwood shewing,
In shine and shadow flowing ;
Skies one dome of flawless blue ;
Air as crystal-clear as dew.
Summer is here ! Summer is here !
Lord of the SEASONS ! Thou art near.
2. Wealth of bloom
 the May decking ;
Golden sunshine
 all flecking ;
Lambs running
 on the meadows,
Sportive with
 their own shadows ;
Cows amid
 the grass resting
Look with large eyes
 unmolesting ;
Children on banks
 reclining,
Daisies fair
 with rushes twining ;

Young hearts
in lanes courting :
Love and Purity
consorting.

Summer is here ! Summer is here !
Lord of the SEASONS ! Thou art near.

3. The corn-fields are yellowing,
Wheat and barley mellowing ;
Wains are barn-ward creaking
As tho' our thanks bespeaking
For coming Autumn golden,
Fulfilling cov'nant olden :
Men's hearts a-gladdening
Lifting off their saddening ;
All intermingling voices
Telling how Earth rejoices :
Summer is here ! Summer is here !
Lord of the Seasons ! Thou art near.

4. All these riches thus out-pour'd,
Be Thou Lord, by all ador'd ;
Fill'd with joy, fill'd with brightness,
Help us walk in robes of whiteness ;
While the glad birds are winging
Tune Thou our hearts to singing ;
While flowers are incense sending
May our praise and prayer be blending :
While the bees are going, coming
Let us work unite with humming :
Summer is here ! Summer is here !
Lord of the Seasons ! Thou art near.

CCXCV. HARVEST FESTIVAL ; OR, JOY
IN HARVEST.

1. GOD of Harvest, from of old
Thy faithfulness is extolled ;
Summer ! Winter ! Autumn ! Spring !
Still unfailing Thou dost bring :
Now before Thee, Lord, we come,
Joyous o'er our Harvest-home.
2. Thou didst watch the ploughèd field
That the scatter'd seed might yield ;
Cloud and dews, and shine and shower,
Thou didst give in plenteous dower :
Now before Thee, Lord, we come,
Joyous o'er our Harvest-home.
3. O it is a beauteous sight
To see 'neath Thy gladd'ning light ;
The golden corn, the mellow'd wheat
Laid abundant at our feet :
Now before Thee, Lord, we come,
Joyous o'er our Harvest-home.
4. Yards and barns are brimming o'er
For man and beast hold full store :
O God, wilt receive our praise,
That with bounding hearts we raise ?
Now before Thee, Lord, we come,
Joyous o'er our Harvest-home.

5. But as we united call
At our Harvest-festival ;
Fill us with heart-searching thought
For the little we have wrought :
As before Thee, Lord, we come,
Joyous o'er our Harvest-home.
6. Alas ! Lord, how few the sheaves
That our year's work with Thee leaves !
And yet, Sun of Righteousness,
Thou hast shone on us to bless !
Now before Thee, Lord, we come,
Joyous o'er our Harvest-home.
7. God of Harvest, from of old
Thy faithfulness is extolled ;
Summer ! Winter ! Autumn ! Spring !
Still unfailing Thou dost bring :
Now before Thee, Lord, we come,
Joyous o'er our Harvest-home.

XII.

NATIONAL HYMNS

AND FOR SAILORS.

OF THE INCREASE OF HIS GOVERNMENT THERE
SHALL BE NO END. Isaiah ix. 7.

1. *King of kings and Lord of lords !*
Unsurrounded yet of swords ;
On Thy Head are many crowns,
For the Universe Thee owns ;
And toward Thee still doth move,
Heart-drawn—not by LAW but LOVE.
2. *King of kings and Lord of lords !*
Shout aloud the jub'lant words ;
Send them over all the Earth,
And break forth in praiseful mirth ;
Lauding Him in psalm and song
As unto His House we throng.
3. *King of kings and Lord of lords !*
O it holy joy affords !
Worthy "blessing" to receive ;
"Honour," "power," none will aggrieve ;
"Riches," "glory," "thanksgiving" ;
Yea Lord Christ all we can bring.
4. *King of kings and Lord of lords !*
Heaven—Hell—Earth, this accords ;
Far back in Eternity ;
Onward till the LAST MAN die ;
The Lord Christ He is THE KING—
This from sky to Earth let ring.
5. *King of kings and Lord of lords !*
Lift up voices, strike all chords ;
Set it forth in Christ-like lives,
That supremest "witness" gives ;
Set it forth in loving deeds,
Still unselfish 'midst World's greeds.
6. *King of kings and Lord of lords !*
This all sov'reignty concords ;
Set it forth by look and word,
That we "walk" close to the Lord ;
Set it forth with burning faith,
Resting on the great "He saith."
7. *King of kings and Lord of lords !*
O sweet note 'midst Sin's discords ;
Set it forth in yearning prayer,
Laying on Him all our care ;
Set it forth as watching till
"Lo I come," He doth fulfil.

CCXCVI. FOR OUR ENGLAND.

Deuteronomy iv. 7.

1. GOD of our Fathers ! Thou hast blest,
This island-empire of the West ;
From age to age inviolate,
Still kept it strong in high estate ;
Home of the free, and free-men born ;
Charter, ne'er yet by tyrant torn.
2. God of our Fathers ! Thou hast blest,
This island-empire of the West ;
Invaders vain, their flags unfurl'd,
Our England from her shores them hurl'd ;
It was not luck, it was not chance,
Preserv'd our great inheritance.
3. God of our Fathers ! Thou hast blest,
This island-empire of the West ;
Early Thy Gospel shed its light ;
Early the Cross approv'd its might ;
And now no Land beneath the sun
For Jesus Christ so broadly won.
4. God of our Fathers ! Thou hast blest,
This island-empire of the West ;
Never has England wanted men
To take the field, or hold the pen ;
Great deeds of finest daring done ;
Supremest books—mated of none.

5. God of our Fathers ! Thou hast blest,
This island-empire of the West ;
Bards ! Thinkers ! Workers ! aye renown'd,
And by the round World's homage crown'd :
Thro' Thee, our islands have sent forth,
To mould the forces of the Earth.
6. God of our Fathers ! Thou hast blest,
This island-empire of the West ;
With riches such as beggar Ind,
Or fables in romance we find ;
And power to such circumference ;
As shadows forth Thy Providence.
7. God of our Fathers ! Thou hast blest,
This island-empire of the West ;
Increasing millions speak our tongue,—
The grandest ever said or sung—
May past experience chastize !
Each generation be more wise.
8. God of our Fathers ! Thou hast blest,
This island-empire of the West ;
My country ! O may England's might
Stand ever strong to guard the right !
May poverty and crime surcease,
And Heaven lead in the reign of Peace !

CCXCVII. FOR ENGLAND.

On reception of Burmah, New Guinea, South Africa, recently.

1. MY native Land ! I see thee stand
Mightiest of nations known ;
O God ! command, with lifted Hand,
Deathless shall be her renown ;

But, Lord, we seek Thee so to bless,
That we may grow in righteousness.

2. My native Land ! Noble the band
 That have thy great makers been ;
Thy sea-wash'd strand, doth still expand,
 Till ne'er was such empire seen ;
O grant, my God, that being great,
The right we love, the wrong we hate.
3. My native Land ! Thou dost demand
 From thy children—sons and daughters ;
To understand, that like the sand,
 Which holds in check her tidal waters ;
Each shall seek to keep her name,
Untouch'd of cruelty and blame.
4. My native Land ! The reprimand
 By God to His Own Israel spoken ;
When with strong Hand, by Moses' wand,
 Egypt's heavy yoke was broken ;
Let it still thunder to our heart,
'Thy God has made thee what thou art.'
5. My native Land ! I see thee stand
 Mightiest of nations known ;
O God ! command, with lifted Hand,
 Deathless shall be her renown ;
But, Lord, we seek Thee so to bless,
That we may grow in righteousness.

CCXCVIII. FOR SAILORS. Psalm lxxv. 5.

1. O GOD of the LAND !
I place in Thy Hand,
Wife, children and all ;
Whatever befall,
Do Thou them safe keep
Whilst I'm on the DEEP.
2. O God of the SEA,
I look unto Thee ;
Our ship wilt Thou guard
As Thou hast declar'd ?
By day and by night
Keep me in Thy sight.
3. O God of the LAND !
Who dost all command,
May my dear ones still
Thy good word fulfil ;
All cares on Thee cast,
Come quiet or blast.
4. O God of the SEA !
Look Thou upon me ;
Preserve Thou my lips
From all profane slips ;
Temptations beset ;
I'm apt to forget.
5. O God of the LAND !
Before Thee I stand ;
Me and mine defend,
All needed help send ;
At home or abroad,
Be Thou still our God.

6. O God of the SEA !
Our Guardian be ;
Come tempest or calm,
This shall be our psalm :
The Lord He is near,
What ill need we fear ?

CCXCIX. AFTER A STORM AT SEA.

Psalm cvii. 29-30.

1. GOD of my life ! God of my life !
Thro' fiercest winds and waves at strife ;
Thro' week-long fogs in ghostly gloom,
Reverberating thunder's boom ;
Thou hast us brought back safe to land,—
The sea "in hollow of Thy Hand."
2. God of my life ! God of my life !
In deepest stress Thy help is rife ;
The lab'ring ship's sudden-rent sail ;
The quiv'ring masts 'fore driving gale ;
Thou hast us brought back safe to land,—
The sea "in hollow of Thy Hand."
3. God of my life ! God of my life !
As tho' the Cyclone held a knife,
Thy edgèd cold the dim air froze ;
Or sleep or food none of us knows ;
Yet Thou hast brought us safe to land,—
The sea "in hollow of Thy Hand."

4. God of my life ! God of my life !
 I thought of home, of children, wife ;
 But laud ! e'en by the tempest driv'n,
 Shone clear and steady light from Heav'n :
 And Thou hast brought us safe to land,—
 The sea "in hollow of Thy Hand."

5. God of my life ! God of my life !
 Through all the elemental strife ;
 Thou seest, guardest, keepest still,
 All working out Thy mighty will ;
 For Thou hast brought us safe to land,—
 The sea "in hollow of Thy Hand."

CCC. IN THE "DESIRED HAVEN."

Psalm cvii. 30.

1. FROM utmost end of Earth I cry,
 To Thee O God, my God Most High ;
 By day and night still onward sped,
 Our good ship is safe anchorèd.

2. Lord, Thou hast sent us fav'ring gales ;
 Lord, Thou hast fill'd our spreading sails ;
 Lord, Thou hast prosp'rous voyage giv'n,
 Aye lighting us with light from Heav'n.

3. O God, my God, I pray that Thou
 Would'st hear me as I pay my vow ;
 On board, on shore, where'er I go,
 That I am Thine, help me to shew.

4. Alas ! too soon, Lord, I forget
Mercies and perils I have met ;
O wilt Thou keep them in my mind,
That each day grateful may me find.
5. From utmost end of Earth I cry,
To Thee O God, my God Most High ;
By day and night still onward sped,
Our good ship is safe anchorèd.

THE SEA.

1. THOU hast a voice, O thou great Sea,
That might be the strong voice of God ;
But how dread were man's misery,
If only thus th' Almighty spake :
His soul with terror white should shake,
And look for His uplifted rod.
2. Thund'ring upon a thousand shores,
With pulse-beats, like a human heart,
There comes such cry amidst thy roars
As maketh mortals prostrate bow,
A-hushed and awed, with throbbing brow :
For thrice-awful, O Sea, thou art.
3. Not thus, O not thus, God doth speak,
But stilly as in days of old ;
Not thus the hardest hearts doth break ;
Like breeze of eve He softly breathes,—
His vengeful, furbished sword He sheathes,
Is it not in the Gospel told ?
4. Yea 'tis, O my Lord, my God ;
And as I turn me to Thy Word
I bring to Thee all my sad load ;
Thy voice so sweet, so soft and low,
O let it into my heart go ;
Ah ! Jesus, Thou art still our Lord !

“*LUX IN TENEBRIS.*”

(Painting of Sir Noel Paton, engraved by James Faed.)

1. MY way is long, and rough, and dark ;
Craggs frown above it, steep and stark ;
And ghostly shapes the darkness haunt,
That ev'n the boldest needs must daunt ;
But soft as day-dawn on the hills,
The Lord Christ His great word fulfils,
“*Lux in tenebris*” (‘Light in darkness’).
2. From Thee, my God, I had stray'd far ;
With Thee and Truth at strenuous war ;
Against Thy strife of love I strove,
And still away from Thee would move ;
I stifled conscience, dimm'd Thy light ;
In very truth a child of Night :
“*Redde Lucem*” (‘Restore the light’).
3. How long Thy patience ! and how sweet !
In foll'wing my departing feet ;
How slow Thy wrath 'gainst me to burn !
How tender, seeking my return !
How conquering Thy gentle might !
Thou still did'st shine and did'st not smite :
“*Lux in tenebris.*”
4. I praise Thee, Lord, that thus it is ;
I praise Thee, Lord, for hope of bliss ;
Still, darkness comes upon my path ;
Still, throbs and stings, dread of Thy wrath ;
But guiding, guarding, left or right,
Gracious Thou hold'st me, child of Light :
“*Lux in tenebris.*”
5. I lay in pain upon my bed,
While thro' the Vale of Shadows led ;
O then how sweet with morning rise,
To turn my heavy-laden eyes
To Jesus, standing nimbus-crown'd,
With a lost maiden He has found :
“*Lux in tenebris.*”

THE MINERS' SONG.

Genesis v. 29 ; 2 Thessalonians iii. 10.

1. DEEP down in the dark rock-walled Earth,
Where min'rals—God's gift—have their birth ;
All lying there through time untold,
Coal—iron—lead—tin—silver—gold :
We miners work in the lone black night,
Yet by grace we're oft the children of light ;
Trusting the Lord, tho' danger's nigh,
Safe-guarded of Him, God Most High.
2. Each man has his post, and ours is the mine,
Not merely of chance, but of order divine ;
He Who placed His stores there most clearly foresaw
Men's hands, men's toil, must them forth-draw ;
We miners work in the lone black night,
Yet by grace we're oft the children of light ;
Singing praise and thanks to the Lord,
Restful through resting on His Word.
3. How wondrous the treasures Earth contains !
How wondrous the working He ordains !
The shadow of risk o'er ev'ry hour,
But still beneath His protecting power ;
We miners work in the lone black night,
Yet by grace we're oft the children of light ;
Looking up even thro' the dark,
Knowing the Lord will to us hark.
4. So we calmly commit us to Thy keeping,
Whether toiling or whether sleeping ;
Whether above, Lord, or down below,
Strong in Thee would we ever go :
We miners work in the lone black night,
Yet by grace we're oft the children of light :
Poor and rough, now, but by-and-bye
We shall rest 'yond the bright blue sky.

XIII.

OLD AND NEW YEAR SERVICES : AND FOR "LITTLE ONES,"

ETC.

* * Without drawing upon a considerable number of my Hymns as published in *Leisure Hour*, *Sunday at Home*, &c., &c., my THREE CENTURIES have overflowed, as shown by un-numbered pieces placed on *verso* of several of the sections. I feel constrained further to add this wholly un-numbered section, being (1) a small selection from my annual watch-word cards in memorial of our mid-night services to see the successive old years out and new years in ; (2) a like selection for the "Little Ones." With reference to them, it may be permitted me to recal that COUNT AGÉNOR DE GASPARDIN was wont to pray for his sick kitten and other creatures of God—as finely told by BOREL in his Memoir. (Hodder & Stoughton, 1879 : c. iv.)

A. B. G.

I AM THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

"The beauties of Nature show us God's love ; but there is no voice in them that can speak words of comfort to the wounded heart. Brilliant as are the starry spheres, there is o star that could lead a benighted soul to God."—
T. T. LYNCH.

1. ONE star alone
That e'er has shone.
On paths men trod,
Them led to God—
The shepherds old
By angels told,
To Bethlehem,—
And guided them,
To where there lay
'Mongst oxen's hay
The CHILD divine—
Round Whom did twine
Great words of truth,
Great words of ruth,
From holy seers
Of far-back years—
"God manifest
As lowliest."
Lo ! It did glow
And onward go,
Till manger o'er
(Crib ! O how poor !)
It standeth still :
Lo ! all the hill
A-blaze with light
Of angels bright,
That gospel bring
As clear they sing,—
"Peace on the Earth
By this GREAT BIRTH" ;
While "wise men" bow'd
And as they vow'd,
Rich off'rings made,
At His feet laid :—
Bright "gold" and "myrrh" ;
And that, to stir
Still deeper thought
Of man blood-bought—
"Frankincense" sweet,
Which once did meet
On altar pyres'
Atoning fires.
O wondrous sight !
O mystic light !

2. One star alone,
That e'er has shone,
On paths men trod
Them led to God—
For now man's load
In heart's abode,
Too awful is ;
Too far from bliss ;
Life's sea so dark—
Flood without ark :
His sky so drear,
So fill'd with fear,
That wilder'd soul
Needs there shall roll
In on his heart,
By gracious art,
A keener light,
With finer sight ;
No light e'er giv'n
From mortal heav'n ;
No brightest star
Of all that are ;
Has beams to send,
Or guidance lend ;
That will suffice
To open eyes.
Sin-dim'd and weak,
Ah ! we must speak,
Yea to Christ cry,
That He be nigh ;
Us still to tell
'Gainst Earth and Hell,
Of His great light
For soul's black night ;
Of Him the Guide,
And none beside ;
Of Him Who meets
And darkest greets,
With beaming Face,
And words of grace ;
That darkness flies
From dimmest eyes.
O soul of mine !
His light be thine.

LOOKING BACK—OLD AND NEW YEAR.

1. LO! On God's loom, the OLD YEAR hangs complete,
Woven of joy and grief, of hope and fear ;
Once more within the House of God we meet,
To wait for and to welcome the NEW YEAR.
2. Now, ere the OLD YEAR passes out of sight,
Its blessings manifold we would recal ;
Mercies and troubles, mix'd of dark and bright,
Its number'd days have brought to each and all.
3. For some, sweet chains, two hearts in one have bound,
Making the house of life the house of love ;
New " little ones " in some glad homes are found,
Bringing to Earth the light of Heav'n Above.
4. Our boys and girls have ripen'd and have grown ;
Bless God for all now walking " in the Way " ;
Much of His " good seed " has in them been sown ;
The dear Lord keep them till life's closing day.

5. Gray hairs, not unperceiv'd, are here and there
 On some of us—first flakes of Age's snow ;
 Changes and chances, meet us everywhere ;
 Our Father's daily discipline below.
6. Alas ! We miss lov'd faces here to-night,
 Familiar faces, seen on Earth no more ;
 But not for ever gone ; the Lord of Light
 Said, " Go up higher to the golden shore."
7. Oh ! To be watching for that solemn hour ;
 Lord Jesus, make Thy Truth, Thyself more
 dear ;
 Now fill us with the Spirit's living power,
 And we shall dare to welcome the NEW
 YEAR.

ONWARD—UPWARD—HEAVENWARD !

Tune—Rutherford's ' Immanuel's Land.'

1. ONCE more grey Time the Warder
 Shouteth his midnight cry ;
 " Behold ! The Old Year dieth,
 The New Year draweth nigh !"
 Lord, we would catch the summons,
 But with no pulse of fear ;
 God's messenger we hail him ;
 God's voice thro' him we hear.
2. O shew us now Thy glory,
 Thy beauty and Thy grace ;
 Yea, lift upon us, waiting,
 The splendour of Thy Face ;

That 'neath the radiant vision,
We onward still may go ;
Ascending, aye ascending,
Until our pathway glow.

3. O fill us with deep longings,
For better than “new wine” ;
Thy peace, that never changes,
The joy Thou givest Thine ;
Bestow on us Thy fulness,
Thy purity, Thy love ;
That like to Thee in all things,
Our Home may be Above.
4. Our mouths attune to praises,
Howe'er our faith be tried ;
Our hearts, still keep Thou tranquil,
Whatever may betide ;
That thus in sweet communion,
Our daily duty done ;
We each may win the palm-branch,
And each receive the crown.
5. The Past lies now behind us ;
On it be pardon seal'd ;
The Present is around us,
The Future unreveal'd ;
Or long, or short our lives be,
We place us in Thy Hand ;
O Jesus, guide and guard us,
Unto Thy blessed Land.

THE NEW YEAR BORN.

Tune—"O how he loves," Sankey's S. S. 125.

- 1 WHILE together we are singing
 Ere New Year morn ;
 Lo ! The midnight bells are ringing,
 For New Year born ;
 Tidings far and near forth-flinging,
 Of the Old Year upward winging ;
 Of the New Year's blessings bringing ;
 The New Year born.
2. Lord, as low before Thee kneeling,
 This New Year morn ;
 Prayer and praise our vows re-sealing,
 This New Year born ;
 Fill us with all holy feeling ;
 Thy blest Spirit o'er us stealing ;
 Thy great love afresh revealing,
 To weak and worn.
3. Back we look, and on us rises
 This New Year morn ;
 Vision of Thy Love's disguises,
 This New Year born ;
 Even losses proving crises,
 Blessings 'gainst our dark surmises ;
 And our suff'rings sweet surprises ;
 Rose on each thorn.
4. On we look, ourselves exhorting,
 This New Year morn ;
 Red-cross knights, with Thee cohorting,
 This New Year born ;

Thy Cause, heart and hand supporting;
World, nor flesh consent extorting ;
While to Thee is our resorting ;
Glad or forlorn.

5. Shine, Lord, on our ignorances,
This New Year morn ;
Give us Faith's anointed glances,
This New Year born ;
Rule us Truth not circumstances ;
Trusting Providence, not chances ;
Meekness grow with sure advances,
Let who will scorn.
6. Be our spirits calm or riven,
This New Year born ;
Peaceful living, or storm-driven,
This New Year morn ;
Be it good or ill us leaven ;
Graces rip'ning, sins forgiven,
Bring us near and nearer Heaven,
Each New Year morn.

ANOTHER YEAR.

Tune—Wells, 7's.

1. AWE, and Hope, and Trust, and Fear
Meet before the unknown Year ;
Whether long or short our path,
Christ, our Lord, the secret hath ;
Long or short, Lord, let it be
As it seemeth best to Thee.

2. Come then grief, or loss, or pain,
As we onward march again ;
Bear away upon its wing,
Mercies ; or new mercies bring ;
May the Year we enter on
Holy be to every one !
3. Nearer, Lord, to Thee we cry ;
Living ever 'neath Thine eye ;
Liker Thee we yearn to grow,
Temples of Thy grace below ;
That possessing and possest
We may as Thine Own be blest.
4. Use us, Lord, each day to serve,
Never from Thy Way to swerve ;
Use us, Lord, some work to do,
Brave, or good, or right, or true ;
Use us, Lord, Thy truth to speak,
On Thy Day, and all the week.
5. Faithful in a little, may
We still keep the " narrow way " ;
Light of glory on us shine,
Making earthly lives divine ;
Light of duty on us break,
Doing all for Jesus' sake.
6. Awe, and Hope, and Trust, and Fear,
Meet before the unknown Year ;
Whether long or short our path,
Christ, our Lord, the secret hath ;
Long or short, Lord, let it be
As it seemeth best to Thee.

A NEW YEAR'S HYMN.

Tune—German Hymn, 7. 7. 8. 8.

1. GONE the Old Year, come the New,
Lord, we would our lives review ;
'Neath Thy Throne of Grace adoring,
Our imperfect PAST deploring.
2. Gone the Old Year, come the New,
Lord, we would unto Thee sue ;
In the PRESENT swiftly gliding,
Thou, O Thou, be our abiding.
3. Gone the Old Year, come the New,
Lord, we would to Thee be true ;
Thro' the FUTURE onward moving,
Keep us by Thy sweet reproofing.
4. Gone the Old Year, come the New,
Lord, with more grace us endue ;
In Thy cross, behold our token !
Seal the words that Thou hast spoken.
5. Gone the Old Year, come the New,
Lord, we seek Thy nurturing dew ;
Past and Present, Future, all,
Trust with Thee whate'er befall.

A CHILD'S SONG-PRAYER AND PRAYER-
SONG.

1. LOVING Jesus, I am small,
Yet upon me Thou dost call ;
Thou wast once a little Child,
Wept like me, and like me smiled.
2. See, as I place palm to palm ;
Pray to Thee, with holy psalm ;
Listen to the little prayer
Of Thy little Follower.
3. Keep, sweet Jesus, keep my lips
And my feet, from heedless slips ;
Keep my eyes and keep my tongue,
That I never may go wrong.
4. Father, mother, brothers bless,
Sisters, too, with happiness ;
Grandmama in old arm-chair ;
Grandpapa with whitened hair.
5. Servants all, whate'er betide,
May they still be on Thy side ;
All within our happy home
Keep, that none may ever roam.
6. Loving Jesus, I am small,
Yet upon me Thou dost call ;
Thou wast once a little Child,
Wept like me, and like me smiled.

A LITTLE BOY'S PRAYER.

1. JESUS, once a little Child,
I am naughty, I am wild ;
Jesus, once a little boy,
Mother's bidding be my joy.
2. Jesus, Who pure words did'st speak,
Holy words I from Thee seek ;
Jesus, Who always did'st good,
Is't wrong to give beggars food ?
3. Thou Who did'st small children love,
Help me daily to improve ;
Jesus, Who on cross did'st die,
Help me never tell a lie.
4. Jesus, Who did'st go to Heaven,
I'll come, too, my bad forgiven ;
Jesus, wilt Thou near Thee take
This child, for Thine Own Name's sake,
Amen.

A VERY LITTLE CHILD'S PRAYER.

1. LITTLE birdies go to sleep
Till the day again shall peep ;
Jesus, let the birdies live,
Loving care to them, Lord, give.

2. Bless dear pussy and her kitten,
Do not let them, Lord, be smitten ;
Bless my rabbits in the yard ;
Them, good Lord, in safety guard.
3. Bless the sheep out on the wold,
Sleeping in the Autumn cold ;
Bless my lamb amongst the mows ;
Hens and ducks, and all the cows.
4. Bless dear Rover at our gate,
With his supper on a plate ;
Bless my pony in his stall,
Let no hurt to him befall.
5. Bless my apple-tree and flowers ;
Keep far off the nasty showers ;
Bless my bats and balls and kite ;
Let no thief steal them to-night.
6. Bless my father, bless my mother ;
And, dear Jesus, every other ;
All I ask for Jesus' sake ;
Me unto Thy bosom take.

TRANSIENT AND PERMANENT.

1. MEN'S lives come and men's lives go,
But still the fragile flowers blow ;
Think, my soul, what meaneth this !
Tender admonishment I wis :
The fragile may the strong outlive ;
'Tis thy God's prerogative.
2. Men's lives are but brief we see,
While for centuries grows the tree :
Think, my soul, how once again
A warning comes, like a refrain ;
Not here is life of man complete,
To live for higher things 'tis meet.
3. Few years to the grave must bring,
Lo ! still the blithesome birds do sing :
Think, my soul, ere that "too late"
Meet thee at Death's iron gate :
So live, so die, that when thou'rt gone
Thy memory shall still live on.
4. Lords of broad lands disappear,
Brooks remain and gleaming mere :
Think, my soul, and look Above,
Thy heart from this Earth remove ;
That, when e'en the Sea is dried,
Thou redeem'd one shall abide.
5. If but for this life men live,
—Changeful, hard and fugitive—
Flower and tree, and bird and brook
Bear unto us all rebuke :
But live in Christ, and thus be heir
To all the ages, here and there.

THE CROSS ("BITTER TREE") FORESHADOWED.

"I have made the dry tree to flourish."—Ezekiel xvii. 24.

1. *The 'dry tree' I have made to flourish :*
Great words of wonder ! words of grace !
By them I seek my faith to nourish,
Beneath the shining of THY FACE ;
Thy Cross no 'high tree' but the '*dry tree*,'
Uprais'd for lost World's misery.
2. *The 'dry tree' I have made to flourish :*
Seer of God, Thy listening ears
The great truth caught, and it did cherish ;
Before Him hushing all thy fears ;
I see, Lord, in this vision folden,
Thy crimson Cross and gospel golden.
3. *The 'dry tree' I have made to flourish :*
'Twas so of old, and age to age ;
Ah ! Lord Christ, that men might not perish
Thou enduredst all their rage ;
Thy Cross no 'high tree' but the '*dry tree*,'
Whereon Thou wrought Thy clemency.
4. *The 'dry tree' I have made to flourish :*
A light of glory on it glows ;
So that all other, lo ! is garish
To him who Thy redemption knows ;
I see, Lord, in this vision folden,
Thy crimson Cross and gospel golden.
5. *The 'dry tree' I have made to flourish :*
The Rose of Sharon it adorns ;
The valley-lilies from lush 'marish' ;
And wildings sharp with many thorns ;
Thy Cross no 'high tree' but the '*dry tree* ;'
White DOVE upon it, lo ! I see.
6. *The 'dry tree' I have made to flourish :*
Trunk for Winter stripp'd—stark—gaunt ;
Yet clinging here, my faith I nourish,
Nor Earth nor Hell shall e'er me daunt ;
I see, Lord, in this vision folden,
Thy crimson Cross and gospel golden.

THE LIFE-STORY OF JESUS CHRIST OUR LORD :

A SACRED CANTATA.

“ A name which is above every name.”—Philippians i. 9.

NOTE.

* * * I indulge the “ Pleasures of Hope ”—may they not wholly prove “ Pleasures of Imagination ” !—that some capable and sympathetic Composer will arrange these celebrations of the chief incidents in the Life of our Lord to music worthy of such celebration. I have not come up to my own idea and ideal. Nevertheless I cherish a hope that just as it is this Cantata will some day have its own Oratorio.

A. B. G.

“THY KINGDOM COME.”

St Matthew vi. 10 (and cf. Numbers xiv. 21).

1. THANKS, O Lord Christ,
 For grace unpric'd,
That tells us Thou dost not DESPAIR ;
 Yea, thanks, O Lord,
 For stable word
 Foreshadowing the great end clear :
Hadst Thou DESPAIR'ED of our world,
Thy flag of grace had long been furled.
2. O joy that still
 Events fulfil ;
Th' eternal purpose moving on ;
 Man is froward ;
 Things untoward ;
 But still wrong after wrong o'erthrown ;
Tho' men have deem'd Thy Truth imperill'd,
Thou hast despair'd not of our world.
3. Around I look
 And all unshook
My faith that Thou, the Lord Christ, reigneth ;
 'Mid mazes lost,
 By errors tost
 Thou light for straying feet ordaineth ;
However wildly, madly whirled,
Thou hast despair'd not of our world.
4. Advance is slow ;
 Men seem to go
As tho' Thee, Christ, they would forsake ;
 But thy motion,
 Tided ocean,
 Shews ebb still wider flow doth take ;
So, flood-tide comes, howe'er storm-curl'd ;
Thou hast despair'd not of our world.
5. O Lord Christ, chime
 The gladsome time
When Thy strong Hand shall rule the Earth ;
 When Thy pure light
 Shall scatter night ;
 And fill all hearts with holy mirth ;
The ancient throne of SIN down-hurled ;
DESPAIR uplifted from our world.
6. Thanks, O Lord Christ,
 For grace unpric'd,
That tells us Thou dost not DESPAIR ;
 Yea, thanks, O Lord,
 For stable word
 Foreshadowing the great end clear :
Hadst Thou DESPAIR'ED of our world,
Thy flag of grace had long been furled.

THE LIFE-STORY OF JESUS CHRIST OUR LORD.

I. BETHLEHEM.

“God manifest in the flesh.”—I Timothy iii. 16.

BETHLEHEM ! O Bethlehem !
Judah's fairest coronet.
Bethlehem ! O Bethlehem !
Still upon thy green ridge set :
Angel feet these fields have trod ;
Heav'nly light has o'er them stream'd ;
When th' Eternal Son of God—
Child of Promise—on men beam'd ;
Star of th' East, the sages leading—
Of the manger not asham'd—
Lowly shepherds their flocks feeding ;
Mightiest birth of Time proclaim'd.
Bethlehem ! O Bethlehem !
Of all hallow'd spots, the gem.

II. NAZARETH. St Mark vi. 3 ; St John i. 46.

NAZARETH ! O Nazareth !

Couch'd like bird in hollow'd nest.

Nazareth ! O Nazareth !

Light of glory on thee rest !

Tho' a name of evil holding,

Here was brought 'The Undefil'd' ;

Like a dove a serpent folding,

Here grew up 'The Holy Child' :

Toiling for a workman's bread,

Carpenter in village small ;

Thrice ten years away had sped,

Ere Thou heard'st the supreme call.

Nazareth ! Cross-like, we see,

Thy stain'd name from all stain free.

III. THE BAPTISM. St Matthew iii. 13 (and vv. 14-17)

O THY Baptism ! O Thy Baptism !

Sinless One ! O man divine !

Why Thy Baptism ! Why Thy Baptism !

Ah ! for sin that was not Thine.

Hark ! The testimony given,

' *This is my belovèd Son* ' ;

While descends from cloven heaven

The Dove, sealing what is done.

Christ ! Thou wast my Substitute !

This rite hallow'd was for me ;

I draw near with rev'rent foot,

This myst'ry of grace to see.

O Thy Baptism ! Cleanse me, Lord,

By Thy mighty, quick'ning word.

IV. THE TEMPTATION.

St Matthew iv. 1-11 ; Hebrews iv. 15 (Rev. Vers.).

QUARANTANA ! Quarantana !

Where the Tempter dar'd his worst.

Quarantana ! Quarantana !

Lone and lorn, like place accurst.

O my Saviour, Thou wast tempted !

Thyself prov'd our ev'ry snare !

From no searching flame exempted !

Of no testing unaware !

Felt Sin's force ; its sudden seizure ;

Felt Sin's terror ; felt Sin's pain ;

Felt the anguish of Sin's pressure ;

And as "tempted" dost remain.

Quarantana ! Bless His Name,

Still "well knoweth He our frame."

V. GALILEE. St Mark i. 14.

GALILEE ! O Galilee !

Lustrous Sea, and plains, and hills !

Galilee ! O Galilee !

Name that yet the World's heart thrills.

Gone, God's Israel from thee now,

Where the Law from Sinai fell ;

But Thy "Mount" lifts loftier brow ;

Lord, Thou hast the mightier spell :

Great words spoken by "the Lake,"

Forth o'er all the Earth have gone ;

Nor shall cease men's hearts to shake

Till Redemption's work be done.

Galilee ! Capernaum !

Terrible shall be your doom.

VI. JUDÆA. St John iii. 22.

O JUDÆA ! O Judæa !

Sweeter name than note of birds.

O Judæa ! O Judæa !

Thou did'st hear His tend'rest words.

"Wounded man" by road-side lying,

"Fig-tree" spar'd and "graff" in "vine" ;

And—priceless !—"the shepherd dying" :

These, O favor'd Land, were Thine !

Who may seek to tell their story ?

Who may gauge their gentle power ?

Who may reckon up their glory ?

As the Gospel's richest dower :

O Judæa ! Deed and word

Link thee, deathless, with "the Lord."

VII. SAMARIA. St John iv. 4 *et seq.*

O THOU fair Samaria !

Diadem of Palestine.

Glorious Samaria !

Thy first beauty still is thine.

Vine, fig, olive on hill side,

Flocks and herds in dale and fell ;

Thy great memories abide ;

Bethel ! Shechem ! Jacob's Well :

Words of portent—words of blessing—

By the Master spoken there ;

God no more a House possessing,

Lo ! to be found ev'rywhere !

Country fair ! a woman's fame,

Gives to thee undying name.

VIII. MIRACLES. Acts of the Apostles ii. 22.

MIRACLES ! O Miracles !

The most heartless hearts ye move ;
Miracles ! O Miracles !

Words of pity, deeds of love ;
Came the deaf—anon they heard ;
Came the dumb—a touch, they spoke ;
Came the blind—saw with a word ;
Dead were brought, and lo ! they wake !
Devils ev'n were subjugate.

Ne'er came one Thou did'st delay ;
Ne'er came one who came "too late" ;
Ne'er was need that said Thee nay :
Miracles of gentle might
Ye crown Him with stars of light !

IX. PARABLES. St Mark iv. 2.

PARABLES ! O Parables !

Food for heart and food for mind.
Parables ! O Parables !
Barb'd yet soft as the South wind.
Wisdom—such as mocks the Sages ;
Grace—full of all sweetest ruth ;
Love—that widens down the ages,
From the 'Way,' the 'Life,' the 'Truth.'
'Lost Sheep'—'Lost Coin'—'Lost Son'—all,
How they set the Gospel forth !
Nor shall cease their gracious call,
Till 'tis heard by the round Earth.
Parables ! before all eyes
In you Christ's heart open lies.

X. PUBLIC MINISTRY. St Matthew iv. 17.

MINISTRY! O Ministry!

God in Christ and Christ in God.

Ministry! O Ministry!

Love's soft hand holding the rod.

Words of deepest wisdom speaking ;

Works of might, with mercy join'd ;

All his wand'ring sheep still seeking ;

Ceasing not until He find.

His Own Twelve preparing, training,

'He went ever doing good';

His whole life but a detaining,

Till He shed His awful blood.

Ministry! O Ministry

Gaz'd at with a swimming eye.

XI. PHARISEES. St Matthew xxiii. 13-17.

PHARISEES! O Pharisees!

Awful His rebukes to you.

Pharisees! O Pharisees!

Heart-o'erwhelming ; but how true!

Still reverberates His 'Woe,'

The far centuries along ;

Bends Hypocrisy, how low!

None the less keen falls His thong

Maskèd falsehood, but a cloak,

Howe'er grand, or deftly worn ;

Sharper, heavier the stroke,

And inexorable scorn :

Pharisees of later day,

Fit ye tremble with dismay.

XII. PUBLICANS. St Matthew xi. 19 ; xxi. 13.

PUBLICANS ! O Publicans !

The great heart of love ye knew.

Publicans ! O Publicans !

The great heart of love knew you.

Scorn'd, malign'd, ye to Him crept,

Laying there your burdens down ;

Laden, weary, as ye wept

Lo ! a welcome, not a frown !

Well He understood your grief,

Well He felt your shame and ban ;

With sad words ye sought relief ;

Soft as tears His pity ran.

Publicans ! 'tis Gospel still ;

Turn to Christ whoever will.

XIII. THE MULTITUDES. St Mark xii. 37.

MULTITUDES ! O Multitudes !

Hedge and highway forth did send.

Multitudes ! O Multitudes !

Ah ! They felt Who was their Friend.

Rabbi proud caught up his skirt ;

Priest pass'd on with look askance ;

Reck'ning 'common people ' dirt ;

Bearing ever scornful glance.

' Gladly ' hung they on His lips ;

' Gladly ' clasp'd His outstretched hands ;

Led from 'neath their long eclipse,

Lo ! Light shines as He commands.

The Multitudes ! He lov'd them all ;

His, a universal call.

XIV. A LITTLE CHILD. St Matthew xviii. 2-5.

LITTLE Child ! O little Child !

That the Saviour 'took' and bless'd.
Little Child ! O little Child !

Who such fame has e'er possessed ?
To the World's great heart up-taken
Thou art an unchanging Child ;
And the truth abides unshaken—

Taught by Him 'The Undeſil'd'—
That no Child may be forbidden
To be 'brought' unto 'The Christ' ;
In parental hearts 'tis hidden,
Sacred as the Eucharist.

Little Child, that ſtill lives on
As a perpetual benison.

XV. PRAYERS OF JESUS.

St Luke vi. 12 and St John xvii.

PRAYERS of Jesus ! Prayers of Jesus !

Sweet the thought that Jesus pray'd.
Prayers of Jesus ! Prayers of Jesus !

All our wants on Him were laid.
On the lone mount when men ſlept,
Lo ! The Saviour on His knees !
Ere Storm on His foll'wers leapt,
He their peril knows and ſees ;
And when ſhadows round Him closing,
Told of His approaching 'hour' ;
Mid all evil interpoſing,

For His Own He ſought 'all power.'
Prayers of Jesus ! Still He prays—
Thought that all our fear allays.

XVI. THE LORD'S PRAYER. St Matthew vi. 9-13.

O THE Lord's Pray'r ! O the Prayer
Golden-worded, tender, sweet !
O the Lord's Pray'r ! O the Prayer,
For all human need complete !
Child-lips say it, maidens fair ;
Dewy youth and manhood strong ;
Age it loves, even to white hair ;
'Tis to all as gracious song.
Yes, "Our Father"—who may tell
The sad hearts it has inspired ?
Mem'ries old, lay their sweet spell,
When hope has well-nigh expired.
The Lord's Prayer, to mankind giv'n,
Lifts mankind from Earth to Heav'n.

XVII. JERUSALEM. St Mark xiii. 49.

SALEM ! O Jerusalem !
Ruin'd now as He forespake.
Salem ! O Jerusalem !
Lov'd well still, for Jesus' sake.
Oft thou heard'st His burning speech ;
Oft didst see His mighty life ;
Oft thy heart He sought to reach ;
Oft He held a gracious strife ;
Warning, pleading—all in vain !
Stretched to thee His hand's appeal ;
Awful tears—like thund'rous rain—
The great heart of Love reveal.
O thyself thou didst condemn !
Salem ! O Jerusalem !

XVIII. BETHANY. St Matthew xxi. 17.

BETHANY ! O Bethany !

Sweet to hear the tender sound.

Bethany ! O Bethany !

Where a home my Saviour found.

Hearts of love receiv'd Him there ;

Hands and feet to serve Him set ;

When the evening cool'd the air,

And He cross'd green Olivet.

Lazarus ! Mary ! Martha !—three

Star-names aye to shine appointed ;

And that Mary, who, in thee,

Her dear Lord and ours anointed.

Bethany ! O Bethany !

Sweet thy very name to me.

XIX. THE TRANSFIGURATION.

St Matthew xvii. 1-8 ; St Mark ix. 2-8.

O MOUNT Tabor ! O Mount Tabor !

Crownèd hill of Galilee !

O Mount Tabor ! O Mount Tabor !

Heav'nly splendors flash'd o'er thee.

Son of Man—veilèd His 'glory,'

Now He shines forth Prince of Light ;

As foretold in psalm and story,

In effulgence of His might.

Moses now within 'the Land'—

And Elijah, homage pay ;

As beside THE CHRIST they stand,

'Talking' of the awful day.

O Mount Tabor ! to 'the Three,'

Mighty, wondrous memory !

XX. THE ANGER OF CHRIST. St Mark iii. 5.

WRATH of Christ ! O wrath of Christ !
When 'watch'd' Pharisee and Scribe.
Wrath of Christ ! O wrath of Christ !
His sweet 'healing' met with gibe.
Holy that transcendent 'look,'
As He search'd them through and through ;
'Blindness of their hearts,' Him shook ;
All their evil thoughts He knew.
From the mass He each one singled,
As 'the man' stretched forth his hand ;
Wrath and grief in His heart mingled,
Whilst He gave the great 'command.'
Wrath of Christ ! Lo ! it shall burn
'Gainst all who the Gospel spurn.

XXI. THE WITHERED FIG-TREE.

St Matthew xix. 17-22 ; St Mark xi. 12-14, 20-24.

WITHER'D fig-tree ! Wither'd fig-tree !
Guerdon of His gentleness.
Wither'd fig-tree ! Wither'd fig-tree !
Blighted thou that He might bless.
Hoary-headed man, neglecting
The great words of saving love ;
Rabbi, Scribe, their Lord rejecting,
Spite of 'witness' from Above ;
With one word each had lain dead,
And beyond—O awful doom !
But by love and pity led,
He still strove that they might 'come.'
And so smote a fruitless tree ;
Not a man, with destiny.

XXII. JESUS WEEPING. St John xi. 35 ; St Luke xix. 41.

JESUS Weeping ! Jesus Weeping !
 How it knits His heart to ours !
 Jesus Weeping ! Jesus Weeping !
 Stainless tears as dew on flow'rs.
 But like lightning sheath'd in rain,
 Awful were the tears He shed ;
 Burden'd was His heart and brain ;
 Each great tear from deep wound bled.
 "Jesus wept" at Lazarus' grave,
 And o'er doom'd Jerusalem ;
 His vast love would all men save,
 Nor does He the worst contemn.
 Jesus Weeping ! Human woe
 Still to 'Man of Sorrows' go.

XXIII. THE KING.

St Matthew ii. 1-2 ; St Luke ii. 8-14 ; xix. 36-38.

BLESS the King ! O Bless the King !
 Gleam on Olivet that fell.
 Bless the King ! O Bless the King !
 As old Seers and Psalmists tell.
 Multitudes His praises sang,
 Palm-boughs strewn upon His way ;
 In words that o'er Bethlehem rang,
 When had dawn'd th' appointed day.
 King of kings He was indeed,
 As His herald had proclaim'd ;
 But, our Victim, He must bleed,
 King, who may with Him be nam'd ?
 Bless the King ! shout earth and sky,
 Comes the Kingdom by-and-bye.

XXIV. THE LORD'S SUPPER. I Corinthians xi. 23-25.

THE Eucharist ! The Eucharist !
Lowly meal yet heav'nly feast.
The Eucharist ! The Eucharist !
Dear to greatest and to least.
On the night of utmost trial,
When Gethsemane was near ;
Traitor's kiss and friends' denial ;
Cross of shame and piercing spear ;
Thou did'st give these symbols holy
Of Thy Sacrifice and Love ;
Spread'st a Table for most lowly ;
Antepast of bliss above.
Holy Supper ! Blessèd rite,
May it still all hearts unite !

XXV. JESUS SINGING. St Matthew xxvi. 30.

JESUS Singing ! Jesus singing !
Dear the record, '*Jesus sang*' ;
Jesus singing ! Jesus singing !
Tho' His heart felt sharpest pang.
Bread and wine, a sacred token
For His people He had giv'n ;
And, with words pathetic, broken
Their 'offence' to the 'Eleven' ;
And to Simon soft fore-telling
Of his sad 'denying' fall ;
Yet His pard'ning love up-welling
By a 'hymn' made festival.
Jesus Singing ! Bless His Name,
Joy and Grief together came.

XXVI. GETHSEMANE. St Matthew xxvi. 36-56.

AWFUL, dark Gethsemane !
 O ! my Saviour there I see.
 In the dread Gethsemane !
 Kneeling in His agony.
 Broken words release imploring,
 Cup of trembling in His hands ;
 Bloody sweat in great drops pouring ;
 Stealthy step of brutal bands ;
 Staves, as 'twere to 'take a thief' ;
 Traitor-kiss ; and Three who slept.
 Guilt, my guilt ! O grief, my grief !
 Swift-successive o'er him swept.
 Who Gethsemane may sound ?
 Mystery, as sin profound.

XXVII. THE ARREST. St John xviii. 12.

" THEY went backward " ; " They went backward."
 Cæsar's soldiers, " to the ground."
 " They went backward " ; " They went backward."
 Stranger sight was never found.
 Simple words of Jesus spoken,
 ' *Whom seek ye ?* ' thus laid them low ;
 Their strong Roman breasts were broken,
 As though He had struck a blow.
 Touch omnipotent was there ;
 Yet touch only—not to kill.
 Great self-choosing Sufferer,
 Thou wast 'taken' by Thy will.
 " They went backward " ; and still Lord,
 Sheathest Thou Thy glitt'ring sword.

XXVIII. GABBATHA. St John xix. 13.

GABBATHA ! O Gabbatha !

Scene of guilt and scene of shame.

Gabbatha ! O Gabbatha !

Love sees thee with heart a-flame.

Lo ! before the judge He standeth,

Whilst he says, '*Behold your King !*' ;

But malignant scorn demandeth,

' *To the cross* ' the Just One bring.

Crucify Him ! Crucify Him !

Yell a thousand vengeful throats.

And the Prince of Darkness by Him,

O'er his nearing triumph gloats.

Gabbatha ! These all unite

Infamous, thy name to write.

XXIX. THE PRÆTORIUM. St Mark xv. 16-20.

O SAD, sad Prætorium !

Hall of scourging, scoff and jest.

Gloomy, base Prætorium !

Where they mock'd '*God manifest.*'

Soldier's cast-off mantle o'er Him,

Crown of thorns on bleeding brow ;

Striking, spitting, they adore Him

Tongue in cheek, with insult low.

Flash forth, Lord, Thy glittering sword,

Smite these mockers—all Thy foes ;

Nay, He bears their maddest word ;

Forward to the Cross He goes.

Justice seat ! To thee we turn,

And our hearts within us burn.

XXX. BEARING THE CROSS.

St Matthew xxvii. 31-32 ; St Mark xv. 19-21 ; St Luke xxiii. 26.

O HIS Cross ! Bearing His Cross !
 Lo ! God's Son ! Was not earth rock'd ?
 O His Cross ! Bearing His Cross !
 Jesus struck, spat on, and mock'd.
 Strength divine He will not wield ;
 High and deep His woe's tide swelled.
 No one near His Lord to shield ?
 Only one—and him 'compelled.'
 How human, O Christ, Thou wast,
 Fainting, falling in the street ;
 Yet the 'work' on Thee was cast,
 Came from Thee flawless, complete.
 O His Cross ! O Saviour mine,
 Light our cross compar'd with Thine.

XXXI. CALVARY. St Luke xxiii. 33-43.

CALVARY ! O Calvary !
 Consummation of all crime.
 Calvary ! O Calvary !
 Thy dark mount in dread I climb.
 On the cross my God they raise,—
 Type fulfill'd and prophecy,—
 Callous-hearted there they gaze,
 Thro' His darken'd agony.
 There He hangs 'twixt Earth and Heav'n,
 All man's sin upon Him lies ;
 Lo ! The dying thief, forgiven,
 Bounds with Him to Paradise.
 Calvary ! O Calvary !
 All thy agony for me !

XXXII. DENIAL AND FORSAKING.

Denial, St Matthew xxvi. 69-75 ; Forsaking, St Matthew xxvi. 56.

DENIAL and Forsaking !

Dark the page on which we read.

Denial and Forsaking !

How the heart of Love did bleed.

Warn'd and pray'd for by The Master,

Peter ! how couldst thou so fall ?

And as deepen'd the disaster,

How forsake Him could ye all ?

Mystery of God and man !

Sinless One by sinful taken ;

Depths no mortal eyes may scan,

By His Own 'denied,' 'forsaken.'

Denial and Forsaking !

His great anguish greater making.

XXXIII. THE GRAVE. St Matthew xxvii. 57-60.

SILENT Garden ! Silent Garden !

Holy mem'ries round thee shine.

Silent Garden ! Silent Garden !

Where is there a grave like thine ?

There with tears the Lord they lay ;

Darken'd hopes and 'bated breath ;

To awake the Great Third Day,

Silent conqueror of Death.

Chosen ones ALIVE Him saw ;

Wond'ring, heard Him when He spoke ;

His work 'finished' without flaw,

Gospel light in glory broke.

Silent Garden ! We must weep,

But laud ! for that holy sleep.

XXXIV. THE RESURRECTION. St John xi. 25.

RESURRECTION ! Resurrection !
 O strong, gracious, lustrous word !
 Resurrection ! Resurrection !
 Triumph of the Saviour-Lord.
 Into Death's realm, lo ! He went,
 And in tranquil sleep there lay ;
 But rose thence omnipotent,
 When had come the Great Third Day.
 Not in haste but calm and still ;
 Folds His grave-clothes and steps forth ;
 Every promise to fulfil ;
 Guerdon—a redeemèd Earth.
 Resurrection ! Last foe Death,
 Touches now but mortal breath.

XXXV. EMMAUS. St Luke xxiv. 13-32.

EMMAUS ! O Emmaus !
 Memorable 'walk' was thine.
 Emmaus ! O Emmaus !
 Faith and Love hold thee for shrine.
 Two disciples on that Eve,
 With hope quench'd, went on their way ;
 Christ 'drew near' and saw them grieve ;
 Sought their sorrow to allay,
 By deep great words from 'the Word,'
 Mingling Suffering with Might ;
 But they knew not 'twas their Lord,
 Till He vanish'd out of sight.
 Each He gave a burning heart !
 Lord ! like fire to me impart.

XXXVI. THE SCEPTIC: ST THOMAS.

St John xx. 24-29.

O ST THOMAS ! O St Thomas !
Great thy record, and yet sad.
O St Thomas ! O St Thomas !
Who can all read, and be glad ?
Walking not by faith but sight,
Trusting only eye and hand ;
Treating ' witness ' with despite,
Wouldst not as Believer stand.
Christ was pitiful, and came—
Shew'd Himself and all His signs ;
Gracious, putting thee to shame,
Winning worship that still shines.
' *Lord, my God !* ' was thy great word,
As once more thou knew'st the Lord.

XXXVII. RESTORATION OF ST PETER.

St John xxi. 1-17.

O ST PETER ! O St Peter !
Great thy fall, but great thy rise.
O St Peter ! O St Peter !
Tears were mighty in thy eyes.
Once more at thy Master's word,
Thou art come unto ' the Lake ' ;
Lo ! new vision of the Lord,—
Thy first fervour doth awake ;
Stepping fearless on the sea,
Seeing Him upon the shore ;
The great heart forgiveth thee—
Thee again He will restore,
Three times yearning love is mask'd,
As thrice ' Lov'st thou Me ' He ask'd.

XXXVIII. THE GREAT COMMISSION.

St Mark xvi. 15.

MIGHTY Charter ! Mighty Charter !
 Given by the Risen Lord.
 Mighty Charter ! Mighty Charter !
 Ev'n the Lord's supremest word.
 The round world before Him lay ;
 For that world, this one command :
 ' *Go—and I'm with you alway.*'
 Send it out o'er ev'ry Land,
 Down the ages it has gone,
 North and South and East and West ;
 Nor shall cease until Earth, won,
 At His cross shall ransom'd rest.
 Mighty Charter ! Great Commission !
 Till this Earth be Christ's possession.

XXXIX. THE ASCENSION. Acts of the Apostles i. 9.

ASCENSION ! O Ascension !
 From the old familiar path.
 Ascension ! O Ascension !
 But in love and not in wrath.
 Leading them o'er Olivet,
 His full 'secret' they have shared.
 Promise-words—like jewels set—
 For 'departure,' have prepared.
 Very God, He climbs the sky,
 Lifting up His hands to bless ;
 Kneel th' Eleven adoringly,
 Then 'return' with joyfulness.
 Th' 'cloud' receives Him from their eyes,
 As they gaze in meek surprise.

XL. THE GREAT WHITE THRONE. Revelation xx. 11.

GREAT White Throne ! O Great White Throne !

Sculptur'd of the dazzling light.

Great White Throne ! O Great White Throne !

Bursting on my ravish'd sight.

Jesus ! I behold Thee pleading,

Giver of The Spirit's dower ;

For the guiltiest interceding,

Shewing forth Thy saving power.

' *Many crowns* ' upon Thy head,

Thine all pow'r on Earth, and Heav'n ;

All in all time to Thee led,

All their sin in Thee forgiv'n.

Great White Throne ! To gaze we dare,

MAJESTIC MERCY seated there !

FIRE OF THE SPIRIT.

Sanat dum ferit.—Jeremiah xx. 9.

1. THY 'fire,' O God, let it be mine ;
Not in my bones but in my heart ;
I ache, Lord, to be wholly Thine ;
Thy 'fire' bestow whate'er the smart ;
That Faith and Hope and Love may glow,
Like theirs the "closer walk" who know.
2. Thy 'fire,' O God, let it be mine ;
"Wood, hay, and stubble" to consume ;
Do Thou my whole heart, Lord, incline
To walk "the Way" Thou dost illumine ;
Hearing Thy call "Come higher Friend,"
Foll'wing Thy steps to blessed end.
3. Thy 'fire,' O God, let it be mine ;
That burns to heal and heals in burning ;
As a Refiner me refine ;
Thy searching flame on me returning ;
Speckless of dross, Lord, I would be ;
Thy image in me I would see.
4. Thy 'fire,' O God, let it be mine ;
That I may know Thy prophet's rage ;
Yea, that with Thine Own wrath divine,
I may a holy warfare wage ;
With Thy pure zeal, O Lord, me fill ;
In conscience, mind, and heart, and will.

P O E M S.

PRAYER AND PRAISE THE SOUL'S WINGS.

1. WINGS Thou hast giv'n the soul, O Lord—
 Ev'n PRAYER AND PRAISE ;
Behold me as I plead Thy Word,
 Me wilt Thou raise ?
That in the sunshine of Thy Face,
I may, O Christ, do nothing base.
2. I may, O Christ, do nothing base ;
 Tho' on Earth still,
My way with miry feet I trace ;
 Do Thou fulfil
What Thou hast for the faithful written ?
Give wings, Lord, wings, to lorn hearts smitten.
3. Give wings, Lord, wings, to lorn hearts smitten,
 On Thee relying ;
In shadow of Thy Hand safe-hidden,
 Still upward flying ;
May PRAYER and PRAISE be mine, O Christ
Hear ! By Thy Love and grace unpric'd.
4. Wings Thou hast giv'n the soul, O Lord—
 Ev'n PRAYER AND PRAISE ;
Behold me as I plead Thy Word,
 Me wilt Thou raise ?
That in the sunshine of Thy Face,
I may, O Christ, do nothing base.

NATURE'S FIELD OF CLOTH OF GOLD.

It is told of the great Linnaeus, that when he first saw a many-acred English moor covered with full-blossomed gorse (Scotice whin), that he knelt down and gave God thanks for bringing him to a country that could show him such a spectacle of beauty. I have named just such a spectacle—combined with broom—

Nature's Field of Cloth of Gold ;

albeit only at a great distance, may the tinsel of the historic Field, be compared with the workmanship of Him Who is at once the Great Gardener and the Great Weaver.

From earliest and (in a sense) life-long associations, this Field of Cloth of Gold holds an innermost place in my deepest and sacreddest memories. For thither as boy (almost child) we were wont to retreat, and all alone work out problems that perchance prematurely burdened.

The little incident of the Linnet, which was the real *motive* of the poem, is a pathetic FACT.

IN the Book of Fame enroll'd
Shines THE FIELD OF CLOTH OF GOLD ;
Quaint Chroniclers with fine rage
Making luminous the page.

But more rich than Ardres hoar
Lo ! upon a billowy moor
Whin and broom in interfold,
NATURE'S FIELD OF CLOTH OF GOLD.
With an ever-changing splendor
Such as Summer makes attend her.

10

But this Field of Cloth of Gold,
Whose brief tale shall now be told—
If to tell be mine the skill
And the Reader listen will—

Lieth not in sunny Francè,
Or in page of old Romance :
'Tis a wood-enring'd retreat
Couching at Demyat's feet ;
Where the Forth its coil unwinds
And the hill and valley binds ; 20
On a gently sloping hill,
Gleaming bright with many a rill ;
Vocal with all singing birds—
Clear as ever human words—
While the sunshine, gold on gold,
Shimmers far across the wold ;
With all subtleties of shadow
Dappling dale and down and meadow,
As holds Fancy's heart in thrall,
Making Fairy Festival : 30
Nook, as at Creation's date,
Kept of God inviolate.

There I've watched at break of day
Till a-hush, I could but pray ;
There I've watch'd in blaze of noon,
All the landscape in a swoon ;
There I've watch'd in gloamin grey
Closing on my homeward way ;
There I've watch'd 'neath shining stars
Plough, Orion, Venus, Mars ;
There I've watch'd in ghostly night
When the moon shed mystic light ;
There I've watch'd both soon and late ;
And my Muse, I were ingrate
If, with mem'ries I recall,
My heart's gratitude were small.

As a Youth I clomb those hills,
In their loneliness that fills
Eager heart and seething brain
With such thoughts as come again ; 50
Problems stern, Faith even wounding,
Reason high and sense confounding,
And deep mysteries astounding.

Yearnings 'O that God would speak
And His awful dumbness break' !
Dark suspicions God was dead
And no more the great world led ;
Achings after dear ones gone ;
Purpos'd action left undone ;
Aspiration unfulfill'd ; 60
Passionate heart-ardours chill'd ;
Life rul'd but by circumstance ;
Destiny a thing of chance ;
Soul by fleshly cravings riv'n,
Fir'd of Hell, unkept of Heav'n ;
Falsehood conquering the Truth ;
Pitilessness mocking ruth ;
Fools still heaping up their wealth ;
Busy toilers grudg'd e'en health :

These th' enigmas that me smote 70
As amidst those hills remote
I on my life's threshold stood
In Youth's everchanging mood.

But as mists before the sun
Scatter, being shone upon ;
When I couch'd again within
Shadow of the broom and whin
Then I found God lov'd His child ;
Patient still when I was wild.

Thou wast in the solitudes 80
 Breathing sweet beatitudes ;
 Thou God led'st me by the hand ;
 Mad'st me on '*the Rock*' to stand ;
 Guarded'st me from paths of death ;
 Did'st breathe in me Thine Own breath ;
 And to-day 'twere long to trace
 All Thy love and all Thy grace ;
 And Thy goodness manifold
 In that FIELD OF CLOTH OF GOLD.

This fair leaf of Nature's Book 90
 Torn out was—

I've undertook
 To set it in a lowly rhyme
 To live perchance in after-time ;
 (As wee fern lives when great trees fall
 Or daisy meek survives the wall ;
 Or little bird that sings its song,
 Tho' magnates join the shadowy throng :
 All the modesties of Nature
 Kept still by the Great Creator ;
 Beautiful and permanent, 100
 His Own constancy them lent).

Ne'er was known who was to blame—
 'Twas in sooth a deed of shame
 If it planned was, and meant—
 May it have been accident !

Jets of smoke and tongues of flame
 Sheep-boys saw with loud exclaim ;
 But no ear was there to hear
 Or to bring deliv'rance near :
 Helpless, aimless they look'd on 110
 At the sad destruction.

Flames went creeping o'er the ground
Sere and brown ferns all around ;
Stealthily quiver'd in the grass ;
Gleam'd at edge of the morass ;
Leapt the dell within, smoke-sheath'd,
In an awful beauty wreath'd ;
Shewing as 'twere crests of gold,
As the red waves bick'ring roll'd ;
Fiercely mingling shine and gloom, 120
As they bore a certain doom ;
Higher, higher, on and on,
As in vengeful passion.

Ah ! Sweet birds in skurrying crowds,
Sought the coolness of the clouds ;
And the myriad creatures small
Forth from their concealments crawl :
Pitiful to see their strait,
Scorch'd their homes and desecrate.

Scatter'd blooms in showers of gold 130
Which the ruddy sparks enfold ;
Stems erect and tall were blacken'd
Not an instant the flames slacken'd ;
Till as in fair temple, all
Slender pillars 'gan to fall :

Ah ! like God's carv'd work of old,
Fell my FIELD OF CLOTH OF GOLD.

Streams ! did ye with Fire complot
That ye now o'er-flowèd not ?
Had ye but your torrents lent 140
In this mournful exigent ;
No such spoiling had been told
Of my FIELD OF CLOTH OF GOLD.

And, ye Clouds ! where were your rains—
Pour'd destructive on the plains—
Why, why, in this fateful hour,
Came ye not with saving shower ?

When the Fire had done its worst—
O deed cruel ! deed accurst !
For it was a very shrine
Holy as e'er House divine—

I took my solitary way
The sad havoc to survey :

Spectral 'neath the moon's wan ray
All was gone, save here and there
A broom-stem besmirch'd and bare.

Cynic ! Tears were in my eyes :
Let your chill heart feel surprise !

As I turnèd me to leave
Through long after-years to grieve 160
For the fell destruction wrought
In my scene of purest thought
When my Faith and Hope were shook,
And thro' dark to Heav'n I'd look,
Or would rest upon "The Book";
A sight I saw that struck my heart
E'en as through me had run a dart—
In the crown of a broom-stem,
Like a despoil'd diadem,
Scorch'd and begrim'd, behold there lay 170
A LINNET'S NEST.—

Naught do you say ?

Ah! But in that tiny round
Such pathetic thing I found
As in chains of tears me bound:

Touch of God was on that bird
True as e'er in His seers stirr'd.

Here I find, tho' involute,
His great law of love ; and mute 210
Reason of it not, but feel
It may God's Own heart unseal ;
E'en as law that rules the ocean
Rules the dewdrops in their motion.

O Love ! vast as God is vast ;
Yet in tiniest Linnet cast.

And so FIELD OF CLOTH OF GOLD
Lie in my heart's inmost fold !

Mem'ries of now far-off years
That I'll carry to the spheres ; 220
Tenderest associations

That 'midst life's exacerbations
Calm me—as a mother's hand—
And a victor make me stand ;
Aye shall make thee consecrate
Till my life's concluding date ;
And that little martyr-linnet

(Let the world see nothing in it)
Still to my heart sweetly sings,
Kindling such a love as brings 230
Me before the King of kings ;

Moving iridescent fancies ;
Prescience as of heavenly trances ;
When the body left behind
The soul soars, and mind to mind
Rais'd on high b' Imagination
Sees the destined restoration,
When, through all God's great creation,

Nature's Field of Cloth of Gold. 465

Shall go forth the mighty word
As He girds His glitt'ring sword ; 240
That no longer SIN shall reign,
Or redeem'd Earth longer stain ;
Or hold men in longer thrall
By demoniac carnival ;
But that Truth and Righteousness
The whole race of man shall bless ;
And the groaning of the creature
Shall surcease ; and ev'ry feature
Of the long slow agony
Pass away from Earth and sky ; 250
When the wonder of ' the BLOOD,'
Shed upon the ghastly rood,
Shall assert itself ; and then
Come salvation to all men.

Drop of water water is ;
Grain of sand, behold it is
Of the substance of the shore
Checking ocean's bellowing roar ;
Beam of light is light as true
As in sun itself we view : 260

Even so a Bird's small breast
Where such strength of love did rest
Holding her fast in her nest ;
God's Own glorious love revealeth,
And to our own heart appealeth ;
That His love shall be a power
To uphold in Danger's hour ;
That His love shall us up-bear
Thro' all trial and all fear ;
That His love shall sanctify 270
Nobly to live and nobly die ;

That His love, cast in the mould
Of the FIELD OF CLOTH OF GOLD,
Shall enfold us with the beauty
Born of brave-fulfilled duty.

So there come swift sudden startings,
And inevitable dartings ;
Shoots of immortality,
Witnessing SOULS do not die,
But have home beyond the sky ; 280
Wondrous introspective glances
Poignant as the sunbeam's lances ;
Conscience steadying the will ;
Aches that set the heart a-thrill ;
Longings for a Resurrection
That I may be cloth'd upon.

Thing of Past, O golden Field !
 Still thou livest, still dost yield
 Mem'ries indestructible ;
 Deeper joy than words can tell : 290
 Joy which only music showeth
 As heart-searchingly it floweth,
 And to deepest spirit goeth ;
 Wov'n in substance of my life,
 Now in calm and now in strife ;
 Steeping me in light supernal,
 Lifting up to God Eternal :

CHRIST shall yet be King of Men,
And all Earth shall rule again ;
Upward still our race shall move 300
To the watchword " God is love ! "

Quickly dawn this glorious Day!
All may speed it on its way.

THREE BIRTHDAY GIFTS TO A LITTLE
GIRL.

A LIFE-STORY.

FOUR decades ago, when I was young,
A fair girl I knew, and of her sung,
In many a rapt and yearning rhyme,
To music of Love's own golden chime ;
And now when we both are growing old,
I grudge her story should not be told.

My head is grey, and alas ! my hand
Reft of its first cunning to command,
Such dulcet strain as to her is due,
Seeking to tell only what is true. 10
Yet I fain would try (tho' all unskill'd)
To utter memories wherewith I'm fill'd.

God bless her ! when a sweet young child,
She led me to Him, the Unde fil'd ;
Drew me and drew me, with tender words,
Deep and sweet as the singing of birds :
O how may I hope my debt to tell,
For (ah me !) it is unspeakable !

Lo ! I see her, a radiant girl,
With gold-red locks in many a curl ; 20
And eyes of blue, that in me awake
Thoughts of Como, its sky and its lake ;
Then O the charm of her dimpling cheeks !
A domèd brow, that a MIND bespeaks,—
Latent subtlety and gentle power ;
Her lips rose-red, and with such a dower
Of pearly teeth, and soft-sculptur'd chin,
As enkindles rapture without sin.

468 *Three Birthday Gifts to a Little Girl.*

Fairest of children out of Heaven,
It was her birthday ; her age was sev'n. 30
Father and mother unto her brought
A gold Moss-rose, in pot finely wrought ;
Sooth 'twas a thing of beauty, and
Made still more beautiful, in her hand.

'Tis sweet to-day to recall her look,
As carolling like a hidden brook,
She kissed her thanks, and with a trill
Set her birthday gift i' th' window-sill
Of her own room. (I chanc'd to be there
And I saw all by good fortune rare.) 40

Came the Spring to prank its tender leaves ;
Came the whisp'ring winds under the eaves ;
Came the Summer's sunshine, and its rain
Tap-tapping upon the window-pane ;
Came the Autumnal mellowing dews,
With blooms and buds of all changing hues :
'Twas the last thing she look'd at each night,
The first she look'd at with morning light.

Two dainty buds that soon came, she gave
Father and mother ; the third I have. 50
(Faded long since ; yet to my old eyes
'Tis beautiful still just as it lies ;
E'en if it be turnèd all to dust
Into my coffin it goes, I trust.)

One night a tempest—ah ! swift and strong !
Rag'd for hours upon hours ; and along
The land and the sea, work'd havoc sore ;
Wrecking what ages could not restore ;
A vast-boled oak of a thousand years
Fell ; and the tall Light-house off the meres. 60

Three Birthday Gifts to a Little Girl. 469

Our fair Child heard it not, nor awoke
Until the morning upon her broke :
(So He gives to His belovèd sleep—
Tranquil and soft and dreamless and deep).
She soon went to see her rose-tree fair,
To cull a bud for a Cottager—
(A lowly widow, white-hair'd and frail,
But one to whom THE CHRIST says 'All hail'!)

She gave a start ; for away 'twas blown,
By the whirling storm, and to ground thrown. 70

My poor Child had a lump in her throat,
As together her wee hands she smote ;
And rush'd into the back yard, to find
Her rose kill'd by the pitiless wind.

Broken, and soil'd, and wither'd, it lay,
Filling the dear young heart with dismay ;
Dismay and grief, and her eyes with tears—
(O blame her not : remember her years).

'Neath a tree sat father and mother,
Talking o'er the storm with each other ; 80
And fond love-light enkindling their eyes
They plan for their Child, a sweet surprise.

Anon little Maud drew near ; her face
Of her grief shewing pathetic trace ;
With a shy look of unconscious grace.

She told her brief story of the Rose ;
How the bad storm-wind, last night, with blows
Had out of its place her gift-flower shak'n
And its life in all its sweetness, taken ;
Broken her pot and the laden stem— 90
(It might have been Beauty's diadem):
The poor young heart gave way ; and she hung
On her mother's heart, with falt'ring tongue.

470 *Three Birthday Gifts to a Little Girl.*

Father and mother led her away
Across the meadow, to where there lay
—Like white wee clouds of a Summer's sky
That the shepherd-star folds charmingly—
Of sheep and of lambs, a comely flock:
One Lamb 'neath shadow of a rock.

Prettily prettily there it couch'd, 100
As tho' expectant, I had avouch'd,
That *her* pet-lamb it was meant to be—
Could a sweeter mistress Lamb e'er see?

Pointing to the o'ershadowing stone,
"The lamb is yours, Maud, and yours alone;
This for your welcome eighth birth-day take,
And grieve no more for your Rose's sake."

Thus father and mother tenderly,
Sought their sweet Child's heart-sore tears to dry ;
'Twas indeed a charming birth-day gift : 110
Spotless as ever the virgin drift:
—The drifted snow that so softly fills
The sunless clefts of lonely hills.

Then, with great open eyes of wonder,
Her heart quick-throbbing her breast under ;
Maud answer made—"What ! the Lamb for me?
O is't possible that this can be?
A real live lamb, and all my own
To play with as my companion?
Oh thanks, you are most good and kind, 120
Thus my heart's rose-sorrow to up-bind."

'Twas a pleasant sight for all to see,
The Child and Lamb on the daisied lea ;
Racing and chasing at Morning's dawn,
Over the meadow, over the lawn.

I'm sure bits of sugar oft were miss'd ;
I'm sure again and again they kiss'd ;
Racing and chasing with boundless mirth,
Like creatures scarcely of sinful earth.

Alas ! alas ! again Sorrow lour'd, 130
And a second storm of anguish shower'd
On poor little Maud. Early one morn,
Half-hidden 'midst the yellowing corn,
Her Lamb lay dead.

O 'twere hard to tell
This trouble fresh that to Maud befell !
And hard to see o'er her wan face pass
—Like shadow over the shining grass—
Her look of pain—half of terror born
As she felt how sharp was this new thorn.

Words would not come ; but close to her
breast 140
Her poor dead Lamb she passionate prest ;
And with alternating tear and moan
Sate motionless as a fixed stone.

Father and mother sought out their Child,
In her loss grievèd ; and with words mild,
Gentle, soft, loving, sharèd her grief,
Seeking again to bring her relief.
“ O look dear Maud, look ; and yonder see
Better far than any Moss-rose tree ;
Better far than Lamb, or aught can be ; 150
Look dear, take that for ninth birth-day gift ;
And once more in brightness your face lift.”

She heard their voices (rather than words)
Like skilful hand touching tender chords :
Raisèd her pitiful tear-fill'd eyes
(Soft as the azure of rain-dimm'd skies)

472 *Three Birthday Gifts to a Little Girl.*

And waited. And then again they spoke,
And in on her melting sorrow broke ;
Pointing her to their own Baby-boy,
Who lately brought to their home new joy. 160

Cradled 'neath a wide-bough'd Cedar tree,
Cooing and goosing right merrily ;
There he was, her sweet baby-brother
(Very miniature of his mother).

She look'd and re-look'd, but felt as tho'
It were only adding blow to blow
Thus strangely to put aside her woe.

"O father, mother, dear Hubert take
For my new birth-gift, and of him make
Treasure, in place of my Lamb and Flower 170
That I've been robb'd of in evil hour ?
Never, oh never ! It may not be !
How little he is surely you see ?
My poor dead Lamb, after me would go,
Calling 'ma ! ma ! ma !' (Maud you must know),
And run me a race ; and oh, how sweet
Was the patter of his jetty feet !
And soft note of his innocent bleat ;
But Hubert"—

On the instant she felt
Her sisterly heart within her melt ; 180
Saw that indeed her baby-brother
Far better was than one or other
Of former Birth-gifts.

Then up she sprang,
Now all-forgetting her double pang,
Sweet and gracious words the while she sang ;
Full lavishing on the cradl'd boy
The swift bright current of her fresh joy.

Three Birthday Gifts to a Little Girl. 473

Once more the bright sun above her smil'd,
And day after day the Child and Child
Together played, and lov'd, and grew 190
As flowers beneath Heav'n's nurturing dew.

Two Lambs they were of the Shepherd's fold
From their chrism-birth 'mongst His Own enroll'd ;
And oh ! fair picture it was to see
Them run together in fearless glee.

But what is this that a Poet sings
Of one whose young heart keen sorrow wrings?
Listen, oh ! listen ; for it doth tell
As sad grief as e'er did bosom swell :

" Oh ! ever thus from Childhood's hour, 200
I've seen my fondest hopes decay ;

I never lov'd a tree or flower,
But 'twas the first to fade away.

I never nurs'd a dear gazelle,
To glad me with its soft black eye,
But when it came to know me well,
And love me, it was sure to die.

Now too—the joy most like divine
Of all I ever dreamt or knew,
To see thee, love thee, call thee mine,— 210
*Oh mercy ! must I lose that too."**

Ev'n so was't now ; for the story old,
Is ev'ry day, and still must be told.

Fever came with its burning finger,
And through long days and nights did linger ;
Pressing sharp and keen, the throbbing brow,
Parching the tongue, life-pulse sinking low.

Now Hope would rise high and now ebb out,
Alternately with fear and with doubt ;

* The Fire-Worshippers : Lallah Rookh.

474 *Three Birthday Gifts to a Little Girl.*

Sometimes child-prattle and bright'ning eye, 220
 Seemed to assure 'No ! he will not die ' ;
 But the next moment, all rack'd with pain
 And every feature on the strain,
 Each bonnie wee cheek, with purple flush
 Like a flame that ever did up rush ;
 Burning within with a smother'd rage,
 As if a mortal war it would wage
 In his body's tiny citadel,
 Where Beauty with Innocence did dwell :
 Oh such was the bitter agony, 230
 One almost long'd that the Child would die.

Prayers went up from hearts believing,
 Quiet submissiveness achieving ;
 For the Child's life, if that were the best ;
 Or failing it, to give His Own rest.

The sun was setting, the after-glow
 Shone into the room (I see it now) ;
 A light of glory fell on the bed,
 And a nimbus crown'd the infant head ;
 Transfiguring fair the changing face, 240
 With splendor as of a heav'nly place ;
 Paling as palèd the pallid West :
 Sudden the great eyes clos'd, and then 'drest
 Now to go to the Golden City,
 So pass'd he to Infinite Pity.

Oh how may I dare again to tell
 The shadow dark that on Maud now fell ;
 The terrors of anguish 'gan to swell !

Oh 'twas awful on her grief to look
 As over the wee dead face she shook ; 250
 All consolation now refusing,
 With her wild eyes and words, accusing—

“ You gave me the Rose that storm o’erthrew ;
You gave me the Lamb which Autumn slew ;
And then you gave me a dearer one ;
But my baby-brother too is gone :
All that I ever have lov’d have died.”

Here my Maud broke down, and wildly cried—
Her words thick-coming importunate,
In uttermost grief disconsolate.— 260
“ O mother give me something that I
May love and love, that will never die.”

Most meetly were the sad words spoken,
Yet sweetly sad ; and sure a token
That the dear Lord was about to deal
With that bruised heart, its wounds to heal ;
The wounds that Sorrow in her had made
In His Own sweet Child—our little maid.

Tenderly father and mother spake,
Making all their own their Child’s heart-ache : 270
They told her soft and low His story,
From manger-crib to final glory ;
Then whisper’d how “ there was *One* to love
Who ne’er, no ne’er from her would remove ;
One—and His Name too was from a Rose,
The crimson Rose that on Sharon blows ;
Yes, and ‘ The Lamb ’ was also His Name :
Lamb of the dread sacrificial flame ;
And He, yes, is our ‘ Elder Brother ’ ;
Never has there been such Another ; 280
Love Jesus, Maud, and He ne’er will die ;
Love Him, and He’ll take you to the sky,
When your pilgrimage on earth is done,
The battle fought and the vict’ry won.”

Once more with rounded eyes of wonder
The Child quiver'd the sweet words under ;
Uplifted her mouth them both to kiss,
Sobbing soft, " O this is bliss of bliss !
With Jesus now I will leave my smart ;
To my Jesus now I give my heart ;
All, all to Him give, THE UNDEFIL'D ;
If He will have me, a sinful Child."

And thus the THREE BIRTH-DAY GIFTS with-
drawn ;
The Rose in its pot and Lamb on lawn ;
And then sweet Hubert, the Baby-boy,
Her latest and greatest birth-day joy ;
Successive, being all sanctified,
Won the dear young heart to Him Who died :
Won it ; and on, from that very hour
Such was in her heart His gracious power, 300
That day by day, she still sweeter grew,
Until she stood 'mongst the chosen few
Who on this the hither side attain
That life of God, which most die to gain ;
Pure the purity of its whiteness !
Radiant its unearthly brightness !

For through her long and varying years
Maud has liv'd for Christ, and now she wears
Like to a silver crown, her hoar hairs,
Found still in the way of Righteousness : 310
O MY DEAR GOD, 'KEEP' HER AYE, AND BLESS.

STORY OF THE LOST SHEEP

THAT WOULD NOT GO INTO THE FOLD, BUT
WHICH RAN IN WHEN HER LAMB WAS
TAKEN AND BORNE WITHIN. A MESSAGE
TO MOURNERS.

IT was a Shepherd and his sheep :
The way was long and rough and steep ;
And by the closing of the day
That none of all his flock might stray,
He guided them into green fields,
That a wooded mountain shields :
Foot-sore some and well-nigh dead
All the flock within was led.

“ All the flock ? ” Nay counting o’er
The Shepherd found there was one more. 10

He scann’d all round with troubled face
But the missing one could not trace.
He grudg’d to lose it, and still hop’d
To find ; when, lo ! where downward slop’d
A ferny bank, ’bove a running stream
That caught the sunset’s crimson beam,
He saw the LOST ONE ; and, quick-hasting,
—Its instant peril clear forecasting—
Sought to lead it into the Fold
And shelter it from Autumn’s cold. 20

But ’twould take no heed to his call,
Running back and back ; until all
His skill and patience naught availing
Neither his dog nor crook prevailing,
He must leave it—leave to perish
If he his Flock would guard and cherish.

As he turn'd away to go,
Came a lamb's bleat, sweet and low,
As though to him it was appealing
And another LOST revealing. 30

Swift as thought he bounded back,
Sprang 'mongst the ferns, and on the track,
Lo! a LAMB—the Sheep's lamb—was seen
Shiv'ring in the East Wind keen.

Carefully he took it up,
As he might a full-brimm'd cup,
Or his own tir'd little child
Found asleep on the moorland wild :
And all gently bore it down—
But he goes not now alone, 40
Wistful, eager to him goes
That *Lost Sheep*—her LAMB she knows.
The Shepherd marks her, and moves on
Assur'd his rescuing work is done.

The gate is reach'd and open'd wide,
And he places wee lambie inside ;
Plaintive it bleats and looks around
Its mother joins it at a bound :
And now the Flock is within the Fold
As sets the sun in red and gold. 50

Ah! Fathers and mothers my story I tell
Of what this Shepherd once befell,
When all in vain he sought to bring
His missing SHEEP within the green fields' ring;
That I perchance may speak to your heart
As, aching, dumbly under the smart
Of the loss of child or children belov'd,
To depths of despair you are almost mov'd ;

Doubting accusing a Saviour's love,
Or that our Father reigns Above. 60

What, if you've compell'd Him so to take
Your child or children for your own sake?
What, if to win you to turn to Him
Your hearts are made sore and your eyes dim?
What, if having tried and tried in vain
Your hearts' allegiance to Him to gain:
What—oh, what! if by a hundred ways
Met only with long and longer delays
He yet has fail'd to conquer your will
And you live only for this life still; 70
He has call'd child or children hence
In His most gracious beneficence?

That dear one or dear ones being there
You may run in after, their bliss to share?

The wilful sheep that yet lost would be
Ran in to her lamb as you've heard from me;
O Fathers! mothers! the dear Lord grant
That over you the angels may chant
That led by your own little child
You are now seeking Christ, all undefil'd; 80
Then earthly loss will be heav'nly gain
And soon you will see all your LOST ONES again.

NO RETREAT.

1. *The trumpet of Christ ne'er sounds a retreat ;*
Or be it danger, or be it defeat,
For still our Great Captain shouts high and clear,
Stand firm, my soldiers, stand, lo ! I am near.
2. *The trumpet of Christ ne'er sounds a retreat ;*
His watchword is forward whatever we meet ;
Be devils our foes, or be our foes men,
Be strong in the Lord and at them again.
3. *The trumpet of Christ ne'er sounds a retreat ;*
Midst clamour, confusion and hurrying feet,
Ye Knights of the Cross fear ye not nor faint ;
Let no throb of cowardice you attain.
4. *The trumpet of Christ ne'er sounds a retreat ;*
Be it ours, fellow-soldiers, each other to greet ;
High-hearted resolve beat in ev'ry breast,
Trusting the Lord to do all the rest.
5. *The trumpet of Christ ne'er sounds a retreat ;*
All bloodless His battles yet by blood made meet
Aye pulling down strongholds of Satan and sin,
And predestin'd peace for the World to win.

“SUNNY MEMORIES”
OF
THE “DEAD IN CHRIST:”
AN ELEGY.

NOTE.

The following poem was privately printed in March last, and the 100 copies were swiftly absorbed, to my regret, as not a few dear friends could not be supplied with copies. I am glad to avail myself of the present opportunity to reprint it, after revision. Though a personal 'Elegy,' the consolation and teaching given, have wide application. The title of the original tractate thus ran—
"Elegy sacred to the Memory of John M'Dowall, Esq., only son of David M'Dowall, Esq., J.P., Dublin, and my beloved Brother-in-Law, who died suddenly on 12th March 1889, aged 43. By the Rev. Alexander B. Grosart, D.D., LL.D., St George's Presbyterian Church of England, Blackburn, Lancashire. 100 copies only printed for Private Circulation. 1889" (4to, pp. 16).

A. B. G.

ELEGY.

O! SURELY they are in error
Who still name DEATH king of terror ;
The enemy of enemies
From whom each one instinctive flies :
Oh! surely they have never seen
Face like this.—

A heavenly sheen
Lies on it, like an angel's kiss
Who would assure us of his bliss ;
A sweet, heart-calming tenderness
(For this I the dear Lord do bless)
In the pathos of erst brightness
Melted into marble whiteness,
Of the shut eye-lids and shut lips,

10

O! it is an apocalypse
Straight from the mighty heart of God
Disburthening our grief's great load.

I see no touch of marring change,
Rather a transformation strange ;
A light as of glory shining
Or nimbus his brow entwining,
The still, noble face refining ;
Telling us that no hand of mail
Sought with blow cruel to assail,
But the thin veil soft-raised not rent
Lo! he to sudden glory went ;

20

Full-accepted in "The Belov'd,"
And so by gentle touch remov'd :
Touch gentle as of gentlest sleep
To tir'd eyes that long vigil keep ;
Quiet as in cups of flowers 30
Comes dew in the dim twilight hours ;
Or a wing-weary bird to nest,
Low flying in the purpling West.
No languor of disease or pain,
No wrenching as of iron chain,
But with a painless, swift release—
Ah ! The dear Lord's Own "perfect peace."
Hush ! hush ! my heart ! for he is found
By DEATH not smitten down but crowned ;
Cloth'd with a brighter dignity 40
As if in his benignity
He would ennoble him, and bring
Sweet solace to our sorrowing.
Witness to cleansing of all sin,
Even Christ's purity within ;
Witness to His "Grace Abounding"
The "Last Enemy" confounding ;
Witness that in his fresh mid-life
Taken from this our earthly strife,
He has a nobler post to fill, 50
Finer work with finer skill.

His call came like a whisper'd word
That his and his ear only heard ;
When, with a look of bright surprise
As a-list'ning, he did rise ;
His soul's wings snow-white expanding
And him safe with Jesus landing.

Again I turn, again I gaze
In a reverent still amaze :—
'Mid the tempest of our weeping, 60
O ! how tranquil is his sleeping !

My Brother ! Thy whole heart was mine
Nor less surely was my heart thine.

We sore shall miss thee, O belov'd,
And missing thee be unprov'd
Of the Lord, Who hath called thee hence,
Who knows the poignant influence
That was thine, while thou wast alive ;
And how hard 'tis still to strive
With motive and with impulse gone, 70
In our bleak desolation.

We sore shall miss thee, my Brother !
—Vain, vain our anguish to smother.—

O ! ripening harvest rain-drench'd !

O ! luminous hopes now all quench'd !

O ! strong anchors all rudely wrench'd !

Pitiful 'twas to see strong men
As they again and still again
Upon their young dead master gaz'd
And brokenly, with tears, him prais'd : 80
They lov'd him well ; and the "grey head"
Of his father, deep-honour'd.

Ah ! he will be missed by many
Scarcely carèd for by any :
(Tho' The Christ's Own heirs of glory)
How he listened to their story !
And sent them away light-hearted,
His own pure brightness imparted.

O ! holy grows the darken'd room,
For Christ's great word doth it illumè, 90

Reminding us as we re-look
—Our hope undimm'd and faith unshook—
That here not he but his doth lie,
HIMSELF pass'd far beyond the sky.

As still with tear-steep'd eyes I turn
And my heart doth within me burn,
Behold ! a vision visits me,
And all “ glorious things ” I see :
The temple of a soul redeem'd,
Full-richly furnish'd as beseem'd 100
A MIND—deep, strenuous and high,
And moulded into symmetry ;
Fill'd with rare knowledge and resource,
Soft as the light, with lightning's force ;
Penetrative and pois'd and keen
As the up-leaping flame I ween ;
A HEART—large, fervid, sensitive,
And passion only fugitive ;
Loving and gracious, tender, true,
Such as I've seen in very few ; 110
Shrine of all sweetest sanctities
And of Love's own sincerities.

But alas ! there the weak link lay
That all our rich hopes doth affray ;
The dark mystic chain of being
Sudden snapp'd beyond our seeing.

His CONSCIENCE—a thrice-holy thing,
Red shield aye borne before “ The King,”
And stedfast in fine rectitude
Never to crooked ways subdued. 120
WILL—resolute and decisive ;
His SPEECH—ready and incisive :

Humour Scottish with Irish wit
That did sharp and shatt'ringly hit
Falsehood—meanness—hypocrisy
With its fair-painted mask awry.
Swiftly fell the undaunted blow
'Gainst all craven and 'gainst the low.
A nature to "fine issues" touch'd
And that integrity avouch'd : 130
EYES—steely-blue, and aye steadfast
Such keen and levell'd looks did cast,
As we see arrows in the bow
When loos'd, and to their marks they go :
His FOREHEAD—wide and prominent
Such as to the strong man is lent ;
His MOUTH—firm-lipp'd, curving and sweet,
Wrath and swift ruth in them did meet :
His HANDS—taper'd as a woman's
And yet strong for any foeman's : 140
—But no enemy e'er he had
Saving the base, the vile, the bad ;
And even amongst those who err,
No enemies found ever were :
Ne'er said he with disdainful brow
"Lo ! I am holier than thou !"
Pure himself he nought fear'd of taint,
Unlike your Pharisaic saint ;
Genuine hand-grasp, look and word,
Sincerest servant of the Lord. 150
His "inner life" was reticent
Yet ever with the outward blent
In such a subtle union
As maketh words and music one ;

Reflective of the "closer walk,"
 But shunning loud and fluent talk ;
 Upon his knees with love and awe
 When none but the great Lord God saw ;
 Life of God in Jesus hidden
 And so human boasting chidden. 160

In all his FRIENDSHIPS true as steel—
 So that alway he made you feel
 Your joy was his, and of your care
 He must take him an equal share.

If it chanc'd that a man was down
 Underneath Society's frown,
 Ay, and even if far astray
 He had forsook the "narrow way,"
 Yea plungèd deep into sin's mire
 He pity had in his quick ire ; 170
 He had a gentle word to speak ;
 The "bruised reed " he would not break ;
 Strong yet tender, like THE MASTER,
 Lent a kind hand in disaster,

O! BRAVE he is who bravely thinks
 And the brave word with brave deed links :
 Two or three against the world,
 None the less his flag unfurled ;
 Eager to take a foremost place,
 Tho' the world count it disgrace : 180
 Thus Freedom's charters have been won,
 Thus epoch-making deeds are done.

KIND he is who his own self goes
 With the kindness that he bestows ;
 And by a transfiguring look
 With warmest heart-words from "The Book "

Doubles his kindness, and awakes
In hearts forlorn, a force that shakes
Dark'ning fears, bewildering doubt,
To light of God leading out. 190
His no empty sending of alms
Or flung into uplifted palms.

GOOD he is aye whose goodness knows
Nothing of boasting, but still shows
That rooted in humility
He groweth in His sanctity ;
"Going about" as did "THE CHRIST"
And keeping with him holy tryst.

Ah ! dead Brother ! Thus he stood,
Brave still and kind and simply good 200
Under the shadow of the Rood.

Ne'er fell from him or gibe or jest
Cheek of pure maiden would molest ;
Never a ribald word or sneer
To wound or stain a shrinking ear ;
A good RED KNIGHT of old romance
Whatsoever the circumstance ;
Clean in thought and clean in feeling,
Still a gracious heart revealing,
God, the Holy Spirit sealing. 210

O ! He lov'd all God's living things,
That go on feet or fly on wings ;
Lov'd tend the many-colour'd flow'rs
Or in the sunshine or in show'rs ;
Deep-pondering the hidden cause
Of growth and change, and secret laws
By Darwin shewn—that prince of sages—
Working down through the distant ages.

And he had a cunning hand
To make ideas great forth-stand ; 220
Swift as thinking his pencil ran
To trace invention, sketch out plan ;
Or with most rare art-faculty
Dash off a likeness by-the-bye,
With quick touches quaint and sly.

Books much not many he had read
Slowly and musingly, when led
Captive of great Thinker, Singer,
Whosoe'er was a truth-bringer.

But was there nought of fault in him ? 230
Nothing this brightness that could dim ?

Ah ! He was mortal, therefore flaw'd :
But me Death's most pure touch has aw'd,
Me has soft'ned, so that I see
Him from every flaw set free ;
Free from every mortal stain
As from every mortal pain.

As the dross falls from the cleans'd ore,
As Science kills the deadly spore,
As shadows fade before the light, 240
As stars most beautify the night ;
So I do see him clarified
By the ruth of “ the Crucified ; ”
Sinful, but ah ! a sinner sav'd
In the vast crimson fountain lav'd.

Soul-beauty the body enfolds
And to its own pure beauty moulds,
Common features transfiguring
With that light which no sun doth bring,
Yea giving to them such a grace 250
That the soul's self you see, not face.

But when the body too is fair
And doth the fair soul's beauty wear,
God's Own image now stands restor'd
As at the first by His great word.

'Twas thus with him that we lament
A fair body to fair soul lent
For its fine-fitting instrument.

O! Surely they are in error
Who still name DEATH king of terror ; 260
The enemy of enemies,
From whom each one instinctive flies :
O ! surely they have never seen
Face like this.—

A heavenly sheen
Lies on it. Yet alas ! we must
Soon (O ! too soon) say "dust to dust,"
And him the grave quietly keep
Till he again shall rise from sleep
On the awful Day appointed
When the Lord—our King anointed 270
Shall as the Judge of all the Earth
Summon to a mightier birth.

O ! thrice-wondrous transmutation !

O ! Fear's sweetest refutation !

O ! Jesus' Own salutation !

DEATH ("in the Lord") turn'd to friend

Us thus benignly home to send.

So that the grave will not receive
Him for whom we aching grieve ;
Only the "garment" that he wore, 280
The mortal flesh alone, no more.

Father ! mother ! in their hoar age
Far-advanced on their pilgrimage,

Wistfully think—his race now run—
On all he was to them as son ;
Their strong staff to lean on broken
(Anguish never to be spoken).

Sister ! to her, only brother,
All in all to one another ;
She too now is left sad, alone, 290
Her pride, her joy in him, all gone.

I may not, dare not seek to tell
For O ! it is unspeakable ;
What as husband and father he
Ever sought (of Christ’s grace) to be ;
The brightness of his happy home,
Firm-anchored there—unused to roam ;
Fetching ever his deepest joys
Amidst his wife and bonnie boys ;
Chatty, kindly, always pleasant. 300
Speaking or to peer or peasant :

Ah ! all our hearts are stricken sore
Who here shall see his face no more.

Now we will plant upon his grave
Fairest flowers that fragrance have ;
The lilies of the valley pure,
Hyacinths, violets that allure
The Spring’s first breath ; and a fair cross
Enwrought of daisies white, and moss
Gold-speck’d ; and the bright maiden-hair, 310
With ground-ivy so debonair ;
And at his head the love-red rose
That thro’ all changing seasons blows.

There—like red leaves wavering by—
The Robins shall sing pensively,

Clear-warbling their pathetic lay
—Sweet still as in our Childhood's day—
And above in the blinding sky
The Larks shall trill their minstrelsy :
Half of earth and half of Heaven, 320
Rarest singer to man given.

He lov'd them both so tenderly
Fitting that they his grave be nigh.

Ah ! hearts of never-changing love
Hither yearningly oft shall move ;
For thro' our poor lives' " little while "
Memory's lamp shall ne'er lack oil,
Mourning, but yet as those who know
He lives above though lost below :
Gone—to his heav'nly mansion ; 330
Gone—for his soul's expansion ;
Gone—to the eternal sureness ;
Gone—to the eternal pureness ;
Gone—to his " Everlasting Rest "
No longer search'd for but possess'd ;
Gone—all mystery left behind,
Light unsullied in Christ to find ;
Gone—no more with fell sin at strife,
Enter'd into " glorious life ; "
The " white robe " worn, the palm-branch
grasped, 340
His brow by blood-bought crown enclasp'd ;
Fought life's brief battle, vict'ry won,
And heard the dear Lord Christ's " well done."

DESPAIR AND GOD : Psalm cxxxix. 8 ; Isaiah l. 10.

1. IN the blackness of DESPAIR—
Starless darkness ev'rywhere ;
Over all my lonely path
Portents of Thy holy wrath ;
There doth come voice soft and low—
'Midst light as of after-glow ;
Whisp'ring me that as is told
In lorn David's psalm of old,
The Lord husheth our despair—
' *Make thy bed in hell, I'm there.*
2. Laud my God that thus it is ;
It to know is sweetest bliss ;
When o'er me Thy billows burst,
And alas ! I lose my trust ;
When my way is as steep slope,
And alas ! I lose my hope ;
Yea blindly, darkly move,
And alas ! I lose my love :
Comes to brighten my despair—
' *Make thy bed in hell, I'm there.*
3. Strange that I, a Child of Light,
Should still walk thus in affright ;
Ah ! The mystery of things,
And deep shadows that it flings !
My Lord Christ, to Thee I cry,
Pity my sore misery ;
For despite Thy patient love
I Thee grieve, O HEAVENLY DOVE !
O forgive ! Say to *Despair*—
' *Make thy bed in hell, I'm there.*
4. Blessèd Saviour, see my sin
Palpitating me within ;
Tho' Thy grace in me is strong
Notes of anguish mar my song ;
E'en on knees, Thy Face is hid ;
From 'the Rock' alas ! I've slid ;
Sword is dinted, loosen'd mail,
As the Tempter doth assail ;
Lord ! Thy mighty word declare—
' *Make thy bed in hell, I'm there.*

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Hymn I., st. 6, l. 4, '*I think of mortal men that hear.*' There can be no denying that it is one advantage of a Liturgy, that not only does the congregation know what the successive prayers will be, but that these prayers are the elect thought and emotion of generations of holy men. Personally, I prefer spontaneous and present-day prayers; but there is the danger of preaching rather than praying, and the temptation to address men rather than God. Happy they who are lifted above danger and temptation alike, and who escaping monotony and formalism, escape over-familiarity and irreverence.

Hymn V., st. 1, l. 3, '*Paran's pinnacles.*' Those who, like myself, have toiled on camel-back across the Sinaitic peninsula in long fore-view of Paran, and who have watched this remarkable mountain-mass against the glorious morning and sunset skies, will agree that 'pinnacles' is *the* one word to describes its serrated peaks. I counted upwards of twenty.

Hymn VI., st. 4, l. 2, '*burning brand.*' See Zechariah iii. 2. . . . "Is not this a brand plucked out of the fire?" This refers to Joshua the then high-priest, of whom little or nothing more than this solitary fact seems to be known. It startles one to read such a (metaphorical) question as this in relation to one who filled so august an office as that of high-priest. But when one thinks deeper, it is found and felt to exemplify John Bunyan's idea of "Grace *abounding* to the chief of sinners." Self-evidently there lay in the forgiven Past in the case of this Joshua such a life as St Augustine's earlier or Billy Bray's later, which only the conquering grace of God had overcome and sanctified. The metaphor is a singularly vivid and striking one. For it is not fetched from a tree or branch felled simply, or even that barked, peeled and winnowed in the hot sun, or even the long-dried trunk or branch shaped into a fagot or 'brand,' but that 'brand' a-blaze and consuming in the fire. So

that the message of gospel is,—near as such a ‘brand’ under such conditions and circumstances is to destruction, so near had been once Joshua the high-priest. But the gentle yet mighty hand of God had ‘plucked’ him as it were ‘out of the fire.’ Myriad instances of such ‘redemption’ and ‘salvation’ in extremity, go to attest the breadth and patience of redeeming love.

Hymn XVII., st. 3, l. 2, “*And ‘put’ like hatred me within.*” The first promise in Eden was “I will *put* enmity between thee [the Tempter] and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed” (Genesis iii. 15). This ‘enmity’ to sin is of grace, never of nature. It must be given, must be ‘put’ in these human hearts of ours by the Holy Ghost. When so ‘put’ it is sanctified to higher issues, is, so to say, the starting of conversion. With reference to our refrain, be it remembered that it *is* ‘Our God’ Who is “a consuming fire.” Many sentimentalists think it evangelical to talk of and to ‘*poor* sinners,’ and often pronounce individuals to have been ‘converted’ on merely voluble or emotional words. It is imperative that we hold firmly the sinfulness of sin, the ‘abominableness’ of sin, and how out and out a righteous God “hates” it and takes an attitude toward it of “consuming fire.” I fear multitudes of so-called converts are misled to conceive of God as incarnate good-nature, sublimated, easy-going forgiveness; whereas He is incarnate Love administering righteousness. It will awe and solemnize and prevent light and slight notions of sin to remember these mighty words, “Our God is a consuming fire.” Cf. Deuteronomy iv. 22.

Hymn XVIII., st. 2, l. 1, “*Thou livest though men come and go.*” How pathetic is the contrast between the dead gods of Greece and Rome and the “*Living* God.” How touching such a sight as that of the colossal Baal at the foot of Hermon, without a solitary worshipper! And so the Sphinx under the shadow of the pyramids! Not one to do any one of them all slightest homage, their being defunct being universally recognized. When I was at the Temple of the Sun at Baalbec I witnessed a Mahomedan prostrate in prayer, but it was to God not to the erewhile god of the temple. Our God lives on, abiding the “same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.” Contrast Jesus Christ as King of kings and still ‘reigning’ with the brief reigns and final utter severance from the living of all other kings and of all other men, and you get the same result.

Hymn XXIX. “*I will not meet thee as a man.*” The Revised Version reads, “I will take vengeance, and will accept no man;” in margin, ‘Or make truce with, Heb. meet.’ The Authorised

Version is a deeper unfolding of the idea, though the Revised Version is the more verbally exact. The ground-fact is that outside of Christ as 'God manifest in the flesh,' God is a vengeance-taking God. St Paul, in 1 Corinthians xv. 24-25, gives us solemn glimpses of the finality of doom of all who had personally rejected Christ, and how thereupon the Christless must reckon with absolute God.

Hymn XLIV., st. 1, l. 1, "When Thou, Lord Jesus, stood'st on Tabor's height." No one who has actually been in the two scenes, and judicially studied the thing on the spot, will doubt that Tabor and not one of the many spurs of (so-called) Mount Hermon was the scene of the Transfiguration. Hermon is a mountain-range, and in no manner of way answers to the Evangelist's wording, "bringeth them up into a high mountain apart." Conceding that *κατ' ἰδίαν* refers to the isolating, or taking aside from the other nine, of the chosen three, it is yet clear that it was a distinctively separate and clearly defined mountain, being designated by *ὄρος* which is the Septuagint term for the Hebrew *הר*. The tradition of Tabor is a very early one; for Origen cites from the "Gospel according to the Hebrews," a paragraph which indisputably relates to the transfiguration and Tabor as its scene; and this takes us back to the second century. Two objections have been urged against Tabor, and in favour of Hermon:—(a) The conversation (c. xvi. 21-28) which preceded the Transfiguration by six days took place at Cesarea Philippi, *ergo* as Hermon rises above it the transfiguration must have taken place on Hermon. But this statement of the case conveniently forgets that the conversation did precede the transfiguration by (at least) six days. Further—it forgets that while the Lord had reasons for shunning Galilee (xvi. 5), it yet is manifest that He must have returned thither in the interval, seeing that immediately after the transfiguration the Lord and the Three are found going from Galilee toward Capernaum, and not from Cesarea Philippi (St Mark ix. 14, 30, 33): (b) Dr Robinson having shewn that there was a fort or citadel on the summit of Mount Tabor at the period, it has been argumentatively inferred that the transfiguration could not have taken place on that summit. But there is no warrant whatever for saying that the transfiguration took place on the 'summit.' I have been up and all round Tabor (as up and all along the mountain-range of Hermon), and its summit, is not peaked or narrow but wide and large, with ample scope for retirement. But if the event be located—as I claim a right to do—not on the summit but on the mountain, the supposed difficulty dis-

appears. The phrasing is that Jesus took the disciples ‘ up into a high mountain ’ (*εἰς ὄρος*); and I can personally testify that there are many dells and groves and solitudes all over Mount Tabor, in any one of which there could have been the utmost seclusion even with a fort and garrison on the summit. I think of like solitudes in the much more limited areas of Edinburgh and of Stirling Castles in Scotland.

Be it further remembered that Tabor is within a few hours easy distance of Nazareth, the almost life-long home of our Lord; and hence that nothing could be more humanly natural than His wishing to pay a last visit to the Nazareth district, and to choose His boyhood’s playground for the scene of His transfiguration. I place this alongside of another later incident, viz., the walk to Emmaus. After examination on the spot I am satisfied that the recently identified Emmaus is certain. Well! it was near to Bethlehem, and it adds new pathos to the ‘ walk ’ to connect it with a re-visit, a final visit to His birth-place.

Tabor is one of the loneliest, as it is also one of the loveliest of the mountains of Palestine. The panorama visible from its top and sides includes Carmel—scene of Elijah’s mighty works—and all the grand scenes of the great Old Testament events of the Elijah period and ministry. Again, how natural to bring Elijah hither and not to remote Hermon. One feels the congruity of the placing him on Tabor. But I lay more stress on the fact that after the transfiguration our Lord is returning through Galilee by Samaria to Capernaum, and that it was no hurried visit but leisurely, over six days at least. A tradition of the second century might have come down through only three or four persons and be easily verified.

Hymn LXIII. “ *I am safe, for Christ holds me, comforted, for I hold Him.* ” This distinction between being saved and being in comfort (or “ perfect peace ”) was actually made by a poor gipsy woman to the late Rev. James Robertson, Newington. See his “ Life.”

Hymn LXXIII. “ Love of God—God of Love. ” See my preface on the human side of the function of praise. It were easy to illustrate how through this hymn, fellow-Christians might “ speak one to another ” and “ teach and admonish one another. ” The seeming paradox quoted from the venerable and venerated Dr Horatius Bonar resolves itself into precious truth.

Hymn CXII., ‘ Unworthy,’ ‘ Unworthily.’ “ Whosoever shall eat this bread and drink this cup of the Lord *unworthily*, shall be guilty of the body and blood of the Lord ”—“ He that eateth and

drinketh *unworthily* eateth and drinketh damnation [=condemnation] to himself, not discerning the Lord's body," 1 Corinthians xi. 27-29. I take the liberty to refer to a small book of mine called "Joining the Church, or Materials for Conversations between a Minister and intending Communicants." Herein I show the profound difference between 'unworthy' and 'unworthily'—though the words sound so much alike. A grand device of the enemy of souls is to confound the two and to make the timid self-accusing, intending communicant refrain because of felt personal unworthiness, as though that were designated by the 'unworthily' of St Paul. To the latest and last every one of us must abide 'unworthy,' but "*worthy* is the Lamb." As being in ourselves 'unworthy' we are invited, charged to "lay hold" of His worthiness, and the more keenly in so doing we feel our own personal unworthiness the more do we magnify His grace in redeeming us. To eat and drink 'unworthily' is to do so as attaching no worth to the observance, to come carnally, unmourningly, unfeelingly, unlovingly. But all that is far as the poles asunder from a lowly, penetrative, abased sense of personal unworthiness. Coming as 'unworthy' we come as the deathfully sick patient to the physician, and there is welcome and blessing; 'unworthily' sure condemnation and peril. But better imperfect, inadequate communion than no communion; better to limp and creep in the way than not to seek the way at all; better to err in trying to obey than certainly to disobey by neglecting or delaying. For further guiding words see above-named Manual, which has had a very large and continuous circulation.

Hymn CXVI. 'Weeds—Waifs.' "I never understood the parable of the tares," said Arthur Hamilton to his Biographer, "till I found these words in a book the other day: 'The root of the common darnel (*lolium*) or dandelion, with saltpetre, makes a very cheap and effective sheep-drench. It can be applied successfully in cases of fluke'" (Memoirs, p. 205).

Hymn CXXV. '*The Church and Sunday School.*' This has been widely circulated as a leaflet, being No. 2 of 'St George's Leaflets.'

Hymn CXXXVII. '*He leads round but He leads right.*' This came to me so spontaneously on the Sunday morning of the 21st anniversary of my marriage with my beloved wife, viz., 1st May 1868—1st May 1887, that I had just to write it down.

Crushed out of the text of the "Three Centuries," I venture to preserve here for kindred hearts and experiences, the following two

little poems that belong to the period celebrated in "He leads round but He leads right":—

MARRIAGE "IN THE LORD."

1. O Love that is a prayer !
 And O Prayer that is love !
 Strong 'gainst all foes so'er,
 Lifting two hearts Above ;
 Two hearts made one in Him—
 The Cross their dwelling-place ;
 Light that no shadows dim ;
 And all, the gifts of grace.

2. Praise to the grace of God !
 To God of grace all praise !
 Like to the prophet's rod,
 " Beauty " and " Bands " embrace ;
 One cloud of incense sweet ;
 One blending hymn, one flame ;
 O Lord ! lo ! at Thy feet
 We magnify Thy Name.

3. Thro' years of wedded life
 Thou Lord hast kept us still ;
 Behind the great world's strife,
 Thy ' peace ' our hearts doth fill ;
 For us and ours, dear Lord,
 Thy Word abideth true ;
 With gratitude outpour'd,
 We would our vows renew.

4. O gracious unity !
 Two lives of God made one ;
 Tender benignity
 Of holy fusion ;
 Still, blessed Jesus, give
 Our Home this ' peace ' to shew ;
 By Thy prerogative
 More and more love bestow.

THE FIRST CRADLE OF THE FIRST-BORN.

1. Safe-defended from all harms
Lo ! The babe in mother's arms !
By God's own great hands there laid,
LIVING CRADLE by God made ;
O how sweet the innocent rest
Taken in that fragrant nest !
2. Came to us 'mid hush of fears—
Gladness sprinkled o'er with tears ;
Life imperill'd by life giv'n,
But o'erwatchêd of kind Heav'n ;
Lord ! Thou didst Thy Word fulfil,
Working tenderly Thy will.
3. Lo ! upon that blissful morn
Thou bestowedst our FIRST-BORN ;
Husband, wife, all to each other ;
Ah ! but now 'tis father, mother ;
Making holy sacrament,
By which two lives are blent.
4. O deep mystery of being,
Far beyond our human seeing ;
God's gift of a little child,
Laid on bosom undefiled ;
Heavenly and earthly meet,—
Than the meeting naught more sweet.
5. Soft Love's kiss : 'tis almost holy—
As with stoopèd knee, and lowly,
Our two hearts op'd pent-up flood,
Whisp'ring of our gratitude ;
Gazing still upon OUR child,
With a gravity that smil'd.
6. Safe-defended from all harms
Lo ! the babe in mother's arms !
By God's own great hands there laid,
LIVING CRADLE by God made ;
O how sweet the innocent rest
Taken in that fragrant nest.

CLXIV. '*Joy born of Pain.*' As contemporarily written with this, I make a place here for the following :—

MY BODY MY CROSS.—1 Corinthians ix. 27.

"A man's body is often the cross on which his soul is crucified."—THOMAS TUKE LYNCH.

1. My Body is my cross
 On which I'm crucified ;
 In pain I writhing toss,
 Anguish to anguish tied ;
 I fain would rest on Thee,
 In faith and hope and peace ;
 Alas ! my misery,
 No moment find I ease.
2. Sleepless from night to morn,
 I know not what to do ;
 By hairsbreadths rack'd and torn,
 In vain I to Thee sue ;
 O Christ ! Thou knowest me all ;
 Seest me as here I lie ;
 I faintly on Thee call ;
 Relieve—or let me die.
3. *Harp of a thousand strings,*
 Ah ! Pain strikes ev'ry note ;
 I sigh for THY DOVE's wings,
 To fly to place remote ;
 My Body is my cross,
 On which I'm crucified ;
 In pain I writhing toss,
 Anguish to anguish tied.
4. Forgive if I complain ;
 Forgive my restlessness ;
 Forgive that subtle Pain
 Hides e'en when Thou dost bless :
 I plead THY CROSS, O Christ !
 And all Thou suffered'st there ;
 Come with Thy love unpric'd,
 Deliver from despair.

CLXVII. '*Remaining Sin.*' The following 'cry' which appeared in my "Hymns" of 1868 has been specially asked, and so I give it here :—

THE ABANDONED. St Matthew xi. 28.

1. Fallen—fallen—fallen !
Whither can I go ?
Tempted—master'd—"taken" !
I am very low ;
O my heart is sick'ning !
Man to man's a foe ;
O my heart is breaking !
Whither can I go ?
2. ' Fallen—fallen—fallen !'
Piercing words of scorn,
Leave me mad, forsaken,
Talk'd of, crush'd, and torn
O the cruel talking !
Accusation, wrath !
All my efforts baulking,
Closing up my path.
3. Fallen—fallen—fallen !
I am very low ;
Wounded, trampled, driven ;
Whither can I go ?
In sore thrall who goeth,
Bend must to His will,
He Who all things knoweth,
Knows and loveth still.

Hymn CCXIX. Composed on the sands at South Shore, Blackpool, while watching a magnificent sunset—a frequent thing there.

Hymn CCXXXII. "*Song of Joy.*" I fear it must be admitted that most of us are quick enough (perhaps) in going to the Lord in and with our sadness and fears, but on the other hand laggard and fitful in going to Him in and with our gladness. In short is it not indisputable that practically we turn the one great High-priest into one who will hear 'confession,' probe with morbid casuistry our vileness, but refuse to hear of the "joy of our salvation"? I

apprehend it were well if we could get rid of a portion at least of that stereotyping of prayer that makes it *the* right thing to interweave a litany of humiliation and confession and semi-tones of anguish into every approach to the Throne of Grace. It should rejoice us to tell God our joy, to confide to Him our exultant freedom and lightness in Jesus Christ.

Hymn CCL. "*Gifts without the giver are bare.*" I draw this refrain from an American man of genius, J. D. Lowell; but the words are proverbial in many languages. I am satisfied that one-half of good-doing is lost by delegation. I have been personally humbled, almost humiliated by the self-evident enrichment of any little kindness by its being done by one's-self. Mere sending chills and hurts. We ought therefore to put ourselves to every inconvenience to 'go' rather than 'send,' as elsewhere I sing (Hymn 169). I ask no impossibilities and draw no hard and fast line, but I ask self denying and generous possibilities. Several of my Hymns carry this burden.

Page 360. '*Our dead first-born.*' William David Grosart, born 26th March 1867; died 27th January 1868.

Hymn CCLXX. "*Mi disse—Non cercar, l'ho sotterato!*" I would refer any reader who cares, to the following charming book for many more of these memorable sayings—"Essays on the Study of Folk-Songs. By the Countess Evelyn Martinengo-Cesaresco" (1886)—Redway, publisher.

Hymn CCLXXVI. "*If I am spar'd,*" &c. I have given in this Hymn the genuine words of a humble but remarkable aged Christian.

Page 494. '*Despair and God.*' As I send this to the Printer, I discover that what I thought was a personal and exceptional experience, another and very remarkable man had also gone through—Arthur Hamilton, B.A. He thus wrote to his Biographer concerning the tragedy of his life, the death by accident of his young Persia-born pupil Edward Bruce: "People talk and write about instantaneous momentary *conversions*. I never realised what was meant till a week ago. Day after day, all that time, I had been filled with gloomy, reproachful, or bitter thoughts of God and the providence which took Edward from me. It was intolerable that he should be swept away into silence, leaving me so worn and hopeless, and, worst of all, so dissatisfied and discontented with the hand that did it,—my vaunted philosophy failing and giving out utterly. I *knew* it was right, but could not *feel* it. But last night

as I sat, as I have so often done, burning and racked with recollection and regret, a kind of peace stole over me. It was quite sudden, quite abnormal : not that afterglow of hope that sometimes follows a dark plunge of despair, but a gentle firm trust that seemed, without explaining, yet to make all things plain ; not ebbing and flowing, not changing with physical sensation or mental weariness, but deep, abiding, sustaining. You may think it rash of me thus, after so short an interval, to write so assuredly of it ; but even if I lost the sense (and I shall not) the memory of that moment would support me ; ‘*If I go down into hell, Thou art there also,*’ is the only sentence that expresses it.”—(Memoirs, c. xii. pp. 209-210.)

Finally, whilst laying aside a number more that pleaded for admission, I bring together the following four as by The Master’s blessing fitted to excite thought and activity :—

THE RICH YOUNG MAN.

“ . . . and he went away sorrowful.”—St Matthew xix. 22.

- ‘*Went away*’ and not ‘*sent away*’:
 Lord ! I would lay this word to heart.
- ‘*Went away*’ and not ‘*sent away*’:
 Lord ! give me grace to see my part.
- ‘*Went away*’ and not ‘*sent away*,’
 The “young man” himself chose to go.
- ‘*Went away*’ and not ‘*sent away*,’
 The Lord’s great heart to him did glow.
- ‘*Went away*’ and not ‘*sent away*,’
 His “great possessions” hindering :
- ‘*Went away*’ and not ‘*sent away*’:
 Ah ! Had he faced the sundering !
- ‘*Went away*’ and not ‘*sent away*,’
 His riches came ’twixt him and Christ.
- ‘*Went away*’ and not ‘*sent away*’:
 Ah ! the Lord was under-priced !
- ‘*Went away*’ and not ‘*sent away*,’
 The Lord had meant him “gain” for “loss” !
- ‘*Went away*’ and not ‘*sent away*,’
 How blest had he but ta’en the Cross !
- ‘*Went away*’ and not ‘*sent away*,’
 Making himself a castaway.
- O heart of mine ! this “one thing do,”
 At all costs to THE CHRIST be true !

IN LA SUA VOLUNTADE È NOSTRA PACE.—DANTE.

1. *In His will is our peace—*
 Origin and increase :
 From the ghastly Rood
 Red with His awful blood—
 Death all deaths exceeding,
 Terror in us breeding ;
 Comes our 'peace.'—
 Strange giving,
 Life dying, Death living.
2. *In His will is our peace :*
 O ne'er such sweet release !
 From God's thundering Law,
 That frights the soul with awe ;
 From the conflict of sin,
 The burthen'd heart within ;
 From flesh and spirit's strife,
 That wounds deeper than knife.
3. *In His will is our peace :*
 O joy that ne'er can cease !
 Like to the tided sea
 Flooding estuary ;
 Lo ! This shallow heart
 Remade by Thy Love's art,
 By life of God surcharg'd,
 Is still by grace enlarg'd.
4. *In His will is our peace :*
 The peace that bringeth ease ;
 Peace with "my Lord, my God" ;
 Peace, by up-lifted load ;
 Peace, flowing like a river ;
 Peace, multiplying ever ;
 Peace, made strong thro' weakness,
 Reflecting His Own meekness.
5. *In His will is our peace :*
 O Christ all turmoil chase !
 By Thy soft strength up-held,
 Daily to us reveal'd ;

By Thee still hallowèd,
All my fear swallowèd ;
Mine be this peace to know—
E'en vale of shadows glow.

6. *In His will is our peace :*
The great truth I embrace
I draw my mortal breath,
Sustain'd His breath beneath ;
My soul's subtler being
Kept by His o'er-seeing ;
IN ALL, Saviour divine,
My life hidden in Thine.

GENUINENESS.

1. I would be genuine, O Lord !
 With Thine Own rank'd ;
Instructed of Thy Holy Word,
 Not sacro-sanct ;
I would not from the World retreat,
But follow still Thy tireless feet.
2. My Body I will not malign,
 As tho' 'twere vile ;
Neither my dignity resign,
 Nor honour soil ;
Thou, Lord, didst make me and remake ;
All praise and glory to Thee take.
3. Commandments by man only giv'n
 I accept not ;
The pure light shining from high Heav'n,
 They dim, yea blot ;
Thy mind to know, Thy will to do,
Lord help me aye keep these in view.
4. After Thy likeness, O Lord Christ,
 Be I renew'd ;
Then keeping with Thee hallow'd tryst,
 Evil eschew'd ;
I shall up to "full stature" grow,
Reflective of Thy life below.

5. Forbid that I mistake a mask
 For living face ;
 Forbid I should my life mis-task
 With pseudo-grace ;
 False virtues and false vices shun,
 That I may yet win Thy "well done."

6. O Lord, I come in very weakness ;
 Save me from CANT ;
 Graces bestow'd I'd hold in meekness,
 Fuller or scant ;
 I would be genuine, O Lord,
 Instructed of Thy Holy Word.

NECESSITY AND FREEDOM.

1 Cor. ix. 16 ; Romans vii. 18.

1. As the leaf springs out of the bough ;
 As the flower bursts forth from the bud ;
 As the song from the bird doth flow ;
 And as comes and goes the quick blood ;
 So necessity is laid on me,
 To grow liker and liker Thee.

2. For hast not Thou, Lord, won my heart,
 Made willing captive to Love ?
 Even life of life beyond art,
 Like beating pulse in me doth move ;
 So necessity is laid on me,
 To grow liker and liker Thee.

3. But ah ! this mystery of sin,
 It rebels so to set me free ;
 So oft it doth victory win
 That I moan in misery ;
 Yet necessity is laid on me,
 To grow liker and liker Thee.

4. O conflict ! O joy ! O grief !
 Thrall inwrought with liberty ;
 O Spirit of God send relief,
 And assert Thy supremacy ;
 For necessity is laid on me,
 To grow liker and liker Thee.
5. I walk this sin-scarr'd Earth,
 In hope, yet as bondman held ;
 But me Thou hast thrill'd to new birth ;
 And 'gainst this sin I have rebell'd ;
 So necessity is laid on me,
 To grow liker and liker Thee.
6. O paradox, strangest e'er seen !
 Two natures in arms before Heav'n ;
 To-day as of old it hath been,
 Now success and now failure giv'n ;
 Still, necessity is laid on me,
 To grow liker and liker Thee.

With reference to the piece 'Genuineness,' in st. 1, l. 5, 'I would not from the World retreat,' perhaps no sadder historic exemplification of the baleful effects of such 'retreat' is imaginable than is presented in that of the monks of Egypt who retired into the "great and terrible wilderness" of Sinai. I found a lump in my throat as I explored their numerous cells on Tahouney and neighbourhood ; nor am I unwilling to accept the revival of their memory by George Ebers in his "Homo Sum." But none the less must we lay at the door of these retreating monks the withering of the Coptic Church and the dying out of a once living Christianity in Egypt and along the Nile and inward of the "Dark Continent." Had they but stood firm we should not to-day be lamenting lost provinces of Christendom. In st. 2, l. 2, the word 'vile' gives me opportunity to say that St Paul is not to be held answerable for the 'vile body' of our Authorised translation and popular theology—read 'the body of our humiliation,' and link it on with His body of His humiliation.

A LAST REQUEST.

With simplest words of humble faith, we lay
 Within a simple grave ;
O'er a simple stone—no more I pray—
 Let a white hawthorn wave ;
My name, two dates, inscribe alone ; and may
 I beatitude have
Of some few hearts to miss me when away ;
Above my dust, may birds sing and flowers blow
And little children play—nor fear to go.

A. B. G.


FINIS.



OTHER BOOKS

BY

REV. DR A. B. GROSART, BLACKBURN, LANCASHIRE.

 Any wishing copies of any of these books, or further details on certain of them, will please communicate with the Author, enclosing addressed and stamped envelope.

I. ORIGINAL.

- I. **Small Sins.** Third ed., with additions. 16mo, pp. 119. 1s. 6d.
- II. **Jesus Mighty to Save; or, Christ for all the World and all the World for Christ.** Third ed., with additions. 16mo, pp. 204. 2s.
- III. **The Lambs all Safe; or, The Salvation of Children.** 5th ed. 16mo. 1s.
- IV. **The Prince of Light and the Prince of Darkness in Conflict; or, The Temptation of Jesus . . .** Cr. 8vo, pp. xxxiv and 360. 5s.
- V. **The Helper of Joy.** Second ed. 16mo. 1s.
- VI. **Christ the Key-Bearer; or, An Exposition of the Epistle to the Church of Philadelphia.** 16mo, 1s. Large paper, with engraving, 1s. 6d.
- VII. **The Blind Beggar by the Wayside.** 32mo. 1½d.
- VIII. **Representative Nonconformists—with the Message of their Life-Work To-day:**
 JOHN HOWE: Intellectual Sanctity.
 RICHARD BAXTER: Seraphic Fervour.
 SAMUEL RUTHERFORD: Devout Affection.
 MATTHEW HENRY: Sanctified Common Sense.
 Post 8vo. 6s. Pp. xvi and 380.
- IX. **Hanani; or, Memoir of William Smith, Father of George Smith of Coalville.** With steel portrait. 12mo. 1s. 6d.
- X. **Lord Bacon not the Author of the Christian Paradoxes . . .** Cr. 8vo, 3s. 6d. 8vo, 10s. 6d., with photo. of Herbert Palmer.
- XI. **Who wrote Britain's Ida? in a Letter to the Lord Chief Justice of England.** Cr. 8vo. 1s. 6d.
- XII. **Drowned: a Sermon.** Cr. 8vo. 4d.
- XIII. **Joining the Church; or, Materials for Conversation between Ministers and Intending Communicants.** Pp. 142 32mo. 1s.
- XIV. **George W. Child; a Memoir and Message.** With steel portrait. 8vo. 1s.
- XV. **Leaflets—Tear-dimmed Lamp and Church and Sunday School.** 1s. for 50.
- XVI. **Annotated Bibliographical Catalogue of the Entire Writings of Richard Baxter.** Cr. 8vo. 3s. 6d.

II. EDITED.

** In each case there is a full Memoir drawn from original sources, and notes and illustrations; and, in many cases, specially engraved (steel) portraits, &c., &c.

- XVII. **The Complete Works of Richard Sibbes, D.D.** 7 vols. 8vo.
- XVIII. **The Complete Works of Thomas Brooks.** 6 vols. 8vo.
- XIX. **Demonologia Sacra of Dr Richard Gilpin.** 1 vol. 8vo.
- XX. **Meditations and Disquisitions upon certain Psalms.** By Sir Richard Baker, Kt. 1 vol. post 8vo. 5s.
- XXI. **Memoirs prefixed to Nichol's "Puritan Commentaries."**—Henry Airay, D.D.—Thomas Cartwright, B.D.—John King, D.D.—John Rainolds, D.D.—Richard Stock—Samuel Torshell—Richard Bernard, B.D.—Thomas Pierson—Samuel Smith: also John Trapp, prefixed to reprint of his great Commentary. See Stephen's Dictionary of National Biography, Encyclopædia Britannica, &c., &c., for many other Memoirs.
- XXII. **Unknown Book by Richard Baxter**—The Grand Question Resolved—What we must do to be Saved, 1692. See No. XVI. 3s. 6d.

OTHER BOOKS BY REV. DR A. B. GROSART—*continued.*

II. EDITED—*continued.*

- XXIII. **Selections from the Unpublished MSS. of Jonathan Edwards.** 8vo, 7s. 6d. Fine paper, 10s. 6d.
- XXIV. **The Complete Poems, with New Memoir and Vindication, of Michael Bruce.** Cr. 8vo, 3s. 6d. Illustrated, with photo, 4to, 10s. 6d.
- XXV. **The Complete Poems, with New and Full Memoir, of Robert Fergusson.** Cr. 8vo. 3s. 6d.
- XXVI. **The Fuller Worthies' Library.** 39 vols. cr. 8vo, 8vo, and 4to, viz., the Complete Poems of Dr Thomas Fuller—Dr Thomas Washbourne—Fulk Greville, Lord Brooke—Henry and Thomas Vaughan (Prose also)—George Herbert (Prose also)—Christopher Harvey—Giles and Phineas Fletcher—Andrew Marvell (Prose also)—Dean Donne—Sir Philip Sidney—Sir John Davies (Prose also)—Joseph Fletcher—Robert Southwell—Richard Crashaw—Miscellanies (4 vols.).
- XXVII. **The Chertsey Worthies' Library.** 14 vols. 4to, viz., Complete Works in Verse and Prose of Nicholas Breton—John Davies of Hereford—Joshua Sylvester—Dr Joseph Beaumont—Francis Quarles—Abraham Cowley and Dr Henry More (Verse only).
- XXVIII. **The Huth Library.** 29 vols. cr. 8vo, 8vo, and 4to, viz., Complete Works of Robert Greene, 15 vols.; Thomas Nashe, 6 vols.; Gabriel Harvey, 3 vols.; Thomas Dekker, 5 vols (non-dramatic).
- XXIX. **The Manuscripts of Sir John Eliot,** never before printed. 6 vols. 4to (for the Earl of St Germans), viz., The Monarchie of Man—An Apologie for Socrates—Negotium Posterorum—De Jure Majestatis, and Letters—Portraits, &c., &c.
- XXX. **The Poems of Richard James, B.D.** 1 vol. 4to, with engraving.
- XXXI. **The Complete Poems of Richard Barnfield,** For the Roxburgh Club. With Engravings, &c. 1 vol. 4to.
- XXXII. **The Townley MSS.** 1. The Spending of the Money of Robert Nowell of Reade Hall: 2. English Jacobite Ballads, Songs, and Satires. 2 vols. sm. 4to, and l. paper 4to.
- XXXIII. **The Farmer Manuscript.** For the Chetham Society. 2 vols. 4to.
- XXXIV. **The Manuscripts of the 'Great' Earl of Cork, entitled 'The Lismore Papers.'** For His Grace the Duke of Devonshire. 10 vols. 4to. Never before printed.
- XXXV. **The Miscellaneous Works of Alexander Wilson, Ornithologist.** 2 vols. cr. 8vo, and large paper. With steel Portrait. 7s. 6d. and 12s. 6d.
- XXXVI. **The Early English Poets of Chatto & Windus.** 9 vols., viz., Giles Fletcher—Robert Herrick—Sir Philip Sidney—Sir John Davies. Cr. 8vo, and large paper.
- XXXVII. **George Herbert's Complete Poems, with MS. additions and an original and full Memoir in the "Aldine Poets."** Cr. 8vo, 5s.; also facsimile of 1st ed. of 'The Temple' (Elliot Stock), 3s. 6d.
- XXXVIII. **The entire Prose Works of William Wordsworth.** 3 vols. 8vo: also private ed. with special illustrations, £1, 11s. 6d.
- XXXIX. **The Poems of George Daniel, Royalist.** 4 vols. 4to. Never before printed. With Portrait.
- XL. **The Poems of Sir Robert Chester.** 1 vol. 8vo; also reprinted by the New Shakspeare Society. * * Much new light shed on Shakespeare.
- XLI. **Occasional Issues of Unique and very rare books.** 38 vols. 4to. * * The rarest of English rarities—from 30 to 62 copies only.
- XLII. **The Complete Works of Edmund Spenser.** 10 vols. cr. 8vo, 8vo, small 4to, and large 4to. [Vol. X. to come.]
- XLIII. **The Complete Works of Samuel Daniel.** 5 vols. cr. 8vo, 8vo, sm. 4to, and large 4to. [Vols. IV. and V. to come.]
- XLIV. **Large and very fine private steel portraits** of Spenser—Milton—Marvell—Otway—George Herbert: smaller of Leighton (a gem)—Sidney—Wordsworth's sister, &c., &c.

